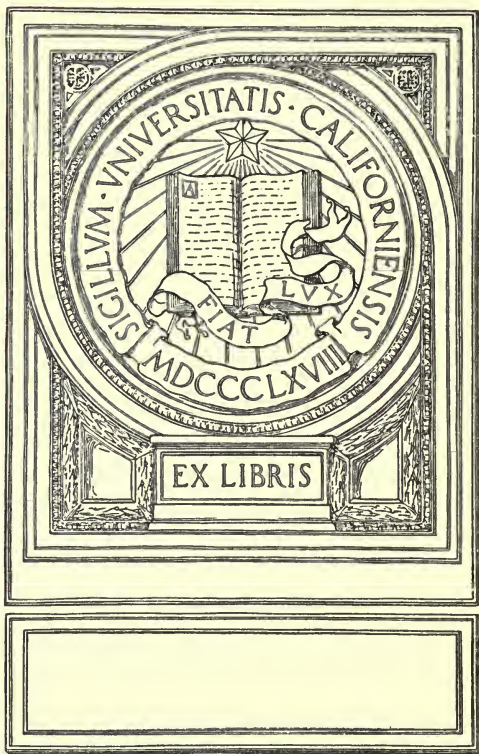


THE SOLDIER-BISHOP ELLISON CAPERS



WALTER B. CAPERS





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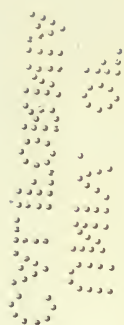
THE SOLDIER-BISHOP
ELLISON CAPERS





Capers

Opposite page ii.





Ellison Capero

Frontispiece.

THE SOLDIER-BISHOP

ELLISON CAPERS

BY

THE REV. WALTER B. CAPERS

Bishop Capers' Son and President of
Columbia Institute



NEW YORK
THE NEALE PUBLISHING COMPANY
1912

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ALBANY

TO THE MEMORY OF
CHARLOTTE PALMER CAPERS

THIS VOLUME IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED.

IN EVERY RELATION OF LIFE SHE NOBLY FILLED HER SPHERE. TO HER HUSBAND SHE WAS THE IDEAL WIFE: HIS WISEST COUNSELLOR; HIS MOST SYMPATHETIC FRIEND; HIS BEST CRITIC AND MOST HELPFUL CO-LABORER, SHE EVER MANIFESTED A PERFECT UNDERSTANDING AND APPRECIATION OF HIS EXALTED NATURE, AND THUS CONTRIBUTED TO HIS SUCCESS.

"THEY WERE SWEET AND LOVELY IN THEIR LIVES;
AND IN THEIR DEATH THEY WERE NOT DIVIDED."

FOREWORD

In presenting the life of Bishop Capers, it is a pleasure to acknowledge the assistance I have received from contributors and friends.

To those bishops who knew and honored him and have herein paid their tribute to his memory, expressing so beautifully the love and esteem in which they held him—to them I wish to record my gratitude and appreciation. Bishop Capers ever cherished as sacred any expression of comradeship and confidence toward him, whether given by the humblest or the greatest of his fellow-men. But no experience gave him greater happiness than such expressions from his brother bishops.

To those whose names appear in the volume in connection with memoirs, reminiscences, and anecdotes I also wish to express my appreciation, both for the material furnished and also for the spirit of loyal interest which prompted the contributions.

It was at the suggestion of my brother, the Very Rev. William T. Capers, dean, Christ Church Cathedral, Lexington, Ky., that I was led to undertake this work. By his many admirable suggestions in regard to the method of securing certain valuable materials, and also in regard to the work in the last half of the book, I profited greatly.

Bishop Capers is survived by five sons and two daughters. They are: Frank F. Capers (banker), Greenville, South Carolina; John G. Capers (United States District Attorney for South Carolina); Wm. T. Capers (clergyman), Lexington, Ky.; Ellison, Jr. (merchant), Summerton, S. C.; Walter B. Capers (clergyman), Columbia, Tenn.; Mrs. C. B. Satterlee, Columbia, S. C.; Mrs. Wm. H. Johnson, Charleston,

S. C. As soon as the preparation of this volume was begun they promptly offered their assistance and forwarded to the author all data in their possession bearing upon a theme equally dear and sacred to them all.

My brother, the Hon. John G. Capers, had for a number of years been engaged in collecting material for the preparation of a similar work. This material he generously turned over to me, and throughout the preparation of the work has rendered invaluable service both by practical suggestions and scholarly criticisms in those chapters relating to the Capers family.

With a grateful sense of appreciation for all assistance rendered, I have thus been encouraged to complete the work, which, though not without its discouragements, has had also its inspirations, and will, I trust, bring its readers into that sweetest of all experiences—the heart-touch of a *man* who was as great as he was good.

WALTER B. CAPERS.

COLUMBIA, TENN.

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THE SOLDIER-BISHOP

ELLISON CAPERS

CHAPTER I

THE CAPERS FAMILY

THE Capers in their origin were probably English. However, after diligent and careful investigation Francis LeGrand Capers, of Pueblo, Colo., concludes the family name to have been originally Capier, and that long years ago, when Flanders was under the sovereignty of France, the Capers resided there and were Huguenots. But it is in our opinion impossible to trace definitely the origin of the family prior to 1689, when the brothers Gabriel, Richard, and William Capers came to America and settled on the seaboard of South Carolina. Gabriel taught school, and later the Capers bought considerable property on the mainland and became extensive planters. From colonial days the Capers family seem to have been prominent, influential, and wealthy, and "Capers Island" and "Capers Inlet" off the coast of South Carolina bear the family name.

In his autobiography Bishop William Capers, father of the subject of this volume, gives the following interesting sketch of the family in the early days of South Carolina history:

"Our name, Capers, I suppose to be derived from France, and the first of the name were Huguenots. Of this, however, I am not certain, nor is it of any consequence. I remember to have heard no more from my father about it than that he

had never seen the name in any English catalogue of names. My father's name was William, and that of his father and grandfather, Richard. Of my father's father I know but little more than he died in middle life, leaving two sons, George Sinclair and William, and no daughters. After his death, my grandfather having contracted an unhappy marriage, my father's uncle, Major Gabriel Capers, of Christ Church Parish, became his foster father, and did nobly by him. He had five daughters, but no sons, and my grandfather became his son in all possible respects. My great grandfather survived his son many years, a large, fat, healthy man, of peculiar manners, dressing in ornaburges and plaids at home, and with broadcloth and silks, stiffened with excess of gold lace, and powdered wig when he went abroad.

"A different kind of man was my father, whose name I cannot mention without emotion after thirty-eight years since I saw him buried. I have studied his character with intense interest and honor his memory in every feature of it with my whole soul. A chivalrous soldier of the Revolution was he, whose ardent patriotism cooled not to the last hour of his life. And yet after a few years in the legislature, following the establishment of peace, he held no civil office whatever, and was seldom seen on public occasions, except in his office as major of brigade to muster his troops. He was a military man; the war of the Revolution made him so, and to muster a brigade seemed his highest recreation. But no man I ever knew was more a man of peace than my father was. Social and unselfish, generous, kind, his nature was impulsive, but it was the opposite of passionate. Benevolence supplied his strongest incentives, and the serving of others seemed to be his favorite mode of serving himself. I never knew him to be involved in a personal difficulty but once, and then it was on account of a wrong done by an unreasonable neighbor to one of his negroes.

"My father's education had been interrupted by the Revolutionary war, and was, therefore, imperfect; but he had a clear

and strong understanding, was fond of natural philosophy and mechanics, wrote with ease and perspicuity, and in conversation was eminently engaging. He was born on October 13, 1758, just at the right time, he was fond of saying, that he might have a full share in his country's independence. He fought with the bravest and the best, first as lieutenant in the Second Regiment, when General Moultrie was colonel, Marion a lieutenant-colonel and Horry a captain, and afterward until the close of the war, as one of General Marion's captains, and was also his intimate friend. He was one of the defenders of Charleston in the battle of Fort Sullivan; was in the battle of Eutaw; was at the siege of Savannah, when Pulaski fell, and not far from him at the fatal moment; was at the battle of Rugeley's Mills, which happened after his escape from prison in Charleston, and before he had rejoined Marion. Indeed, he was there in search of Marion, whom he expected to find with General Gates, but found not, as he had gone on an expedition to Fort Motte. At Stono, where the lamented Laurens fell, he was present and fought like himself; at Charleston he was one of the defenders and accompanied Major Huger on the service which on their return proved fatal to that gallant officer, by the false alarm through the inadvertence of a sentinel, whereby many lives were lost by the fire of their own countrymen from their own lines of defense. And in addition to these services, he was engaged in numerous skirmishes, which have never found a record in the books, though they contributed no mean quota to the defense of their country."

The ancestry of William Capers has already been referred to and therefore it is only necessary to state here that he was born in Saint Thomas Parish, South Carolina, January 26, 1790. Receiving his early education in private schools, he was prepared to enter the State College at Columbia, which he did in 1805. He easily won distinction in his studies, but voluntarily withdrew in his senior year, returning home to begin the study of law in the office of Judge John S. Richardson, Statesburg, S. C. In 1807 he became a licentiate of the

Methodist ministry and began his life's work by assisting the Rev. William Gassoway on his circuit. After two years of such training he was given a circuit of his own, and from that humble beginning he rapidly rose to usefulness and eminence. He was perhaps the youngest preacher in his Conference, and yet he was successively appointed to the influential churches of Fayetteville, N. C., Wilmington, N. C., Savannah, Ga., Charleston and Columbia, S. C.

In the year 1819 the Missionary Society of the Methodist Church was organized in New York City, and in 1821 Bishop McKendree appointed Mr. Capers to the important work of organizing missions among the Creek Indians in Georgia, their reservations being then on the frontier of the Conference. Leaving his family in Savannah, Ga., until April, Mr. Capers set out on horseback on an extensive tour of appointments, for the purpose of arousing public interest in the moral and religious improvement of the Indians. He visited the Creek Nation the following fall, and established permanent missions among them. It was while engaged in this work that he became popularly known as "the Apostle to the Creeks." Mr. Capers was a devoted missionary, and to him was due the organization of successful missionary work among the slaves in the South. The Methodist Church officially recognized him as the inspiration and founder of her work among the negroes.

In 1825 William Capers became editor of the *Wesleyan Journal*, and remained editor when at a later date the *Journal* and *Christian Advocate* were consolidated. This editorial work was done while he was successfully administering to one of the largest congregations in Charleston.

At the General Conference held in Pittsburgh, Penn., 1828, Mr. Capers was elected as the representative of the American Methodist Church to the British Conference, which convened in London, Eng. How well he filled his mission may be inferred from the following quotations from resolutions adopted by the British Conference:

"Resolve I.—That it is with the most cordial satisfaction

and sincere gratitude to God that this Conference has heard the most interesting communication now made by the Rev. William Capers, respecting the extraordinary work of God now carried on through the instrumentality of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States of America. . . .

“Resolve III.—That the cordial thanks of this Conference are due to the General Conference in America, for their excellent representative, Mr. Capers, whose amiable manners, devout spirit, and acceptable ministry have greatly endeared him to the preachers now assembled, and confirm their feelings of respect and attachment toward their American brethren at large.

“Resolve IV.—That the warmest thanks of the Conference are hereby presented to Mr. Capers for the great ability, Christian spirit, and brotherly kindness with which he has discharged the duties of his honorable mission; and the Conference respectfully assures him that their most fervent prayers for his welfare will attend him on his return to his native country, and that he will long retain a high place in their affectionate remembrance.”

In 1835 Mr. Capers was pastor of the Washington Street Methodist Church, Columbia, S. C. The State College was then, as now, located in that city. By action of the trustees Mr. Capers was elected to the chair of English in the college, and it was about this time the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by his alma mater. During a continued absence of the president the faculty elected Mr. Capers to preside over the institution.

When the Methodist Church divided North and South (1844), the question of slavery was involved in the controversy. Mr. Capers was a recognized leader in the debates, and was found a champion for the rights of the Southern section. A year later, as chairman of the Committee on Organization, he was the recognized organizer of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. At the first General Conference after the organization of the Southern branch of the

Church he was elected Bishop. He administered the affairs of his office with great ability, and is thus referred to in resolutions adopted by the Spartanburg Conference, when the news of his death reached that body then in session: "He was distinguished for the possession of high powers of eloquent speech; original thought and a captivating elegance of manner in the pulpit; for business tact and management of affairs at the Annual Conferences; for the charm of extraordinary powers of pleasing in the social circle, and for the urbanity of manners distinguishing the South Carolina gentleman of the old school; all these elements of powers were laid under contribution to the one great object and aim of his life."

The work of his bishopric frequently carried him into different sections of the South and Southwest, as far as Missouri, Oklahoma Territory, and the State of Texas. Upon one of his long journeys he heard and saw a great deal of the fearful ravages of cholera, and he thus gratefully acknowledged the merciful Providence that protected him. In a letter home he writes: "In all my travels for more than forty years, on horseback, by stage-coach, on railroad, by ship and by steamboat, no accident has ever happened to hurt me or anyone else traveling with me, to this day."

This remarkable statement is of especial interest to us, because his son of whom we write, after journeyings often, in which there was an abundance of exposure and hardship, never suffered a serious accident or mishap while engaged in the work of his ministry and episcopate.

From the description his biographer gives us of Bishop William Capers, his son Ellison closely resembled his talented father. The elder Capers was of somewhat smaller stature, and his eyes and hair were dark, while the younger Capers was six feet in height, and in the latter years of his life weighed one hundred and ninety-four pounds. His hair was light and his eyes a blue-gray.

"Bishop William Capers was of medium height, well

formed and a little inclined to corpulency in the advance of life. His face was fine and its expression of combined intelligence and amiability. His eye was black and lustrous; it indicated vivacity of temperament; it seemed gifted with the power of reading human character at a glance. The teeth were perfect and the lips thin, indicating decision. The chest was round and full, the voice clear in its ring and as melodious as a chime of bells. Thus nature had given him the necessary physique for an orator. His manners were those of an accomplished gentleman. The ease, affability, the finish and freedom from professional crotchets, arose from his native kindness of heart, his careful early training, and the large knowledge of the world to which his calling had naturally lead him. Dignity of person and the various elements which make up weight of character were added to an intellect distinguished for its keenness, vigor, and readiness. His mind was well balanced, practical, and solid; awake to the sentiments of the beautiful and fitted by culture to appreciate and enjoy this sentiment in nature and in man. His powers of conversation were remarkable. He loved to talk, and in talking shone without effort. A genial spirit of humor, racy without coarseness; a vein of deep reflection; an unborrowed fund of anecdote, all ready to be laid under contribution for the instruction and entertainment of those who listened, made his society very charming.”*

Bishop Ellison Capers also resembled his father in that he too was “a man of strong family feeling, and no one could enjoy his home more than he.”

From the following, written by Bishop Ellison Capers, it appears that he differed with his father as to the origin of the family:

“The name Capers first appears in South Carolina. All of the name who have lived in other States or territories, subsequent to the Revolution, went out from South Carolina, and can clearly be traced to the South Carolina Capers, as, for instance, the Capers in Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana,

*Whightman’s Biography.

and Missouri. The earliest record of the name that I know of is here (Columbia, South Carolina) in the Secretary of State's Office. In May, 1694, two grants of land from the Lords Proprietors are on record, being two plantations sold by them to William Capers. Sixty years ago there was a large house in Liverpool, England, by the name of 'James Capers & Co.' The name appears in the early records of the English Church in this colony and State; and my great uncle and my great grandfather were vestrymen of the Parish of Christ Church. Taking these facts into consideration, I am of the opinion that the original Capers, perhaps the William of record in 1694, came from England. He paid a considerable sum on his plantations, and by the terms of the sale he was to pay other sums every six months, so that I conclude he had some money in 1694, fourteen years after the establishment of Charleston (1680), and twenty-four years after the first colony under Sayle landed on the Ashley River. The Capers in South Carolina in the last of the seventeenth century and in the eighteenth were all on the coast, mostly in old Berkeley and Georgetown counties, north of Charleston, and on the islands and in Beaufort county, south of Charleston, and were all planters or farmers. The sons of my grandfather, my father and uncles, were the first professional men, and were clergymen of the Methodist denomination. Before my grandfather's conversion to the Methodist, the name was always associated with the Church of England. This appears in Dr. Dalcho's history of the Church in South Carolina, and in the old parish registers. I am satisfied our forefathers came over from England. If they had been French people their names would appear somewhere among the names of the Huguenots, and they would have been hostile to the Church of England, or at least Presbyterians or Calvinists. There are Capers now in Liverpool."

Bishop Ellison Capers' conclusion that the family is English finds its strongest support, in our opinion, in the fact of its affiliation with the Church of England during the colonial period, for, as he suggests, if the family had been French its

name would have appeared somewhere among the Huguenots, and would in all probability have been hostile to the established worship of the colony. But such was not the case. The Parish Register of old Christ Church furnishes us with the most convincing evidence that the Capers who founded the family in South Carolina were not only identified with the Colonial Church, but were also prominent officials in that historic parish. Christ Church is six miles from Mount Pleasant, near Charleston, and is one of the eight parishes established by act of Assembly in 1706. The present building was erected after the Revolution, the original church having been burned by the British. Some years before the first church was erected the following record appears in the parish register:*

BIRTHS

- May 6th, 1696. Mary, daughter of William Capers and Mary his wife.
December 15th, 1698. William, son of William and Mary Capers.
June 5th, 1701. Elizabeth, daughter of William and Mary Capers.
April 28th, 1712. Richard, son of William and Mary Capers.

BAPTISMS

- June 8th, 1729. Mary, daughter of Thomas and Mary Capers.

MARRIAGES

- January 9th, 1741. Richard Capers and Elizabeth Bouhoist, spinster.
January 3d, 1753. Peter Leguieu and Amerlia Capers, widow.

BURIALS

- April 28th, 1720. Mary Capers, widow.
July 15th, 1739. Ann, wife of Richard Capers.
March 18th, 1739. Mary Capers.

*The church was completed 1706.

In the days of the Colonial Church the common law required wardens and vestrymen to take the oath of office. We find one William Capers subscribing to the oath as warden, 1708, 1709, 1712, and again in 1717 and 1718, and Richard Capers, son of William, taking the same oath in 1736.

From the establishment of the family in South Carolina, 1689, to 1794 (more than a hundred years), when Richard Capers, grandfather of Ellison Capers, became identified with the Methodist Church, the Capers family and all its branches were Church of England people.

In his autobiography Bishop William Capers tells us of the circumstances which brought his father to accept Methodism, and this explains his own connection with that Church. He says: "It was on the first introduction of Methodism into South Carolina that, under the preaching of Henry Willis of blessed memory, my father was awakened and converted and became a soldier of the Prince of Peace. His name may be seen in the original conveyances for the first two Methodist churches in Charleston. After his removal to Georgetown, 1794, he became a pillar of the infant church, serving as trustee, steward, and elder."

Captain William Capers becoming thus identified with the Methodists, it was but natural that his children should follow their father into the Church of his adoption.

According to the family register of the Rev. Robert Magill, of Millrow Presbyterian Church, Antrim Island, the family of Ellison Capers' mother, Susan Magill, is Irish. James B. Magill, after his marriage to Sarah Boyd, coming directly from Antrim, established the family in Chester District, South Carolina. Susan Magill was the daughter of William and Ann Magill of Kershaw District, and the adopted daughter of Mrs. Peter Horry, widow of General Horry, the famous patriot and partisan leader in South Carolina during the American Revolution.

We have sketched the ancestry of the Capers, and it will be of interest to learn something of the forebears of Bishop

William Capers on his maternal side. His mother was Mary Singeltary, daughter of John and Sarah Singeltary, of Cain Hoy, on the Nando, near Charleston. In an old sermon preached by a Mr. Hammet at the funeral service of John Singeltary, the clergyman speaks of his well-known charity to the poor, his unostentatious piety, and his noble traits of character, and calls on his neighbors to emulate the deceased's example. He had an only son, a gallant and spirited soldier of the Revolution, who was killed in a skirmish with a troop of Tarleton's cavalry, under the following circumstances: In the engagement his horse became unmanageable and carried him through the enemy's lines, and while fighting his way back to his friends, single-handed, he was surrounded and cut to pieces by the merciless foe.

The name *Singeltary* is not the same as the name Singeltary so common in South Carolina.

CHAPTER II

CHILDHOOD

I PROPOSE to put in writing in this book* the facts of my life which will be of interest to my children. My father made such a record of his life, which has given his children the greatest satisfaction, for assuredly nothing which concerns our ancestors can be of indifference to their offspring.

The love and devotion which my children have ever shown me makes this simple journal both a duty and a pleasure to me, for while my life has not been such as to merit the distinction of a book about myself, it has been an eventful one to me and mine, and especially in its connection with our great civil war will possess in after years a peculiar interest to my descendants.

I have been in the habit of keeping a journal, and especially during the war I was careful to note the events in which I took part, and these journals I will simply transcribe, with such remarks as may make the circumstances more clearly understood.

All the official papers in my possession touching my services as a Confederate soldier I sent to the War Department in Washington, at the request of the Department, that they might be published in the official records of the war, and filed in Washington for safe-keeping, subject to my order if desired.

*In 1888, while rector of Trinity Church, Columbia, S. C., Dr. Capers began a Journal, in which he proposed to record those facts and incidents in his life which he felt would be of special interest to his family. However, the overwhelming and constant demands upon his time prevented him from going very much beyond the beginning of the war, and while a part of this journal has been lost, we take advantage of what remains to let him tell us for himself of his childhood and youth.

I had a copy of them made before sending them to Washington, and this copy I shall refer to hereafter in connection with events related in my journal.

Having said so much about my journal, I will now begin the record, assured that those for whom I write will read it with interest, and prize it for my sake.

I was born in Charleston, on the 14th of October, 1837, at my father's residence in Calhoun Street, then called Boundary Street. The house is still standing on the north side of Calhoun Street, a few doors east of Pitt.

In my youth I often passed it in company with my mother, and recall how often and how tenderly she would refer to it as the place of my nativity. I never pass it without thinking of that dear mother, and though I have no personal recollection of the house as my father's residence, a feeling of grateful respect and tenderness is sure to rise in my heart when I pass this humble little home of my infancy. At the time of my birth my father was editing the *Southern Christian Advocate*, published in Charleston, but being appointed to superintend the missionary interests of the Methodist Church in the Southern States he removed from Charleston in the summer of 1840, and purchased a home in Oxford, Ga., selecting that locality because of the opportunity of placing my older brothers at Emory College, situated in that place.

The home in Oxford is the home of my earliest recollections. Incidents which seem too trivial to record possess for me a sacred interest, and I often think of our Oxford home, and recall the incidents of the two years spent there with increasing interest. As a matter of some interest in noting the earliest distinct records of memory I refer to this era in my life, for I was not three years old when we removed to Oxford, and I remember the old cars from Charleston to Hamburg, and our arrival in Oxford, and the new scenes and novel experiences of our country home, as clearly in my memory as if the whole had transpired only a few years ago! And yet I do not remem-

ber the circumstances of our removal back to Charleston in the fall of 1842. I remember only the circumstances of my walking from the depot in Charleston to our house in Rutledge Avenue, with my uncle, LeGrand G. Capers, who met us on our arrival. The house on the avenue I remember perfectly. I believe it is still standing. My father sold his property in Oxford, and rented his home in Charleston, occupying at different times houses in different parts of the city, until in the fall (I think it was) of 1847 he removed to a comfortable house in St. Philips Street which had been purchased and given to him and my mother during their lives by the kindness of friends in Charleston. The house stands on the west side of St. Philips Street, about midway between Radcliffe and Mary streets. Here I spent happy years of childhood, and by way of indicating the spirit of that childhood I will transcribe some lines written in the fly-leaf of a book given to me by my father:

"Who more fond of having fun
 Lessons said and sums all done,
 Than this same boy, Ellison!
 But I tell you what, my son,
 To be always having fun
 And no sums and lessons done
 Will not do for Ellison.
 Have the fun of getting on
 And being smart, my Ellison!"

About the same time he wrote in pencil, on the margin of a little book he bought for my brother Oddy, called "The Ladder of Learning," these lines:

"Step by step, go it, Oddy!
 Step by step everybody
 Goes it too;
 Go it, Oddy,
 And let nobody
 Outgo you!"

And nobly did Oddy mount that ladder of learning, graduat-

ing at Wofford College in 1860, with the first honor of his class.

I went to school in Charleston to Miss Susan Thierce, to Mrs. David Dewick, and lastly to the "Charleston High School." In 1850 my brother Henry and myself were sent to the Conference School at Cokesbury, in Abbeville County, my brother-in-law, Professor George W. Stone, and afterwards my brother, Francis W. Capers, being in charge. In 1852 my father having purchased a home near Anderson C. H., Henry and I were put to school at the village Academy in Anderson, taught by the Rev. John W. Carlisle. The removal to Anderson took place in the fall or summer of 1852, the house in Charleston being rented out. My father purchased a small tract of land adjoining the lands and home of my brother-in-law, Samuel B. Jones, and built his house and outbuildings, giving us the delightful employment of cutting down trees, burning brush, hunting rabbits and partridges, and enjoying the experiences, so novel to us, of a happy country life. He called his place "Box Cottage," and it was at Box Cottage in 1852 and 1853 I spent the happiest days of my youth.

In January, 1853, Henry entered South Carolina Military Academy, of which my brother, Francis W. Capers, had been elected superintendent, and Oddy and I were left at Box Cottage with our mother and sister Mary. My father's duties as a Methodist bishop required his frequent and protracted absence from home, so that the oversight of his little farm and the management of home affairs were left to our mother, whose agent I became, now that Henry was away. And a delightful occupation I found it, to look after the horses, cows, goats, hogs, fowls, with which my father had provided his farm, and the novel employment of planting a crop and a garden was to me a most entertaining occupation. I wish I could write of my honored father so as to give my children a vivid conception of his character! This I cannot hope to do, but I will copy in part a letter received from him at the

beginning of the year 1853, which will show his devotion to his children and the pains he ever took to teach and direct us:

SUMTERVILLE, Jan. 10th, '53.

MY DEAR ELLISON:—

I too was sorry enough that I could not meet you with your mother and take a day or two at home before coming hither to Conference; but it is now past, and being so, only serves to add one little instance to the thousands which had gone before it, to show that we had always better be content with only so much pastime as may consist with duty than sacrifice the least mite of a positive obligation to pleasurable indulgences. As far as you are individually concerned, I do not know that I should have found more pleasure in seeing you at home than I have felt in getting the present letter from you; and I answer it in the midst of the business of a conference session that you may have some proof of my appreciation of it. Only don't write so fast, but take more pains with your penmanship till you have, by use, acquired a fixed hand.

I dare say, my son, you have done very well with respect to the pigs and the garden, and many other things of that sort. Suppose you make a calculation as to how much corn it will take to feed a pig twelve months, allowing for his growth and increase of food accordingly, and what will be the cost of pork at 150 pounds to each pig a year old? The last corn crop being a full one will make pork cheaper next winter, so that what we produce ought not to cost us more than four or four and a half cents. Nevertheless, feed the pigs, for whether any of them be kept for bacon next winter or no, we must have a chance at them in the scarce months of March, April and May. By the way, when you see chickens dressed for the cook, weigh them; or if you have the luck to find a turkey ready for the spit, weigh it, or a duck, and see how the price, at so much for each one, tallies with the price of pork. Pork must cost us seven cents a pound, and I dare

say, that even as a matter of economy, chickens and hens at 10 to 12½ cents may be preferred as being cheaper, as well as a pleasanter food. But enough of this.

You ask me where you shall go to school. My dear son, the more important question: "What will you do when you go to school?" You say, and you put it in large letters, that you were never born to learn Latin and Greek. How do you know? I am sure you were as well born as any of my children, and I have no doubt born for as much. Your difficulty in learning Latin and Greek proceeds wholly from a want of attention. You have not fixed your mind attentively on this word or that, this rule or that (necessary to be known), to retain them fixedly in your mind, but it is the result of habit, and this habit you must correct, or you will neither learn Latin and Greek, nor anything else. You are capable, Ellison, of learning anything, without this single impediment.

Discipline is indispensable to knowledge, and when you have acquired the power over yourself to stand still when you want to run, to be silent when you want to talk, to rise early when you choose to lie late in bed, you will have gotten on the way to fix your attention on any subject which may be presented to you for study. And in this way, as in most all others, the advantage will be found to increase with the line of progress. You will find a high satisfaction in the knowledge you gain, and scarcely less in finding out that you have only to try and keep on trying to accomplish just anything you please. You may become at the age of your brother Frank (and I say it with the greatest regard for his talents and learning) as able a scholar and as smart a man in every respect as he. Go where you may, or to whom you may, it is not in school or teacher to do anything of any account for you without yourself. And this is what you have to do for yourself: You must discipline yourself to do what you dislike, and to do it with attention, for the sake of the benefits to be derived from the unpleasant and irksome duty. You must

learn to study by learning to deny yourself. Fix your hours (not too many, but a few in a day at first), and use to-day for what it shall produce to-morrow. I would feel confident of your making an able man, and an honor to all about you, if you would but do this with respect to books and study. May God bless you, my son. Let Oddy read this letter. Much love and kisses to mother, sisters and all.

Your affectionate father,

W. CAPERS.

CHAPTER III

BOYHOOD AND YOUTH

THE following, from an affectionate and interesting memoir of the childhood and boyhood days of Ellison Capers, is contributed by his brother, Colonel Henry D. Capers, of Atlanta, Georgia :

In his boyhood, indeed through the youthful part of his life, Ellison was not noted for studious habits. Although endowed with a very bright mind, he did not manifest any great fondness for his text-books. Quick to perceive from oral suggestions, he acquired knowledge more by a process of mental absorption and in contact with persons whose narrative of past events would interest him than by methods of analysis. The objective method of instruction was pleasing to his young mind, but such was the flow of his spirit that he could not at this early period be held to any subjective process of investigation. Always ready for some amusement, his mind would break away from an irksome task and wander to playgrounds, where he was always a leader among the boys and sure to be a favorite with the girls.

Our father, the son of an officer in the Continental Army, and later with General Marion's Legion of Partisan Rangers, had often entertained his sons with the thrilling stories of the Revolutionary War of 1776. The 4th of July was with him, as with his sons, to be recognized as the anniversary of American Independence. His honored hands would often contribute to aid us in devising such amusements as would fix in our minds the spirit of the occasion. For days before the advent of Independence Day we were getting ready to celebrate its return with the zeal of young patriots. In the rear of his large garden in our Philips Street home in Charleston he had given us permission to construct on a small scale a crude imitation of a fort. Such as it was, it served its purpose as a place

at which we were to play the soldier when the 4th of July should come to arouse our boyish spirits to the highest pitch of patriotic enthusiasm. Some one of my elder friends had given me the breech section of a musket, not more than twelve or eighteen inches long, and neatly mounted upon a block of oak wood. This was to serve as the gun that was to defend our Fort Marion from all comers. Just behind the wonderful earthwork we had erected a flagstaff,—a long fishing pole or cane,—from the top of which floated the “Star Spangled Banner” all were taught to honor.

At last the long expected day arrived. With its first dawn we were up, keenly anxious to make a display of our patriotism. This began with the firing of fire-crackers, and a salute from our Fort Marion, whose single gun I had learned to load and fire, much to the envy of the boys in our neighborhood. The troops who were to garrison our fort consisted of three boys: Henry, aged eleven, Ellison, nine, and Oddy, not quite seven. Our uniforms consisted of blue flannel jackets, white trousers, and cocked hats made from some one of the city papers, into which had been inserted for plumes the tail feathers of an old red rooster, that he had reluctantly parted with the day before. When our army had assembled the question arose: Who would be the commanding officer? I claimed the honor by right of seniority in age; Ellison claimed it by right of the sword he wore. So matters stood, when Ellison’s adroit diplomacy settled the question. “Now, Henry,” said he, “you have a fine drum, and you can beat it better than any boy. There can be no army without a drummer, and you *will be in front*,” and so on with persuasive pleading until I yielded, having been led to believe that a drummer was about the most important officer in an army. Having formed his mighty host, we were about to begin our march back to Fort Marion when, hearing laughter from the upper piazza of the house, whom should we see there at this early hour but our father and sisters, who had been silently witnessing all that had transpired. In a merry tone our father asked: “Whose army do you

belong to? Are you Marion's men, or do you follow Tarleton, or are you Tories?" We had often heard from him all about the Tories, and had often had our young minds excited by the details of their plundering expeditions, and so of the blood-thirsty Tarleton, while many had been the thrilling narrations of Marion's heroism and the exploits of his men. Waving his sword, our commander promptly answered: "We are Marion's men, sir, and are going to his fort; old Tarleton can't stop us either," and with a hearty cheer from our admiring friends, away we marched to the thump! thump! of my drum, our little brother Oddy, with a toy gun on his shoulder, stretching his short legs to keep up with the longer steps of his older brothers.

The siege of Fort Marion over, we marched to our tent and found that our good mothers had placed a table upon the platform, on which were a bountiful supply of substantial food and all kinds of nice things tempting to the appetites of hungry, roving boys. . . .

Having done full justice to our dinner, and drunk lemonade and eaten cake and ice cream to our hearts' content, servants came, and in a few moments our tent assumed the appearance of a rostrum, from which Ellison was to deliver the day's oration. From the house of our generous host came the audience which was to honor our orator and his patriot comrades with their presence, among them being our fathers and mothers. When all had assembled our Captain Gregg came to the front of the platform and stated that the exercises would be opened with prayer by Bishop Capers.

I have often tried to recall the scene at this moment as it presented itself to my wandering and unappreciative mind. Many years have since given to me the experience of a father, and developed the keen sensitiveness of those most mysterious bonds of sympathy that unite a family circle about the shrine of father's and mother's devoted loves. The inspiration of this occasion, the genial warmth of a patriot's spirit, the pathos of a father's prayer for God's blessing on the youth into whose

keeping were ultimately to come the destinies of the country, were then not realized by one of my tender years.

As this scene in the panorama of childhood's life now comes before me, I can no longer wonder at the evident emotion of my good father, as he made intercession to the throne of Heaven's grace.

Next in order came the announcement of the orator of the day, who was introduced as "Captain Capers of Fort Marion." Ellison came forward with perfect self-possession and delivered the following address* with an easy grace of movement and with a distinct and fervid utterance that in subsequent years was to distinguish him as "orator nascitur":

"My companions of the little boys' company of archers:

"This is a great day. It was enacted by great men. It is celebrated by great men. Before the year 1776 the Fourth of July was no more than any other day of any other month, but on that day our grandfathers made the Declaration of their Independence of Great Britain. They had tried all they could to keep their liberties under her government, but found they could not. They had no choice left them but the sword. They appealed to Heaven for the justice of their cause, declared the country free and independent, and pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor to maintain it. It was nobly done and they stood up bravely to it. The British came and our fathers met them. They met them at Bunker's Hill, at Fort Moultrie, at Eutaw. They met them like men—as they were—who could not be slaves. The struggle was long and terrible, but America triumphed and the whole world cried out 'Well done.'

"My friends and companions, we have met here to celebrate our country's independence. Yes, it is *our* country—it is *our* independence;—and we feel it. What if we are not grown up men? We are the stuff that men are made of, and we mean to make men. That we do! True, we are only boys yet, and

*Spoken July 4, 1847, and written by his father.

little boys at that, but we are American boys, and will soon become American men. Don't we look like our fathers? And we feel like them. It won't be long before we shall take their places as men among men, and we mean when that time comes to maintain our country's virtue and our country's rights."

My brother possessed a nature highly sensitive to all that is high-minded, honorable, just, and righteous. He abhorred that which was mean, low, degraded, or debasing. He was ever ready to applaud a noble deed, and to condemn that which is ignoble. He could not bear to see another imposed upon, nor would he permit an unjust reflection upon the character of the humblest of those he knew to be innocent. I recall an incident in his early schoolboy days that will somewhat illustrate this characteristic of the child, and which remained with him in the mature years of his manhood. Sometime after the Fourth of July celebration, hitherto detailed, Ellison was entered at the school of a gentleman in Charleston, the first of his experiences with a male instructor. This "school teacher" (as the pedagogue was called in those days) was a prim old bachelor, whose rather petulant disposition was not such as would bear patiently with the mischievous boys committed to his care. He was quite a tidy person in his dress, and on the warm summer day, when this incident occurred, was clothed in a suit of white linen.

The boys in those days made a kind of plaything they called "flippers." It was a simple contrivance of whalebone fixed in the end of a short stick, throwing a shot or paper wad with considerable force. Several times during the school session shot had flown across the schoolroom, much to the annoyance of the "teacher." Ellison and another boy occupying adjoining seats were known to have these flippers, and had been reproved for shooting paper wads at other boys during school hours. One long, dull, and sleepy day, such as we have in the early summer, another boy, whose seat was the one just behind that occupied by Ellison, made a large paper wad which

he had soaked in ink. Watching for an opportunity when the "teacher's" back was turned toward him, the boy shot his ink wad, striking the teacher plumb between the shoulders, where was left a large splash. Immediately the schoolmaster was in a passion. Seeing that Ellison and his schoolmate were in quite a laughing mood, and that the boy who had shot the paper wad was apparently engaged with his book, he called the former up and, notwithstanding their positive denials and emphatic protests, proceeded to punish them. The mode of inflicting punishment at that time was by striking on the open palm with a rattan cane from three to five blows. "Hold out your hand, sir," was the command, and if the boy refused down came the rattan on his shoulders and on his back. The other boy was the first of the two to receive a severe punishment. He had refused to hold out his hand, and had been cruelly whipped. When it came to Ellison's turn, with his face flushed and an expression of the utmost indignation, he held out his hand. Down in cruel stroke came the cane, which he instantly grasped, jerking it from the hand of the irate master, whom he then struck with all the force his young arm could express, and then left the building. My seat was among the larger boys, some distance from the one assigned Ellison. Near me was the oldest and the largest boy attending this school. His name was McBeth. He was quite a manly youth, and among the boys an "arbiter maximus" in all disputes such as children often have with one another. Rising from his seat, McBeth spoke to the surprised and amazed instructor about in these words: "Mr. Blank, you have whipped the wrong boy; it was that cowardly sneak,"—pointing to the boy who had shot the ink ball—"who shot the wad and sat quietly in his seat while you were whipping innocent boys." "Can that be true?" the teacher inquired of the guilty boy, whose confusion and mean expression betrayed him into confession. Mr. Blank at once ordered the culprit to take his cap and books and go to his home. He never returned to Mr. Blank's school, at least while I continued there.

In his seventeenth year Ellison was entered as a cadet at the South Carolina Military Academy. It was during this cadetship that my brother first met the one who, of all others, was to have the most potent influence over his future life. No man can become superior to, nor can he possess the power to control, the moral force acting constantly and directly on his nature during the intimate relation he must sustain to a wife.

My memory cherishes the peculiar features of our antebellum civilization in the Southern States, especially in the "tide water" or seacoast region of South Carolina. Before me now comes the picture of wide-spreading limbs of a grand live oak, from which in trailing festoons hangs the drapery of moss, making this giant tree to appear as if one of the gray-bearded indices of centuries. In the shade of one of these monarchs of the forest I recall a picnic party, near Mount Pleasant, where charming young ladies, daughters of the planters of the vicinity, were met by gallant young men for a day of joyous pastime. The happy hearts of lovable youth made entrancing music for the soul in those days that knew no shade of sorrow. Among these were Miss Charlotte Palmer, of Cherry Grove Plantation, and Cadet Ellison Capers. Whether in the dance, or in a ramble through the inviting shades of sylvan bowers, or at the sumptuous feast that loving mothers had provided, it was quite evident that Ellison and "Lottie" were paired. I cannot say that this was their first meeting,—they may have met before,—but let that be as it may have been, the course of true love was running smooth on this glad day, and so continued. Endowed with the high spirit of her illustrious ancestor, General Francis Marion; having a face in which beauty and gentleness were happily blended with an expression of mental strength; graceful in her movement, amiable in her disposition, she reflected then and always the graces of social refinement and Christian culture. Such was the Heaven-appointed arbiter of a devoted husband's future life.

Oh, the merry, romping days of childhood! "When

the love of the soul was in leaves and flowers!" and the still happier days of bouyant youth and young manhood, freed from the cares, the anxieties, the perplexing doubts, and fears of maturer years.

There were among the valued portraits adorning the home of my brother, when I last visited it, two that were very attractive to me—one of his lovely wife, the other of himself, made by a master of his art about the time of his marriage. If it is possible for some competent artist to transfer these to some page of his memoir, an appreciative person will find in their faces all and more than I have attempted to delineate in this imperfect sketch.

On February 24, 1859, Ellison Capers married Charlotte Rebecca Palmer, the youngest daughter of John Gendron and Catharine Couturier Palmer. The ceremony was solemnized at "Cherry Grove," the plantation home of the bride's parents, the Rev. Robert Johnston being the officiating minister.

Charlotte Rebecca Palmer's ancestry is a notable one. On her maternal side were Thomas Broughton, Governor of South Carolina under the Crown, and Nathaniel Johnson, Governor of South Carolina under the proprietary government; as well as the Dwights of Denham, Mass. Through the marriage of Samuel Dwight to the daughter of General Francis Marion's oldest brother, Isaac Marion, Charlotte Palmer was the granddaughter of Marion's adopted son and nephew, Francis Dwight, whose name was changed by request of General Marion from Dwight to Marion. Francis Marion had eight children, all daughters—not a son to perpetuate the name of the great Revolutionary hero.

In the French emigration of 1689 one hundred and eighty families came to America and bought lands on the lower Santee from the warlike Santee Indians. There they settled James Town, subsequently moving up the Santee into St. John's Parish. One of these early French Huguenot settlers, Phillip Gendron, is spoken of by the historian of the old places and

people of St. Stephen's Parish as "one of the pillars of the church" (French Protestant) at James Town. His daughter, Marianne Gendron, married John Palmer, of "Gravel Hill" Plantation, a "gentleman whose successful enterprise in the collection of naval stores has caused him to be remembered in our days by the distinguishing appellation of "Turpentine John Palmer." His son Richard was one of Marion's captains. His commission is dated August, 1781, and signed by "John Rutledge, Governor," and "Francis Marion, Brigadier-General Militia." So Charlotte Rebecca Palmer's grandfather, John Palmer, and Ellison Capers' grandfather, William Capers, were both captains in the service of the distinguished Revolutionary leader, Francis Marion.

Thus it is seen that in the converging lines of Mrs. Capers' ancestry there were commingled the characteristic virtues of Cavalier English, New England Puritan, and French Huguenot. In the war between the States her brother, Francis Gendron, made an enviable record for himself as lieutenant-colonel of the Holcomb Legion. The subjoined communication from Brigadier-General Gist indicates the esteem in which this gallant soldier was held by his comrades in the Confederate service.

HEADQUARTERS, JAMES ISLAND, ST. ANDREWS,
McCLOUDS, March 24, 1863.

MR. RICHARD YEADON,

Dear Sir: Not knowing the address of the relatives of the late Lt. Col. F. Gendron Palmer, I have to request that you transmit to them the inclosed order.

Battery No. 3 situated near Johns Island Ferry is an important and admirably built Barbette Battery, and as you will perceive by the order is called in honor of the gallant and lamented Lt. Col. Palmer of the Holcomb Legion.

I feel assured from your connection with Col. Palmer that you will be pleased to be the medium of transmitting to his relatives this compliment to his memory.

I am,

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

S. R. GIST,
Brig. Genl. Com'd'g.

CHAPTER IV

MILITARY LIFE*

IN the following fragmentary memoranda of Bishop Capers' "Military Life," we have an original account of General Pettigrew's interview with Major Anderson, demanding his return from Fort Sumter to Fort Moultrie, as given by one of the principals, and here published for the first time.

"Having received an appointment from the Board of Visitors of the South Carolina Military Academies as a pay cadet, I entered the Arsenal Academy in Columbia, January 1, 1854. My application was made from Anderson County, where my father was then living. My class numbered eighty-odd, but before the year was out 'Distinction's fan, puffing at all, winnowed the light away,' and we went down to Charleston numbering thirty-nine. The "winnowing" process went on until we received our diplomas, on the 18th of November, 1857, when we numbered twenty.

"After being graduated, and at the meeting of the Board of Visitors in December, my classmate, Teunent,—who took first honor in our class,—and I were appointed 'Resident Graduates,' with the rank of second lieutenant, and were ordered

*The Capers family of the South, and we believe it exclusively a Southern family, made a remarkable fighting record during the late war. From the album of a friend we send you the following as embracing the members of this family who were soldiers in the Confederate Army under the red-crossed banner of Dixie: 2 brigadier generals, 1 colonel of artillery, 1 lieutenant-colonel of artillery, 2 colonels of cavalry, 1 major of artillery, 1 lieutenant-colonel of cavalry, 3 captains of infantry, 3 sergeants, 2 chaplains, 3 surgeons, 14 privates; a total of 37. These were without exceptions brothers, uncles, or cousins. Nine were killed in battle, 3 died of wounds, 2 died of disease, 13 were wounded more than once, 7 were wounded once, and only 3 came through safe. Eleven of the officers were promoted for gallantry on the field of battle.—*New Eclectic Magazine*, May, 1869.



LIEUTENANT ELLISON CAPERS, C. S. A.
(From a portrait, 1859.)

Opposite page 40.

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MRS. ELLISON CAPERS
(From a portrait, 1859.)

Opposite page 40.

to assist the professors of mathematics and belles lettres. We were assigned quarters together on the south side (officers' side), required to mess with the cadets, furnished fuel and paid twenty-five dollars each per month.

"We entered upon our duties January 1, 1858. And so I began life, my duties being to assist the professor of belles lettres. We were elected for one year, and when my time had expired I accepted a position at Mt. Zion College, Winnsboro, as principal of the preparatory school and teacher of mathematics, salary fifty dollars a month. I entered upon my duties January 1, 1859.

"The Board of Visitors having determined to elect another professor at the citadel and discontinue the resident graduates, I was elected assistant professor, with the rank of second lieutenant, and began my duties as such January 1, 1860. I assisted both the professor of belles lettres and mathematics."

In the following letter to his mother we have a very attractive picture of the soldier-professor, portraying, as it does, the little family circle just prior to the outbreak of the Civil War. In this letter, and one to his brother, he comments upon the all absorbing topic of that exciting time,—“Secession,”—and expresses the apprehension he felt for the continuation of the Union. He tells them how he regarded Mr. Lincoln's election, and of his determination to share the fate of his State, even though she went out unaided by the other Southern States.

SATURDAY NIGHT,

Oct. 15th, 1860.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

I have to-day seen a letter from Oddy to Mr. Sage, which informs us of your return to Marietta and of the General's enjoying himself over the Ohio River.

We are also informed that Odd has been appointed to the charge of the preparatory department of Wofford, and will enter upon his duties on the first proximo. Glad to hear it.

God bless him all the way. I wish you would tell him that we expect him to stay with us when he comes to town.

I saw just now the most interesting sight I have yet seen in our little home. The weather being cool, I lighted our fire to-night, and little Katie, my daughter, was very much delighted with the blaze. Bess sat her up in her little chair, held her in, and she was charmed. It was the first fireside picture for me, and oh! the memories that come thronging to my heart! Think of your boy, who was so fond of fun and joy, looking into the flame of his own fireside with his wife and daughter!

Lottie, Stevens, and I dined with "Tady" to-day. She was as usual; perhaps a little feeble.

I know of no news that would interest you. You are not fond of political news, but I fear, my dear mother, you and I will see the bitter fruits of a civil war before very long. I regard the election of Lincoln full cause for a dissolution of our Union, but if the concurrence of the Cotton States (I despair of the Southern States) cannot be secured, I am *most decidedly opposed* to the separate action of South Carolina. I, however, will make her fate my fate. And may God deliver us from the terrible issue. I sincerely trust that our sister Cotton States may be awakened to a sense of their wrongs, the imperative demands upon their honor, and to a proper appreciation of their danger. Viewing the political state of our section as I do, I must think that the men opposed to disunion in the event of Lincoln's election,—which I regard as certain,—are slumbering over a smoking volcano, which may suddenly blow the sleepers into inevitable ruin.

I wish you would show brother George this, and tell him I ask him to write me and give me his opinion in reference to the likelihood of Georgia's taking active measures. He will greatly oblige me by so doing. Much love to brother George, Sister "Tady," and the children. Lottie joins me sincerely in this. Good night, my own mother, and may God bless you.

Your

ELLISON.

CITADEL, December 9th, 1860.

MY OWN DEAR ODDY :

I send you a portion of our departed mother's hair. Put it carefully away until you can afford to have it put into a locket.

We are as usual here. A feeling of loneliness pervades my heart. I am constantly impressed with the idea that our family circle is broken up, to be no more united. We have no longer a center on earth. But if we could only realize it, we still have the same constant center in heaven. May we unite there! You must write to me often.

I am very apprehensive of sad times in the future. I fear our political troubles will end in blood. Hugh Legare said in a speech, delivered in Congress in 1838, in reference to the Abolition crusade, that if it was permitted to be carried on "the sun of the Union would go down—it will go down in blood." We shall live, I solemnly fear, to see the verification of this prophecy. I desire the dissolution of the Union, but I pray that it may be peaceable. We have no *fight for glory* in this war. It will be, if it comes, a terrible carnage, in which brothers will inbrue their hands in each other's blood; and when it will end God only knows. I fear very much that the cowardly policy of Mr. Buchanan will involve us here at our forts before the first day of '61. God forbid it! But if the worst comes to the worst, I trust, my dear brother, that a noble patriotism may bear us through the sad struggle, and that we may be constantly sustained by a cheering consciousness that we are doing our duty.

Yours devotedly,

ELLISON.

Again taking up the journal of his military life we read:

"In December of this year [1860] a regiment of rifles having been formed in Charleston, composed of the five companies of the city, I had the honor to be unanimously elected major of the same, and accepted. The regiment was officered as follows: Colonel, J. Johnston Pettigrew; Lieutenant-Colonel,

John L. Branch; Major, Ellison Capers; Adjutant, Theo. Barker; Quartermaster, Allen J. Hauckel, Louis Young; Surgeon, Geo. E. Wescot; Assistant Surgeon, Thos. L. Ogier, Jr.; Judge Advocate, Chas. E. B. Flagg.

"We made our first parade on the 20th of December, I acting adjutant. The order for the parade was as follows:

HEADQUARTERS 1ST REG. RIFLES,
CHARLESTON, Dec. 18th, '60.

General Orders:

No. 1.

There will be a parade of the First Regiment of Rifles, for drill and instruction, on Thursday, the 20th inst.

The line will be formed on the Battalion Parade precisely at 9 1/2 o'clock A. M.

Officers in command of the respective companies composing this Regiment are hereby ordered to report with their commands to the Adjutant on the Battalion Parade at 20 minutes past nine o'clock. The Non. Com. Staff will conform to the same.

The commissioned staff officers will report to the Colonel at his residence, Tradd Street, at 20 minutes past 9 A. M.

The commanding officers of the First, Sixth, and the right center companies will detail a sergeant, each, from their companies, who will act as General Guide, and are hereby ordered to report themselves to the Adjutant with the officers commanding their respective companies.

By order COL. J. JOHNSTON PETTIGREW,
E. CAPERS, *Commanding First Regiment Rifles, S. C. M.*
Acting Adjutant.

"In accordance with his order the regiment paraded on the 20th, marching up to Magnolia for drill. While on drill we received the Ordinance of Secession which had been passed by the Convention then in session in the city. The Ordinance was read to the command by me, and received with the greatest enthusiasm.

"Major Robert Anderson, commanding the United States troops at Fort Moultrie, having attempted the destruction of Fort Moultrie on the night of the 25th, and removed his command to Fort Sumter to prevent, as he said, a collision with the

troops of South Carolina, Governor Pickens sent his military aid, Colonel Pettigrew, over to Major Anderson on the morning of the 26th to demand that Major Anderson return to Fort Moultrie and restore the status of the forts in the harbor. By his request I accompanied Colonel Pettigrew. We went over in uniform, in a small boat, rowed by negroes.

"I will give an account of this official visit to Fort Sumter, as I believe it is the first military interview of the Government of South Carolina with 'foreign powers.'

"We were met at the wharf of the fort by the orderly sergeant, Captain Seymour. Colonel Pettigrew sent in his card, and we were asked up.

"We saw Major Anderson in the presence of his officers in a room on the south front of the fort; everything in and about the fort being in confusion. My attention was struck by seeing a two-inch gun sunk in the parade, to be fired as a mortar, and bearing on the city. In the interview Major Anderson was polite and kind in his manner, and his officers who stood around him were intently interested. Colonel Pettigrew protested in the name of Governor Pickens against the destruction of Fort Moultrie and the removal of the troops to Sumter, saying that it was a violation of an *understanding* between South Carolina and the United States Government, and that Anderson must go back to Fort Moultrie. Major Anderson explained in a most polite and conciliatory way that his move was a precaution on his part to prevent a collision with our volunteers, who he feared would attack him in Fort Moultrie. He instanced our guard boats at night as seeming to him a constant threat of attack, and as he was left without orders from the Government at Washington, and was at liberty to take up any of the posts he commanded in his district, he took up Sumter of his own authority, and to keep the peace. 'In this contest between the North and the South my sympathies,' he said, 'are with the South, but I am an officer of the Government of the United States, and as such I must do my

duty. My compliments to the Governor, and say to him I cannot and will not go back to Fort Moultrie.'

"After some further conversation we bowed our respects and left the fort, reporting our interview to the Governor and Council at the City Hall."

The following afternoon the Union flag was raised over Fort Sumter, and then Governor Pickens ordered the First Regiment of Rifles to take possession of Fort Moultrie and Castle Pinckney. He instructed them to make a careful inventory of all property and forward to him. Major Capers commanded a detachment against Castle Pinckney, and in after years he was fond of relating this, his first experience in actual war. He described the enthusiasm with which the company received the order to "take Castle Pinckney," for, said he, "the men believed that theirs would be the first guns to be fired in the cause of Southern independence and Southern liberty." With a keen appreciation of humor, General Capers told of how, as a young and inexperienced officer, he deployed his men, and with what caution they approached the fort. On they went! But the guns remained silent. Then the command "Charge!" was given, and the soldier boys dashed forward and knocked in the doors of the fort. To their dismay and chagrin they stood breathless in the midst of a deserted post. The Federal soldiers had been withdrawn during the night and only a few officers were left in charge, who made a verbal protest. At their request they were transferred to Fort Sumter.

In making his memorandum (1888) Rev. Mr. Capers did not mention that his health was very delicate at the time South Carolina took the momentous step which led her Southern sisters out of the Federal Union, and that he immediately offered his service to Governor Pickens. However, his family physician and the regimental surgeon both advised against his entering the active service of the army, giving it as their professional opinion that

the exposure in camp would inevitably prove fatal to him. The surgeons were his personal friends, and one argument by which they sought to dissuade him from enlisting was to urge upon him the fact that as a teacher in a military school he was not only exempt from military service, but he was actually serving his State in training soldiers for the field. Lieutenant Capers saw his duty otherwise, and determined to enter the army. He felt, however, that he should report to Mrs. Capers the result of the surgeon's examination. Returning home, he found his wife eagerly awaiting him, anxious to hear what the doctors had to say. Like many of the South's heroic women, she had the Spartan spirit which urged their heroes to battle and admonished them to return victorious or upon their shields. When Lieutenant Capers told his wife of the doctors' statements to him, she promptly replied: "Ellison, you must go and do your duty, and we will leave the matter of your health in God's keeping, trusting Him for that." Thus she heartily concurred in his own patriotic sentiments, and stifled, as promptly as he had done, the voice of the tempter holding out the attractions of an honorable, but "bomb-proof position" as professor in the State's military school.

Another opportunity for escaping the hardships of camp life—which the doctors told him would destroy his health—and at the same time act in an honorable position and in the service of his country was tendered to Major Capers, at the beginning of the war. The subjoined correspondence shows him to have been offered the superintendent-ship of the famous military school in North Carolina located at Hillsboro. This was a great compliment to a military officer not yet twenty-four years of age.

WILMINGTON, N. C.

May 29, 1861.

DEAR ELLISON:

Can you and will you come up to Hillsboro and conduct affairs for me as superintendent? Our second class, two in number, has gone to the war, leaving only 3d, 4th, and 5th,

in all about seventy, but increasing notwithstanding the war. Gaillard will be there and some instructors for Latin who can be readily procured. Now you have perhaps no great experience as superintendent, but you have good judgment and would command the respect of the cadets, and I doubt not give ample satisfaction; at any rate, if you can, I would like you to try it. Richardson suffers so much from his eyes that he must give up.

Lightfoot is appointed major in the North Carolina army. Schaller is unserviceable; your humble servant is senior colonel of the North Carolina regulars, and the H. M. Academy is thus in a fair way to "yield to the force of circumstances." I left 116 cadets there on April 17; 6 have entered since, and there are now, I think, 68. Having been myself appointed in the most complimentary manner, first, to the command of this fort, and then to the Second Regimental Infantry, I could not, as a patriot, decline; indeed I would decline no position in which I could now be useful to the South. Meanwhile I think the Academy would do good service to North Carolina, and for that reason, as well as others which will suggest themselves, I wish to keep it up.

I propose to offer for the first month \$150, you paying traveling expenses, and \$125 for each subsequent month of the academic year, ending November 26. I suppose that as there are now fewer cadets than usual at the Citadel they can spare you, and—Jones would consent to your coming. If you can, please do me the service as a personal favor of a most important nature. If it should happen that you can't come, please make some suggestion.

As soon as Richardson leaves we could give you his quarters, and make you right comfortable.

When you make up your mind, which please do at once, telegraph to Colonel W. S. G. Andrews, Goldsboro, North Carolina, if favorable, and say "Tell Col. Tew I will come." I shall write to Colonel Andrews and he will understand, and write to me. You can write as soon as practical. Di-

rect your letter to Fort Macon, Morehead City, North Carolina.

With best respects to Mrs. Capers and to your colleagues,

Very truly yours,

(Signed) C. C. TEW.

WILMINGTON, June 5.

DEAR ELLISON :

I have heard nothing from you; do come; pay no object; just name your amount. We are getting recruits, and can, I am confident, run up to 80 or 90 cadets. Telegraph me here, and write also. We can give you quarters. I am assigned to the Southern Department of the Coast Defence of the State, and will be here some time.

Very truly yours,

(Signed) C. C. TEW.

WILMINGTON, N. C.

June 18th, 1861.

DEAR ELLISON :

I have just time to reply to your letter, which reached me this morning. Of course I appreciate your position, and know that you could only decline under the circumstances, though it is a matter of great regret to me, as I am now about to issue the order for suspension of the institution indefinitely. It is a great sacrifice, but there is no help for it. . . .

Very truly yours,

(Signed) C. C. TEW.

CHAPTER V

OPENING OF THE WAR

ELECTED major of the First Rifles, Ellison Capers entered upon his career as a soldier in the service of the Southern Confederacy. The motives which actuated him when he threw in his lot with South Carolina in that fateful struggle were the same high motives that guided him through life—conscientious devotion to duty, to God, and to his country. What the Northern historian, James Ford Rhodes, has said of Lee ("Hist.," vol. iii, p. 413), can fairly and truthfully be said of Ellison Capers: "The course he took was, from his point of view, and judged by his inexorable and pure conscience, the path of duty to which a high sense of honor called him." "For Ellison Capers to have sided against the South would have been, in his case at least, to do dishonor to all the noblest affections of his nature, all the traditions of his people, and the principles of free government which from childhood he had been taught to cherish."*

We have seen the part he took in the initial maneuvers preceding the bombardment of Fort Sumter.

During the short siege of the works Major Capers commanded light batteries on Sullivan's Island. Throughout the ensuing summer he was with his regiment, engaged in erecting defenses for the coast. When Colonel Pettigrew resigned to go to Virginia, Major Capers was promoted Lieutenant-Colonel of the First Rifles. In December, 1861, Colonel H. C. Stevens (South Carolina Militia), and Lieutenant-Colonel Capers began to form a regiment for twelve months' service. The Marion Rifles, of Charleston, Captain Sigwald command-

*Bishop Gailor.

ing, was the first company to agree to serve in the proposed regiment. By special order No. 6, dated January 13, 1862, a camp of instruction and organization was established by the Adjutant-General of the State and located in St. Andrews Parish, on the main line of the Savannah & Charleston Railroad. This camp of instruction was just four miles from Charleston, and was placed under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Capers. Early in the succeeding February President Davis called upon the Governor of South Carolina for five regiments of infantry "for the war," and by the middle of March all of the companies composing the Twenty-fourth South Carolina Regiment had changed their term of service from "twelve months" to "the war," and thus the Twenty-fourth Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers was fully organized. On Cole's Island, James Island, Combehee, Ashpoo, Pocotaligo, and near Wilmington, North Carolina, the 24th South Carolina Volunteers did gallant service in 1862. The Twenty-fourth remained on duty on Cole's Island until the last of May, when, the island being abandoned by General Pemberton's order, the regiment was ordered to James Island.

In the biography of his father, General Isaac I. Stevens, U. S. A., Captain Hazard Stevens gives us a detailed account of the operations by the Federal forces which precipitated the James Island campaign, with the city of Charleston as the coveted reward of success. It appears from his account that General Hunter and General Benham adopted a blundering plan instead of the more intelligent and more hopeful one urged by General Stevens, with the consequence that there was no concert of action by the Federal troops, and they were rushing in by "piecemeal" against the formidable works the Confederates had thrown up in front of Secessionville, with the inevitable result of a humiliating defeat and the failure of the campaign. We quote what Captain Stevens has to say in regard to the landing of troops on James Island and the engagement of June 3, as he too, though unconsciously, bears

testimony to the conspicuous gallantry of Lieutenant-Colonel Capers upon that occasion. He says:

"The transports landed two miles below Grimball's plantation and opposite a hamlet on John's Island, known as Legareville. A strong picket was thrown ashore on James Island for the night, it being too late to land the troops. On the 3d of June they [the troops] were put on shore in small boats and, General Stevens advancing with them, drove the enemy back, who were in strong force, and after sharp action captured three guns which they were moving to their inner line; and established a permanent picket two and one half miles from the river, running diagonally across the island from Big Folly Creek to Stono River, near Grimball. Driving back the enemy, General Stevens occupied the negro quarters with six companies.

The enemy held the woods in front, and both sides opened a brisk musketry fire across the broad intervening cotton field. Soon afterward a column of the enemy, apparently a regiment, which was in fact the Charleston Battalion, the crack corps of the city, emerged from the woods and advanced by the flank in columns of four *headed by a mounted officer*. In this order they charged down the road and across the field at the double quick, and notwithstanding the fire of the companies stationed in the negro quarters *actually penetrated the buildings*; our companies gave way, and for a moment they [the Confederates] had the position."

This attack upon the One Hundredth Pennsylvania Regiment, after it had driven in the pickets in front of Secessionville, and pushed them across the causeway at Rivers' Place, opened the James Island Campaign of '62. The "mounted officer" to whom Captain Stevens refers as leading the gallant assault was Lieutenant-Colonel Capers. As bearing upon Captain Stevens' account of the engagement of the 3d, and for an accurate statement of the facts, the following quotation from a letter written by Bishop Capers to Mr. Yates Snowden is of interest. The letter bears date Columbia, S. C.,

October 5, 1900. "In Mr. Stevens' account of the engagement of June 3, he does not state facts. If you will read Gailard's and my own reports of the affair ("War Records," vol. xiv.), you will readily see the exaggerations of Mr. Stevens.

"I led the charge on the negro houses and we captured the whole force, but I was obliged to order a retreat and could bring away only Captain Clina and about twenty of his men, because re-enforcements were hurrying on us from the Battery Island side of the Island, and the guns in Stono had opened on our men. The charge was not made by the Charleston Battalion alone, but by three companies of the Charleston Battalion and one of the Twenty-fourth South Carolina Volunteers. . . . Chichester, in attempting to bring his heavy siege howitzers over River's East Causeway, got three of them badly bogged, and had to leave them. I was sent before day on June 3, with part of the Twenty-fourth and a big rope, to pull the guns out of the bog, and had no idea of a fight until I got to Lamar's fort. There Lamar told me if I got the guns I would have to fight for them. *I did fight for them*, and drove the enemy back to Legare's negro houses and charged the houses, and when we fell back, we fell back to a ditch way beyond the ——— and why the regiments, which by that time came up and took position at River's, did not pull the guns out of the bog I cannot say. They stayed there all day the 3d, and were carried off that night, while our whole force fell back to the lines and to Secessionville."

The poet Paul H. Hayne relates the following incident as told to him by one of the soldiers who took part in the attack upon the strong position of the enemy in the cabins just referred to: "The Blue Boys' occupied a powerful position behind some dense undergrowth fringed by an orchard, and besides had possession of some negro cabins, which protected them finely. It became imperative to dislodge the enemy, when Lieutenant-Colonel Capers in command galloped to the front of the Confederates exclaiming: 'I want volunteers to charge the enemy in those cabins. Boys, who will go with me?' In

response one company of the Twenty-fourth and three companies of the Charleston Battalion stepped out. 'Forward!' shouted the leader. 'God and our rights! Charge!' A spirited attack ensued, splendidly led by the young colonel, and the Yankees were driven pell-mell from their lodgment in woods and cabins and fiercely pursued until the gunboats were opened to protect them." Thus at the very inception of his army life Lieutenant-Colonel Capers was modestly but heroically proving himself worthy of his heritage as patriot and soldier.

On the morning of June 16, at one o'clock, the Battle of Secessionville on James Island was opened by what Colonel Capers described as "the gallant assault of the Eighth Michigan, Seventh Connecticut, Seventy-ninth New York, the Twenty-eighth Massachusetts, the One Hundredth Pennsylvania, and the Forty-sixth New York, with Rockwell and Stranham's light batteries, and a company of engineers." In the battle which ensued Lieutenant-Colonel Capers was detached by Colonel Hagood's order to open and direct the fire of the two-gun battery in front of Clark's house, on the west flank of the work of Secessionville.

In writing to Mrs. Capers on the day following the engagement he relates this, his first experience in war as artilleryman. (He inclosed a map to which the letters refer.) "It was all important to open the battery at 'A' (Reed's Battery), and Colonel Hagood (senior to Stevens and in command) ordered me to gallop round via the cross roads 'B' and order the fire of the battery on 'H'. (On this run I lost the nice haversack you made me.) When I got to the battery I found a lieutenant and ten or fifteen men, and in reply to my question why they had not fired on the enemy just over the creek, the lieutenant said that he and his men were green and had just come; did not understand the ammunition, but were ready and anxious to do their best. I loaded and pointed the right gun, which kicked off the narrow platform and upset. Then I loaded and pointed the other piece, double shelled, guessed at the distance

for the fuses, and put two willing fellows with hand and spike to stop the recoil, and then let the rascals have it. By this time the men took hold as if they had been drilled, and I ordered them to drive the Yankees away from 'H'. I then galloped up to Clark's house and reported the situation to General Evans, who was upstairs in the window, looking over the field. General Smith was there also, and they ordered me peremptorily back to fight the guns. I went immediately, and we kept our piece going as fast as we could load and fire. Both the generals thanked me personally, and both of them said that my gun mainly contributed to drive the enemy from 'H.' I am sure we contributed our full share in the gallant fight, and with *that* I am satisfied, as I know you will be."

That this little one-gun battery did contribute its full share to the victory is also attested by the frequent references Captain Hazard Stevens makes to the havoc it wrought among his father's and other troops. In describing the attack of the Federal troops he says: "For a mile to the right of Battery Lamar on the main line was Battery Reed, commanding the twenty-four pounders and commanding the ground in front of the Battery Lamar with a *searching cross fire*." And again when describing the assault upon the works, the same author says: "While the Highlanders were thus storming the work, the left wing of the Roundheads and some of the Highlanders were cut off and driven to the left by a terrible hail which smote them, yet pushed determinedly on and dashed themselves against the fort. But here the front was well protected by abattis, and afforded no opening, and the *Battery Reed raked them terribly*. The men fell by scores, the line lost its impetus, and the survivors threw themselves on the ground behind the cotton rows for protection." And a third time he comments on the effective work of this famous little battery, when he describes the assault of the Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, and New Hampshire troops: "For half an hour they maintained the contest, sustaining unflinchingly a severe fire from the fort and the Fourth Louisiana Battalion, which

hastened to re-enforce it, *raked by the Reed Battery on the left, and smitten in the rear by Boyce's field battery.*"

A few days after the battle of Secessionville Colonel Capers was gratified to receive this well merited recognition from the Commanding General, commending the splendid service of the little battery and his own prowess and courage:

HEADQUARTERS, JAMES ISLAND,
June 22, 1862.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL CAPERS, 24TH S. C.,
James Island.

Colonel: In the absence of General Evans, first in command on the 16th inst., allow me to thank you and the small detachment of North Carolina Artillery under your command for the efficient and distinguished service which was rendered by the Battery Reed upon that date. Make known to the detachment my thanks.

Respectfully,

Your obedient servant,
WILLIAM DUNCAN SMITH,
Brig.-General Commanding.

Lieutenant-Colonel Capers was already beginning to inspire his men with that confidence and enthusiasm so essential to successful leadership. Many evidences of this are at hand, but we select as being perhaps the most natural expression of this sentiment this description of the young officer, found in a letter written by one of his company captains, to the "home folks," December 14, 1862.

"We are expecting to go to General Lee's assistance now in a few days. Colonel Capers is in command, and I know we will be led in a becoming manner. He is a splendid, gallant, dashing fellow, not more than twenty-eight years of age. Let him go where he will, I will follow him!"

It may be added that Colonel Capers was then not as old even as twenty-eight, having celebrated his twenty-fifth birthday in October just past.

CHAPTER VI

FROM SHILOH TO JACKSON

FLUSHED with his success in the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson, General Grant marched his army south. The Confederate forces under General Albert Sidney Johnston were slowly withdrawn toward their rendezvous at Corinth, Miss. By the 5th of April, 1862, the Federal Army was at Savannah and Pittsburg Landing, on the Tennessee River. General Johnston had moved out from Corinth, with a view of surprising the enemy and fighting "the great battle of the Southwest," at Shiloh Church. Unavoidably delayed, his army "got up" a day late, and Grant had made his dispositions to meet the attack of his assailants. The battle was joined early on the morning of the 6th, and was fiercely contested throughout the day. By sundown the Federal army, driven to the ineffectual protection of their gunboats, and virtually routed, escaped destruction only by the timely intervention of Providence. In General Johnston's death in this battle the master hand was withdrawn.

The confusion and misunderstanding among officers after Johnston fell prevented a forward movement of the whole army and victory slipped from the grasp of the successful Confederates. During the night Grant was re-enforced by Buell's army. In the second day's fight his troops were victorious, and, though not strong enough to pursue, they remained in undisputed possession of the field. Shiloh brought fresh laurels to Grant and gave prestige and power to his name. The fame of him began to fill the land, his "lucky star" was in the ascendency, and there were not wanting those who even then looked upon him as the "Man of Destiny" whose genius and devotion were to save the Union.

In the popular mind Grant's reputation as a general chiefly rests upon his campaigns in Virginia which culminated in General Lee's surrender to him at Appomattox. If those campaigns were his only contributions during the war he would not deserve the high place assigned him among the great military chieftains of history.

It is Grant's campaign against Vicksburg which furnishes the best evidence of his military genius, indomitable persistence, and undaunted personal courage. In this campaign he reveals himself as a great soldier, a born leader of troops and commander of men. We are not here engaged in writing a history of this campaign, but are merely sketching the movement of Federal and Confederate troops toward Jackson, Miss., where Gist's brigade makes its first appearance in the battles of the West. And yet we must pause to admire the commander who planned and the soldiers who executed the details of this brilliant campaign. Vicksburg was the Gibraltar of the South. It was the all-important link connecting the Confederacy east and west of the Mississippi. As a strategic point it blocked the complete navigation of the "Father of Waters." In 1864 Sherman wrote to Grant: "Too great importance cannot be given to the capture of Vicksburg, and in the progress of time its capture will stand out as the great event of the war."

Grant's efforts on the west side of the river, which occupied his men most of the winter, were mere experiments and availed nothing. The brilliant part of his campaign began when he had finally succeeded in making a landing at Grand Gulf, on the east side of the river, below Vicksburg. Having planned to co-operate with General Banks in the capture of Port Hudson, making New Orleans his base, and return with combined forces to the siege of Vicksburg; he learned at Grand Gulf that Banks could not reach Port Hudson within ten days; and, further, that troops were being mobilized at Jackson, Miss., for the relief of Pemberton in Vicksburg. He therefore acted on the instinct of genius, and at once abandoned

the campaign against Port Hudson and as promptly conceived and began the execution of his bold design to force his army up between those of Generals Pemberton and Johnston, and fight them in detail. To do this he had to abandon his base, and while this relieved him of the task of keeping intact his line of communication, it forced his army to the necessity of living upon the country through which it passed. McClermand's, Sherman's, and McPherson's corps were put in motion, their formation running west to east, and practically parallel to the railroad connecting Jackson and Vicksburg. Within three weeks five battles had been fought and won, and Vicksburg finally assaulted from the east side of the river.

When Sherman's corps moved into position on Walnut Ridge, where nine months before the Federal army had tried in vain to make a lodgment from which to bombard the city, the investment of Vicksburg was complete.

This campaign was indeed Grant's masterpiece, for while it is true he fought in the sure confidence of ever-increasing troops, until before General Pemberton surrendered, eighty thousand Federal troops had (to use Grant's own expression) "out-camped the enemy"; yet it is also true that when he found it would be ten days before Banks could co-operate with him against Port Hudson, he did as Stonewall Jackson or Napoleon would have done; he appreciated the value of the *time element* that enters into all military operations, and staked the *possibilities* of ten days against the chances for success in a more cautious policy of delay and preparation. He staked all and won all. It is also true that when General Grant entered on this bold campaign he did so with a full knowledge that *circumstances* must develop the details, and with confidence in his own ability to meet contingencies as they arose. He realized that his army must operate in a territory new to them, where the inhabitants were naturally hostile to the invading troops. For all this, and the manner in which the campaign was brought to a successful end, General Grant deserves, as he has received, unstinted praise. And yet from a retrospec-

tive point of view his task was not as difficult as it probably appeared to him, or as it has been represented.

The part Gist's brigade contributed toward making the evacuation of Jackson a success furnishes a good illustration, not only of how inadequate were the Confederate forces to the task of "driving out the invader," but also of how skirmish lines and detached forces were taken for and reported by the enemy as "corps," "divisions," and "armies." A distinguished soldier directs our attention to this particular occasion. He says: "Looking back at the events it seems almost ludicrous to read in the report of Major General McPherson, commanding the Seventeenth Army Corps, the account of the formidable dispositions he made to attack the little brigade at Wright's house. These dispositions are given in great detail. General McPherson expresses his anxiety for the arrival of Logan's division, which he wished to hold as a reserve. All of which was done under the impression that 'the enemy was posted in strong force under General W. H. T. Walker.' Thus, according to his report, the accomplished General McPherson had six brigades arrayed in battle against a little brigade of two battalions, one regiment, and one battery of four guns, and commanded, not by General W. H. T. Walker, but by Colonel Colquitt on the right and Lieutenant-Colonel Capers on the left wing."

This brings our narrative to the evacuation of Jackson, and it seems well that the thread of our story be taken up where in South Carolina Gist was preparing to join the army in the West.

"In May, 1863, Joseph E. Johnston was ordered to the relief of General Pemberton, besieged in Vicksburg, Miss., by the army of General Grant. The Twenty-fourth South Carolina Volunteers, with Gist's entire brigade, was among the troops sent to General Johnston. The three regiments, Forty-sixth Georgia, Sixteenth South Carolina, Twenty-fourth South Carolina, and the Eighth Georgia Battalion marched to the depot of the South Carolina railroad on Mary Street, embarked

in freight and flat cars, and left Charleston in four sections on the morning of the 6th of May, the head of the brigade arriving in Jackson on the evening of the 13th, after eight days and seven nights of travel, transferring tents and baggage from train to boat and boat to train six times."*

Along the entire route they were greeted at every station by the people, who saluted them by waving flags, handkerchiefs, and by every expression of patriotic approval. The men and officers, crowded into unclean baggage cars or on open flats, were cheerful and exultant, and responded to the enthusiasm of the people by waving their hats and cheering lustily at every stop.

This brigade was then in command of the ranking officer, Colonel Peyton Colquitt, of Georgia. The Twenty-fourth South Carolina arrived at Jackson, Miss., in advance of the brigade, and in obedience to orders took possession of the Clinton road, with a view of holding McPherson's corps in check while the city of Jackson was being evacuated. On the following morning, the 14th inst., the enemy attacked in force, and the brigade made a heroic resistance, Lieutenant-Colonel Capers commanding the left from sunrise until mid-day, when his horse was killed from under him, and, remounting, he was severely wounded in the left leg. In his sketch of Gist's brigade Colonel Capers gives the following account of the engagement on the Clinton road, in which the Twenty-fourth South Carolina Regiment and its commanding officer greatly distinguished themselves:

"The head of General Gist's brigade reached Jackson on the night of the 13th of May, the Twenty-fourth South Carolina Volunteers, Lieutenant-Colonel Capers commanding (Colonel Stevens being detained for twenty-four hours in Charleston), and part of the Forty-sixth Georgia, Colonel Colquitt, General Joseph E. Johnston and staff on the train; Grant's army was advancing on the city (Jackson), by the Clinton and Raymond roads, and Johnston had about six thousand troops at his immediate command. . . . The Twenty-fourth South

*Report Col. Capers.

Carolina and five companies of the Twenty-sixth Georgia. of Gist's brigade, with the Fourteenth Mississippi, and Captain J. A. Hoskin's Battery of four pieces, were ordered by General Johnston to move out at daylight on the 14th, under Colonel Colquitt, and take position on the Clinton road at a point designated by Brigadier-General John Gregg, and check the enemy's advance as long as possible, the object being to gain time to remove stores from Jackson.

"The Forty-sixth Georgia (five companies) and the Fourteenth Mississippi battalions were posted on the right of the road, and the Twenty-fourth South Carolina and Hoskin's battery on the left. The position was at Wright's farm, the commands being on the right and left of his house. The Twenty-fourth was advanced some distance to take advantage of a garden fence and the artillery placed in battery on the crown of the hill, one gun behind the Twenty-fourth, in support, and three at the main road. The little brigade did not number over nine hundred men and officers, and was attacked at 9 A. M. by the Seventh Division of the Seventeenth Army Corps, composed of three brigades, with four light batteries, and it held its position until 2 P. M. before it was forced to retire. The enemy's official reports put down their losses as follows: Second Brigade, 215; Third Brigade, 37; Fourth Brigade, 13; Total in division, 265. No report of losses in the Federal artillery."

In defending this position the little brigade of two battalions, one regiment, and four guns lost 198 men and officers, killed, wounded, and captured. The heaviest loss was in the Twenty-fourth South Carolina, which held its position longest and lost 105 men and officers. On the enemy's part their main loss was in the center brigade, which made the direct attack in front.

In the final assault, which carried the position and forced a retreat on Jackson, the fighting is described by the commander of the Tenth Missouri, which, with the Seventeenth Iowa, Eightieth Ohio, one company, E of the Twenty-fourth Mis-

souri, and the Fifty-sixth Illinois, made up the Second brigade:

"Colonel Holmes commanding the Second Brigade now ordered bayonets fixed and a charge to be made upon the works. The troops moved forward at the double quick, cheering wildly, driving in first skirmishers, and then the main line, passing over about five hundred yards under a terrific fire of shell, canister, and musketry, to the house of C. P. Wright, in and behind which, and the hedges and fences and the trees surrounding it, the Rebels were hidden and protected. Here ensued an almost hand-to-hand conflict with the Twenty-fourth Regiment South Carolina Volunteers, the Tenth Missouri suffering from the streams of fire which issued from behind every object which would furnish protection to the enemy. We succeeded finally in dislodging them and driving them some two hundred yards to the left (enemy's left) and toward the main road toward Jackson. Re-forming our line, a section of the Sixth Wisconsin was rapidly brought upon the field," etc.

"But the Twenty-fourth South Carolina, now under command of Major Appleby, had followed the Forty-sixth Georgia, the Fourteenth Mississippi Battalion and Hoskin's battery in retreat, and joined General Johnston's little army moving out from Jackson on the Canton road. In the fight above described the attack on the batteries of the Forty-sixth Georgia and the Fourteenth Mississippi was made principally by the Seventeenth Iowa and the Eightieth Ohio regiments, and was well sustained by the Georgians and Mississippians. The conduct of Captain Hoskin's battery was beyond praise. But for the service of his four guns the position could not have been held two hours against the attack of the Federal division."*

Writing to General Beauregard from Canton, on the 25th of May, General Gist says:

"None of the troops of your department reached Jackson

*Colonel Capers' Report.

in time for the affair at Raymond. Only two regiments of General W. H. T. Walker's, Martin's Battery, Twenty-fourth South Carolina, five companies of the Forty-sixth Georgia and Eighth Georgia Battalion, arrived in time to participate in the engagement and the evacuation of the city. I got within six miles and was ordered back by General Johnston, with the remainder of Walker's and my own brigade. The only troops of my brigade engaged at Jackson were those mentioned above, and all officers join in awarding them highest praises for their soldierly conduct and gallantry. *The Twenty-fourth Regiment South Carolina Volunteers, Lieutenant-Colonel Capers commanding, particularly distinguished themselves.*"

In this "hand to hand conflict" which the Federal commander, Colonel Holmes, describes above, Colonel Capers received his first wound. So intent was he on holding his position as long as possible, and so engrossed in encouraging his gallant men to stand firm, that he was unconscious of being wounded until his adjutant remarked upon his paleness, and he felt the blood from his wound in his left leg sloshing in his boot. But he "kept the saddle" until he fainted from loss of blood and weakness, when he was borne to the rear. However, he did not leave the field without a trophy of the fray—the rifle of a sharpshooter he had captured in a personal encounter just prior to the general advance of the Federal troops.

Lieutenant-Colonel Capers had ridden out to inspect the advance skirmish line and get, if possible, a view of the enemy preparing to attack. He had not been long in his position of observation when the bullet of a sharpshooter whistled uncomfortably near, then another, and again a third. A puff of smoke revealed the location of the rifleman, who was firing from the corner of a "worm fence." Some of his aids suggested that the Colonel retire to a safer place. To their astonishment he declared that the fellow was so bold in taking his advanced and exposed position that he had decided to capture him himself. Then putting his words to action, he appeared to

retire, and after reaching the woods, dismounted. With sword in one hand and pistol in the other, he made his way to the fence and crept cautiously through the bushes and in and out the "worms" or turns of the fence. In this manner he came to the opposite side of the fence from where the unsuspecting rifleman was leisurely firing away at the "enemy." Here the Colonel waited until the sharpshooter fired his rifle, when, springing forward, he demanded his surrender. The "Yank" "showed fight" and made an effort to dispute his prowess with the venturesome officer. In apparent obedience to the summons to surrender he mounted the fence, when from his perch he swung a terrific blow with his rifle at the head of his captor. The blow was parried by the Colonel with his sword, and before the soldier could "gather himself" for renewed resistance he was looking down the muzzle of a revolver. Convinced that "discretion is the better part of valor," he immediately made overtures for peace. Between the old "worm" fence and the Confederate skirmish line the "gray" and the "blue" made good friends, and the brave rifleman was sent to the rear as the personal prisoner of his captor. In the engagement following, Colonel Capers was wounded, as we have stated, and while resting at his quarters he renewed his acquaintance with the prisoner. In after years, when telling the story of the rusty old rifle in the corner of his study, Bishop Capers never failed to pay tribute to the cool courage of the soldier, whom he declared he found "a most intelligent young fellow who, though in error, thought he was right."

CHAPTER VII

THE NINE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY AT CHICKAMAUGA

VICKSBURG capitulated on the 4th of July, 1863, the day after General Lee finally failed of success at Gettysburg. The tide of adversity was bearing hard against the Confederacy. General Bragg was slowly retreating toward the Tennessee River, while Rosecrans endeavored to press him under the erroneous impression that the Confederates were on "the verge of a rout." East Tennessee was threatened by General Burnside's army, which had made its appearance at Cumberland Gap. General Bragg finally crossed the Tennessee and fortified himself in Chattanooga. Here Rosecrans was relieved of the impression that the army of Tennessee was "flying before him," and for the first time realized that General Bragg was preparing to give battle. Rosecrans divided his army into three corps and began an attempt to turn the flank of the enemy. General Crittenden was ordered to march his corps forty miles above Chattanooga, toward Cleveland, and then to move southeast toward Ringgold, and turn the Confederate right. General McCook, marching to the south of Chattanooga, was to threaten Rome, Ga., and draw Bragg's attention in that direction and so assist Crittenden in the execution of his flank movement. The corps of General George H. Thomas was pushed through Steven's Gap, along Lookout Mountain, and ordered to move directly upon Chattanooga. Here, it is of interest to notice that in the execution of these maneuvers General Bragg was offered two splendid opportunities to strike a decisive blow, and at a time when the effect upon the South would have been as propitious and as fruitful of results as was the battle of King's Mountain in the darkest hour of the American Revolution. The first opportunity was when Nagley's division of Thomas' corps, on the line of march along Lookout Mountain, went down into

McLemore's Cove, and in doing so marched into a death trap, of their escape from which there exists no valid reason.

When it was learned that a part of this division had moved down into the Cove, General Bragg ordered Hindman to move from Lee and Gordon's Mill, Buckner to stand guard against an attack from Crittenden, while General D. H. Hill, who as guarding the mountain passes, was ordered to come through Steven's and Dug's gaps and unite with Hindman in "trapping" Nagley. It thus appeared that no human agency could save the four thousand Federal troops. But the selfishness of the generals sent to execute the order sacrificed the interest of the cause for which they had both fought with such distinguished gallantry and skill. Generals Hill and Hindman had "fallen out." We are not prepared to say whether or not there was a bit of military jealousy mixed up in the unfortunate business. In any event, they would not co-operate, and by the time General Buckner "got up" it was too late to "bag the game." Realizing his mistake, General Nagley withdrew his forces to higher ground, while re-enforcements were hurried forward to assist him in extricating his troops.

General Bragg's second opportunity was when General Crittenden moved South in an effort to concentrate with McCook at Rossville. As Crittenden moved to the south Bragg's army was between him and Thomas' corps, at that time on the other side of Lookout Mountain. McCook could not have come to his assistance before General Bragg had struck the decisive blow and destroyed Crittenden.

We have seen it stated, upon reliable authority, that General Bragg issued detailed and specific orders for such an attack, but for some reason his orders were not obeyed. But is it not the test of a great general to *see to it that his orders are obeyed?* It would be difficult to imagine that Lee or Jackson, or Grant, or even Sherman, would allow a whole corps of the enemy to slip by with an unprotected flank and unite their forces, when orders had been issued to fall upon and destroy it.

After this there was nothing left for General Bragg to do but evacuate Chattanooga, or have fifty thousand men take possession of the mountain passes behind him. Therefore he fell back toward Lafayette, and on the 18th of September, 1863, the two armies were drawn up in line of battle on either side of Chickamauga Creek and the old State road. General Polk, commanding the right wing, made a demonstration at Lee and Gordon's mill; Rosecrans moved his left wing further to the south, opposite Alexander's Bridge. On the morning of the 19th General Forrest was reconnoitering with his cavalry, and when near Reed's Bridge came upon a detachment of Federal cavalry similarly engaged. Forrest instantly opened fire, and the great battle of Chickamauga was on, in dead earnest.

In the battle of the 19th the Twenty-fourth South Carolina Regiment was not present, having been engaged in detached service at Rome, Ga. It was while the regiment was at Rome that Colonel Capers, having partially recovered from the wound received at Jackson, rejoined his regiment. On the 17th inst. General Bragg ordered Gist's brigade to report to him for duty, and General Gist hurried forward all his troops for whom he could secure transportation, the transportation agent promising additional cars for that portion of the brigade left at Rome. The journey from Rome was made in crowded box cars and flat cars, and with little or no sleep or rest since the night of the 17th. On the morning of the 19th General Gist rode forward to Ringgold, and in obedience to orders his little brigade became the convoy for an army train destined for headquarters. In the execution of this work the brigade was engaged all night, and when the sun rose on the morning of the 20th Gist and his men were at Alexander's Bridge, where while waiting further orders the weary troops took advantage of a brief rest.

It was about eight o'clock in the morning when General Gist approached Generals Polk and Walker, who were engaged in conversation. Here General Hill joined them, and requested

General Polk to re-enforce him. Complying with the request, the commanding general designated a certain brigade he (Hill) could have. General Hill then asked: "Where is Gist's brigade? I have heard of that brigade." General Walker said: "It is just coming up. Here is Gist now." The brigade was therefore assigned to Hill, Gist given command of a small division, and Colonel Colquitt, of the Forty-sixth Georgia Regiment, ranking regimental officer, taking command of the brigade. Rapidly developing events soon revealed the fact that the *nine hundred and eighty brave men* who composed this little brigade had arrived at a crisis in the progress of the battle. During the night of the 19th the Federal General Baird had strongly entrenched himself behind breastworks at Kelley's Farm and thrown Generals Scribner and King's brigades to his extreme left. The attack General Bragg had ordered to be made at daylight, on the morning of the 20th, was delayed—General D. H. Hill's fault perhaps,—General Polk later being exonerated, but in all events clearly Bragg's responsibility. However, it was approaching ten o'clock when Breckenridge and Cleburne attacked. The Confederate General Helm assaulted King's regulars, and with great determination and heroism attempted to take the works. Once, twice, three times his gallant men, cheering wildly, stormed the works, but streams of fire pouring directly into their face and sweeping their flank decimated their ranks and they retired, only to charge again. Here General Helm offered his life for the cause he was so gallantly defending. While these assaults were being made upon King, General Polk struck Scribner at "the Bloody Angle," but was also repulsed with heavy loss. At about this stage of the battle Generals Adams and Stovall, passing to the extreme left of Baird, reached his rear, and had him flanked. Things began to look auspicious for the Confederates, when one of those inexplicable momentary eclipses of genius occurred, which here but for the timely arrival of Gist's brigade might have terminated in the rout of Bragg's army. The flanking movement referred to had, so

far, succeeded, when General Granger, held in reserve toward Rossville, moved his corps upon the rear of the advancing columns of Adams and Stovall. General Hill was in command here. In Virginia, renowned as a great fighter, he had just been promoted Lieutenant-General and sent to the West. But at this crisis his genius failed him; directing the flanking movement at the very moment when it had succeeded, he left the assaulting troops unsupported, and Granger's prompt advance forced them to retire, and this opportunity for victory was lost. "At that time the troops General Gist was commanding in person—Ector's and Wilson's brigades—were not engaged, neither was Liddell's. Hill should have ordered these troops forward to the support of Adams and Stovall."

When these great assaults were being made and repulsed Colquitt led his nine hundred and eighty brave men into battle. Helm's shattered command came reeling back from their bloody attacks, but paused to cheer the little brigade as it marched on alone to renew the assault against an enemy the men could not see. Colonel Colquitt had been told that Breckenridge was immediately in his front, and therefore, when his troops plunged into the woods and suddenly came upon the enemy posted behind breastworks, the tempest of musketry and canister which raked his men front and flank subjected them to an ordeal seldom equaled and never surpassed during the war. The troops had come thus unexpectedly into a death-trap. But Caesar's Tenth Legion, the Old Guard of Napoleon, or the English at Waterloo could not and did not behave with more splendid courage. And why should they? These men were American soldiers, bred and trained in all the chivalry of the South. They had been trained from infancy that they could not die better than "facing fearful odds; for the ashes of their sires and the temples of their gods." And here even sudden and terrible death failed to surprise them into fear. In referring to this engagement General Gist says in his report: "Colonel Colquitt did not reconnoiter the position, as he was instructed our troops were in his front. The enemy now

poured forth a most destructive and well aimed fire upon the entire line, and though it wavered and recoiled under the shock, yet by the exertions of the gallant Colquitt, nobly seconded by Colonels Stevens, Capers, and other true and brave officers, order was promptly restored, and for some twenty-five minutes the terrific fire was withstood and returned with marked effect by the gallant little band.

"It was here the lamented Colquitt fell mortally wounded, while cheering on his command, and in quick succession the iron-nerved Stevens and the intrepid Capers were seriously wounded, and many others who deserve to live in their country's memory yielded up their life's blood. One-third of the gallant command was either killed or wounded. Reeling under the storm of bullets, having lost all but two of their field officers, the brigade fell back, fighting to the position from which they had advanced. The brigades of Ector and Wilson kept up their fire from the cover,—the enemy did not venture beyond their works, so severely had they suffered,—until I was directed by General Hill to withdraw them to the position they occupied before advancing, and re-form my whole line in rear of the batteries some few hundred yards distant from the enemy's position."

The attack of Gist's brigade at this crisis aided materially in causing the enemy to move three divisions from his center and right. This move so weakened his right as to open the way for the splendid assault of Longstreet's wing. The part the nine hundred and eighty took in these successful assaults constitute their contribution to the great battle of Chickamauga.

Chickamauga was the second greatest battle of the entire war. In this battle the per cent. of the lost in killed and wounded demonstrates the spirit of the troops engaged; the fierceness of the assaults made; the repulses suffered; and withal the splendid heroism and fortitude with which both sides contended for the mastery on that memorable battle-field.

In his "Memoirs" General Grant tells us that after the bat-

tle of Shiloh he went over the field, and it was beyond question the bloodiest and most revolting sight he had ever witnessed, for there he saw more dead than on any other battle-field during the war. For, of the 36,000 men engaged on the Confederate line 1728 were killed and 8012 were wounded, or twenty-nine per cent. The Federal loss was twenty-seven per cent. This percentage of killed and wounded is far in excess of the casualties sustained in many of the great battles of Europe, and greater than in many battles of our own war; but not so great as in Chickamauga. At Gettysburg General Lee fought with an army of 62,000, and sustained a loss in killed and wounded of twenty-five per cent., exclusive of cavalry. The Federal loss was twenty-two per cent. At the battle of Waterloo Wellington had 90,000 men engaged, and lost in killed and wounded not quite 12,000 of them, or about twelve per cent. Therefore it is readily seen that at Chickamauga General Bragg fought and fairly won one of the greatest battles in history; certainly the next most important battle in the Civil War. For this we hail him with "Well done; nobly fought and nobly won." And for the weight of his great responsibility at this crisis we sympathize with him, but for his vacillation and irresolution we condemn him.

After any battle it is easy enough to make what may be termed a "retrospective prophecy" (a seeming paradox) of what might have occurred if such and such had only been done. For example: After First Manassas the popular outcry was: "Why did they not go right on to Washington?" It was even rumored that Stonewall Jackson insisted that he be allowed to go in and take the Federal capital. And on the other hand, after Chancellorsville the criticism was: "Why did Lee move on to Gettysburg and attempt to invade the North?" But certainly there can be no question but that after the battle of the 20th of September, 1863, General Bragg should have pressed his advantage—pursued and taken the enemy in Chattanooga, before re-enforcements could arrive. On the morning of the 21st inst. General Forrest was on the Missionary Ridge. See-

ing for himself the confusion and disorder of the retreating army, its unarmed soldiers, demoralized stragglers, stampeded cattle, horseless wagons and cannons all blockading the road, the mass moving hither and thither in great confusion, and without the show of orderly retreat,—Forrest asked Bragg's permission to move forward and continue the pursuit of the day before. He made the famous assertion that, "every hour employed in such an advance would be worth a thousand men to Bragg's army."

General Bragg, however, had no military vision. He was a good campaigner and fought all his battles well, as Shiloh, Murfreesboro, Perryville, and Chickamauga all testify. He was an organizer, a disciplinarian; an automatic, methodical kind of a man; a great adjutant and inspector general; but he was not equipped to meet all the responsibilities of commander-in-chief. He was never able to secure the fruits of victory. He seemed to feel as General Early did after he had won the battle of Cedar Creek, Va. General Gordon and others were urging him to press his advantage, when Early replied: "Oh, we have won glory enough for one day." Bragg was too easily satisfied with an incomplete victory. He was a patriot, the soul of personal honor, and with all his heart he loved and believed in the the cause for which he fought; but the imperative need at that particular crisis was a great general, and this Bragg was not. He did not entertain Forrest's proposition, but a few days later he did concur in General Longstreet's suggestion, and sent him against Burnside in east Tennessee. After his army had gone for two days' march Bragg brought it back and finally sent it against Knoxville, but just as the powerful army now under Grant was about to assail his lines on Missionary Ridge.

Among the papers of Bishop Capers is a letter from the historian, the Count of Paris, asking an explanation of Bragg's motive in dividing his army in this manner just on the eve of battle. The Bishop's reply has unfortunately been mislaid. However, we may venture to suggest that at this time it had

possibly become necessary to keep Burnside from moving upon Bragg's flank and rear and crushing him between the two Federal armies of Grant and Burnside. But Bragg's error was in *allowing such a contingency* to arise by not adhering to his original purpose of sending Longstreet to defeat Burnside *immediately* after Chickamauga was won. Then he could have united forces with General Bragg for the battle of Missionary Ridge.

To return to Gist's brigade. In the movements of the army following Chickamauga, and in defense of the line on Missionary Ridge, this brigade bore an honorable part.

Owing to the wound Colonel Capers had received at Chickamauga, he was sent home on furlough. He always referred to this battle as the most fiercely contested battle he was ever in. He said that when his regiment advanced,—the Twenty-fourth South Carolina, which General Gist's report tells us was the only one brought immediately against the enemy's work,—the terrific fire of shot and shell beggared description. After the "iron-nerved" Stevens was down, the "intrepid" Capers led the attack upon King's works, and as he dashed through the troops men fell on every side of him. His gallant little horse "Hardtimes" rose to clear an obstructing log, and received a minie ball through her windpipe, but the plucky animal pushed on. Clarence Palmer, adjutant to the regiment, galloping forward to accompany his colonel, accosted him with the remark, rather jocularly made: "Gee whiz, Colonel, but aint this hot!" when a ball crashed into his brain and he fell sidewise into his Colonel's arms. Comrades then took him from his horse, and he was borne to the rear. He was a first cousin of Mrs. Capers, a chivalrous, noble-hearted son of South Carolina. In less than ten minutes after Adjutant Palmer fell Colonel Capers was severely wounded, and Lieutenant-Colonel Napier of the Eighth Georgia assumed command of the brigade, and in the successful assault of the afternoon led it with distinguished gallantry.

CHAPTER VIII

FROM DALTON TO JONESBORO

THE months of January, February, March, and April, 1864, were spent by the Army of Tennessee in winter quarters at Dalton; and there the work of reorganization, drill, and thorough equipment was constantly carried on. General Bragg, having voluntarily resigned, General Joseph E. Johnston was then in command, and his presence as commander-in-chief of the Army of Tennessee was hailed with delight and enthusiasm by the entire army. While in winter quarters, and during a review of the troops, the commanding general's attention was called by General Hardee to the Twenty-fourth South Carolina Regiment, which he designated as "one of the best regiments in the army." General Hardee referred in the most complimentary terms to its colonel as a "fine disciplinarian, an intrepid warrior, and greatly beloved by officers and men." He there recommended Colonel Capers for promotion to the next vacant brigadier-generalship. General Johnston promised he would forward the recommendation, with his endorsement, to the War Department. General Hardee told Colonel Capers of this interview, and when, at the battle of Franklin, the lamented Gist fell Colonel Capers was promptly promoted brigadier-general. Being severely wounded in that battle, he did not receive his commission until February, 1865.

The campaign from May to September may be best given by summarizing the report of Colonel Capers. However, before incorporating this report, we have to record a few incidents of interest in his army experience in this campaign. The high esteem in which the soldiers held their colonel is seen in the following incident.

"It was while at Dalton the valiant soldier suffered a surprise, and the episode shows General Capers in a light that is not the one least creditable to him. This brave officer was enthroned in the hearts of his men. While in winter quarters in February, 1864, he was one evening requested by General Stevens, his devoted friend, former colonel, and organizer of the Twenty-fourth, to wait a moment after the usual dress parade of the regiment. Soon a splendid charger, with military mounting, was led out and presented to Colonel Capers as a mark of the love and esteem of his command. One acquainted with Ellison Capers can imagine with what gratified surprise he accepted the costly gift, and, with what appreciation he cherishes to this day the memory of the spirit that inspired the gallant donors."* This horse proved of the greatest possible service, and the generous and appreciative spirit which prompted the gift was always one of General Capers' most inspiring reminiscences of the war. But no horse ever quite filled the place in his affection or won from him the admiration that the plucky little sorrel "Hardtimes" did.

He was his master's constant companion through the war. This horse was endowed with marvelous endurance and remarkable intelligence, and seemed to rejoice with his colonel in the excitement of battle. They were both severely wounded at the battle of Chickamauga. After that wound through his windpipe "Hardtimes" was never quite the same, but the game manner in which he pressed forward in spite of this difficulty in breathing endeared him all the more to his master. "Hardtimes" survived the war, and was tenderly cared for and died at an advanced age, "with love, honor, and troops of friends."

We of the South, having an adequate appreciation of the praiseworthy traits in the negro's character, recall with pleasure and gratitude the fidelity with which many of the slaves followed their masters during the Civil War and the devotion often exhibited in the service rendered by faith-

*Thomas, "History of the S. C. M. A."

ful servants to the women and children left at home when the men of the family were at the front fighting their country's battles. But we also realize, what many fail to appreciate, that while such evidences of devotion argue for commendable traits in the character of the negro, their very faithfulness is but a reflex of the patriarchal care and affection with which the best interest of the slave in the Southern States were guarded and fostered by his "marster" and "mistus." It is not human nature to offer one's life or to render a devoted service for those who have scourged and starved, abused, misused, and enthralled, you. When therefore the slave was faithful to those who owned him, it was because he had ample reason to feel that in spite of the color of his skin and the inferiority of his race his best earthly friends were the "old marster" whom he had served from childhood, and his "mistus," who had had him, or members of his family, tenderly and sympathetically cared for and nursed through sickness and regularly and intelligently instructed in his duty to God and man. Or perhaps it was the young "marster" whom, as a baby, he had dandled on his knee; to whose boyhood he, "Uncle Ned," had been the hero of many a delightful story of adventure and upon whose ardent affection he now, an old man, reposed in perfect trust. In his master's broad acres, sleek cattle, blooded horses, fine dogs, and stately mansion,—which he knew as the "big house,"—the trusty slave felt an indefinable but real sense of partnership.

With the Capers and Palmer families, as with the majority of the higher type of slave owners, the negroes were regarded in the light of dependents for whom the masters felt a moral responsibility. They were not dealt with merely as slaves, from whom were to be extorted "the pound of flesh" in unrequited toil. It was a principle and established practice that families of slaves were not to be separated. Husbands and wives were kept together, and their children were never sold from them.

A fine type of the ante-bellum negro was "Ben," the faithful

body servant of Colonel Capers. Ben followed the Colonel's fortunes throughout the war, and served him in the capacity of cook. At that time he was about forty years of age, and a most interesting and original character, as well as an invaluable servant and good comrade who took great pride in "da service ob da Colonel." Ben was altogether a very "handy" man in the exigencies of camp life, and in the regiment a well-known character in whom all the men took an interest and for whom they felt a personal affection.

Innumerable anecdotes are related of Ben, but I here recall one that indicates his implicit obedience to the first law of nature,—that is, self-preservation,—and his Colonel's sympathy for and interest in him. The anecdote must be read in the light of army discipline, which inevitably separates the officer from his men, still more so from his servants. It was during one of the bitter winter months of 1864, when the army was quartered at Dalton, and though comfortably quartered, yet many of the men suffered intensely from the cold. On this particular night the thermometer had fallen to about zero. During the first part of the night the Colonel was uncomfortably chilly in his quarters. However, toward the "small hours" of the morning he was awakened by the consciousness of some one being near him, and was then startled out of his semi-wakeful state by uproarious snoring at his side.

He turned to find that Ben had crawled under his blanket with him, and in peaceful slumbers was enjoying all the comforts of the officers' quarters. The Colonel remonstrated. Ben presented his simple defense: "Fo de Lord, Colonel, this nigger was about to freeze, and could not 'sist the temptation; you looked like you was sleeping so warm-like, and I 'spected to crawl out afore you woke up." The Colonel said he did not have the heart to put the darky out, so divided his blankets with him, but admonished Ben to keep to his own side of the bunk.

It was at the beginning of the Dalton campaign, during a

conversation with his chief, that General Johnston asked Acting-Brigadier-General Capers if he had studied the map which had been issued with the order requiring the commanding officers to study the ground in front of and around them. Receiving an affirmative reply, General Johnston then remarked that a mountainous country is bad fighting ground, and a mountain line a bad line to defend, as the mountains are curtains behind which the enemy can mass his troops unseen, and by sudden flank movements take his adversary by disadvantage. This was precisely the position in which General Johnston was placed, with Rocky Face Ridge rising as an immense curtain on his flanks. His army was retiring every week, but in retiring felt the General was doing that which was best, and was retiring merely to find a better position.

In the campaign from Dalton to Atlanta Gist's brigade, together with other troops, was for seventy days in the face of an overwhelming enemy. Frequently the Twenty-fourth South Carolina Volunteers were selected as an advanced skirmish line to hold in check a flanking movement, while the army retired in orderly retreat and prepared to take up a new position from which to offer battle.

During the investment of Atlanta Mrs. Capers, with her three year old son and infant daughter, was at Oxford, just forty miles from the besieged city. Colonel Capers, learning from General Hardee that "Red Jackson" was in the track of Sherman's raid, took advantage of the time when our army had fallen back to the trenches about Atlanta, to obtain leave for a few days to move his family, if possible, to South Carolina. While endeavoring to accomplish this, the Colonel and his brave wife were subjected to an ordeal that put to the test the courage and wits of both, and though cruelly painful and humiliating, was by no means devoid of thrilling excitement and interest. It is perhaps best told in the words of Mrs. Capers, who relates this experience in her contribution to "South Carolina's Women in the Confederacy." After nar-

rating the circumstances which brought her to Oxford at that time, and recording her own anxiety, she proceeds:

"It was impossible for me to move from the place where I was living, as our little daughter was but six days old. On this day as I lay in bed the only white adult in the house, a lady friend, rushed into my chamber and exclaimed: 'Mrs. Capers, the town is full of Yankees!' The famous raiders were indeed upon us. I had no one with me but my nurse, Maria Wall, a faithful free colored woman from Charleston; two young servants, my little boy, and baby. Vivid pictures of the cruelty to which so many of our countrywomen and their children had been subjected rose to my mind and agitated my heart. I felt almost overcome. One thing saved me, a powerful sense of God's omnipresence and an almost immediate remembrance of an incident I had read in the wars of Napoleon. A cottage lay right in the path of his conquering army, the inmates of which consisted of an aged grandmother and her grandchildren. Dreading the approach of Napoleon's army, the aged Christian, at family prayers that night, had prayed that God would raise up a wall of defense for them against the devastating foe. During the night the snow fell heavily and drifted before the winds in great banks, so that the cottage was literally hidden from the highway by a wall of snow, and the invader passed by.

"This incident came to my mind with such force that I felt strengthened for the ordeal that was before me. I was nerved to think what I had best do to save the huge flag of my husband's regiment, which hung from the staff in one corner of our chamber. I got the nurse to tear it from the staff, which she hid under the house, and taking the flag from her hands I folded it up and wrapped it around a little pillow, sewed one case over it and slipped it into another in the usual way, and put the little pillow under my baby's head. I then concealed about my person some pictures and little articles I valued. The nurse saved the silver.

"The soldiers soon arrived and, entering the room, the

trunks were broken open and robbed of everything in them. After the soldiers had left the house the Rev. Walter Branham, a Methodist minister, proposed that I should be brought to his house for safety, and accordingly I was put into an easy chair and carried across the street, Maria bringing the baby with her, with her flag pillow. The house and its contents were surrendered to General Gerrards' soldiers, who made good use of their opportunity, breaking every trunk and drawer open and emptying them of their contents. Alone in the chamber with my baby, too weak to take her from the bed on which she was, and with my heart beating at fever heat, I remembered my little boy Frank, and wondered where he was. In the haste and confusion of removal he had escaped from my chamber before I had time to tell him to remain. He was only three years old, and he might be trampled by the horses of the soldiers who were then making a great uproar in the streets; or for their amusement they might have taken him up for a ride. Too weak to stir and fearing the worst, I resigned my boy to God's holy keeping and tried to compose my anxious heart. At this moment the door opened, my little son came rushing in, his face beaming with intense excitement, and exclaimed: 'Mother, you know Father is come!'

"I cannot describe my feelings at this announcement. How could he escape capture or death! Every man capable of bearing arms was being seized and resistance was death, and he must be the only Confederate soldier in the town! These thoughts revolved in hurried succession in my mind, when the door opened again and my husband entered the room, kissed me and the baby, hastily explaining that he had just arrived. The soldiers had cut the railroad and torn up the track for miles; but the troops in town were only stragglers from Stoneman's command. Our cavalry were after them. To prevent capture he and his faithful servant, Ben, had left the cars and had walked more than forty miles since the night before, and had been dodging Yankees all night.

"At this moment we were warned that a squad of cavalry-

men were approaching the front door, and in another moment my husband was gone. He had arranged with Ben where he would be, and going into a wood back of the house he passed the night there, his faithful servant taking him a blanket and something to eat.

"After four days of intense anxiety Mr. Capers—seeing me and the children for a few moments each day and sleeping each night in the woods,—told me that he must either risk my removal or return to his regiment. We resolved on the risk. Ben was commissioned to pick up an old broken horse, left by the raiders, to take what was left to us and the young servants to Madison, and to wait for us there. Riding nine miles to the home of Mr. Graves, the kind old gentleman who had loaned us his carriage,—my baby being only ten days old,—it there became evident that I could not go on to Madison. The delay was necessary for my life, but it made me more unhappy, for the Federal cavalry was reported within a few miles of us. They actually passed by that night, when my husband again left me to escape capture, and again I was in dread of the presence of the soldiers in my chamber.

"After a few days of such anxiety of mind we learned that the cars were now coming within five miles of us, and we determined to go on, for Mr. Capers told me he could not remain another day. The retreating raiders had stripped the place of every available horse and mule and left only poor, jaded, broken-down creatures in their places. Selecting a part of these, Mr. Capers hitched them to the carriage and we were again on the road. It was terribly rough, full of stumps, and with great hills to climb. A thunder and rain storm coming up, the horses refused to pull up a steep hill and the carriage commenced to descend. Mr. Capers jumped down and held it, and after working to no purpose with the horses, he took us out in the rain, forced the horses up the hill, carried me up in his arms, and put me back on the pallet in the carriage. We knew that all this was running a fearful risk of my life, but I deliberately chose it rather than be left in a country which

my husband feared would be over-run by the Federal cavalry. We reached the railroad just in time to get aboard the train about to start for Augusta, Ga.

“At Madison we took up Ben, who told us that the retreating raiders had robbed him of his money and all he had to eat; had ‘swopped’ horses with him, and had again ransacked our effects, and that he had shipped the remains on to Augusta. Arriving at Kalmia, near Akin, very early next morning, my ever kind uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Yeadon, were waiting to greet us. I was made as comfortable as the tenderest kindness and love could make me, and at three o’clock I bade farewell to my husband, who took the first train back to Augusta and returned to his regiment.”

CHAPTER IX

MILITARY REPORTS

REPORTS of Colonel Ellison Capers, Twenty-fourth South Carolina Infantry, Gist's Brigade, of operations May 6-July 18 and September 1.

No. 607

HDQRS. TWENTY-FOURTH SOUTH CAROLINA VOLS.,
JONESBORO, GA., September 10, 1864.

MAJOR:

In compliance with the late order from brigade headquarters, I have the honor to report the operations of the Twenty-fourth South Carolina Volunteers during the campaign from Dalton to Atlanta, embraced between the 6th of May and the 18th of July last.

By the organization of the Army of Tennessee, in winter quarters at Dalton, the Twenty-fourth South Carolina Volunteers was attached to Gist's brigade, Walker's division, Hardee's corps. The brigade was composed of three regiments and a battalion, viz., the Sixteenth and Twenty-fourth South Carolina Regiments, the Forty-sixth Georgia, and the Eighth Georgia Battalion.

During the winter of 1863-64 we were comfortably quartered in huts located on the Spring Race Road, about two miles east of Dalton. The drill and discipline of the regiment were carefully observed, especially in the early spring, and when the campaign opened in May Gist's brigade was in fine condition for the work before it, and no part of it in better trim than the Twenty-fourth.

The appearance of the enemy in front of Tunnel Hill on the

5th of May was the signal for breaking up our encampment, and on the 6th we marched out of winter quarters. Walker's division marched through Dalton into Crow's valley, and took position in support of troops holding Mill Creek Gap. We were bivouacked in line, and except to supply details for picket duty we were not engaged with the enemy until the 9th, when Company I of the Twenty-fourth became involved in a sharp skirmish, under the following circumstances:

The pickets of the Sixty-third Georgia, Mercer's brigade, being pressed back in our front, the General directed me to send forward a company to their support. I detailed Company I for the duty. Captain Wever, though quite sick and very lame, led his company gallantly against the enemy's picket line, and drove it back, regaining the ground lost. Lieutenant Tillman was slightly wounded, two of the company killed, and six others more or less severely wounded in this affair. About nine o'clock I withdrew Company I from the front, and at ten o'clock the Twenty-fourth marched with the brigade through Dalton on the Resaca road. The march was continued rapidly all night, the brigade having arrived near Resaca about eight o'clock on the 10th. A force of the enemy, since known to have been McPherson's corps, had marched past the left of our position at Dalton, and taken possession of Snake Creek Gap, opposite Resaca, and some miles distant from that place.

On the day of the 10th, and during that night, the regiment, with the brigade, was held constantly in readiness to move to the support of the troops opposing the enemy in Snake Creek Gap, but we did not leave our bivouac until early on the morning of the 11th, when we crossed the Oostenaula and marched to a point on the railroad halfway between Resaca and Calhoun. It was understood that a force had marched down the west side of the Oostenaula, and that this force might cross the river and readily reach the railroad at Calhoun. The Twenty-fourth was encamped on the railroad opposite Gideon's Ford and within a half a mile of the river. On the 14th

the enemy was reported crossing in force at McGinnis' Ferry, which is about a mile below Gideon's Ford. The Sixteenth South Carolina Volunteers were in front of McGinnis' Ferry, on the road leading from the ferry to Calhoun, the distance from the ferry to the town being a short mile. The General ordered the Twenty-fourth to march rapidly to the support of the Sixteenth, which order was promptly obeyed.

Arriving near the ferry, after a rapid march of about three miles, we found the Sixteenth retiring slowly before the force of the enemy, which had crossed. Colonel McCullough, commanding the Sixteenth, reported to me a strong force in his front, with artillery. After conferring further with him, I deemed it best to move at once against the force, which was then advancing into a wood in our front. Deploying and moving up to the Sixteenth, which had meanwhile halted and was firing into the woods, I ordered a charge in concert with the Sixteenth. We easily drove the enemy back to the river, under cover of his artillery, which was posted on the hill on the west side, and under its fire the enemy recrossed in our sight. Not a man was hit in the Twenty-fourth, though there were some casualties in the Sixteenth. I have no idea of the enemy's loss, though I am satisfied our fire galled him at the river.

After this affair the Twenty-fourth returned to its position opposite Gideon's Ford, and remained on duty there, watching the river, until the afternoon of the next day, the 15th, when the brigade was ordered back to Resaca to re-enforce the center of General Johnston's line. The roar of battle at Resaca urged our march, and the men moved with alacrity to the duty assigned them. Arriving at the pontoon over the Oostenaula, at Resaca, we found it under fire of the enemy's artillery posted on an eminence immediately opposite the extreme left of our semicircular line, the brigade being in rear of the center of the line. Gist's brigade was in advance of Walker's division, the Twenty-fourth leading. We were the first to pass the bridge. Officers and men behaved with steady

courage, and not a man in the regiment was hurt while crossing, and only seven were wounded in the other commands of the brigade. We moved up to the rear of our center, Walker's division being put in line immediately in rear of Cheatham's. Here we remained for the rest of the day under fire and in reserve. No casualties.

About eleven o'clock at night the army left Resaca, and our division recrossed the Oostenaula, marching back through Calhoun to a point south of Oothkaloga Creek, on the Rome road. The Oothkaloga flows west and empties into the Oostenaula near Tanner's Ferry (called also Lay's Ferry), about two miles from Calhoun, southwest. Hardee's corps went into bivouac early on the 16th on the Rome road, with the right on the Oothkaloga, the line facing west and covering advances from Tanner's and McGinnis' ferries. The enemy had crossed in force at Tanner's Ferry, and our pickets had been driven back until the line of bivouac was under artillery fire. About two o'clock General Hardee ordered General Walker to drive the enemy's advance back by re-enforcing his pickets. The Twenty-fourth South Carolina Volunteers and the First Battalion Georgia Sharpshooters, Major Shaafl, were detailed for this duty, and I was charged by General Gist with its execution. I placed Major Shaafl on the left of the Twenty-fourth and directed him to move by his left flank perpendicularly to my line, covered by a wood, and beyond it by a hedgerow, and arriving beyond the right of the enemy and his rear to halt, face to his right, and wait until I moved forward.

As soon as the Twenty-fourth had advanced near enough to begin the charge I directed Shaafl to charge with a yell, coming up on the right rear of the enemy while I assaulted him in front. As soon as the sharpshooters got into the position described above, I ordered the Twenty-fourth forward immediately on the enemy's line in full view, on the elevated ground in front. The regiment marched out into the open field as if on parade, and, coming under the fire of the force

before us, I rode forward and ordered the charge. At the same moment, almost, Major Shaaff's battalion gave a shout and came out into the field to the rear and right of our foe. Both commands behaved in the most admirable order, and the enemy, after firing wildly over us, broke into a precipitous retreat, the battery narrowly escaping capture. We took a few prisoners, the knapsacks of the cannoneers and freed our line of the annoyance to which it had been subjected by the proximity of this force. I re-established the pickets, and while engaged in so doing received the general's order to bring the Twenty-fourth and the sharpshooters back to our bivouac.

We lost nine killed, thirty wounded, and two missing in the Twenty-fourth. I have no record of Major Shaaff's loss, and have no report to make of the enemy's loss but the estimate hastily formed on the field. I think the number of prisoners was about twenty, and from their reports and from what I saw on the field I estimated the enemy's loss at two to our one. Major Hill of the Twenty-fourth being on picket duty, Captain T. C. Morgan, Company K, acted as major of the Twenty-fourth, and was severely wounded in the charge. Sergeant-Major J. B. Dotterer was also severely wounded in the chest. I had the honor to receive the personal thanks of the lieutenant-general and to extend his compliments to Major Shaaff.

On the 17th of May our corps marched toward Adairsville and bivouacked near that place. On the 18th the march was resumed through Kingston toward Cassville, going into bivouac two miles from the latter place. Early on the 19th the corps was formed in two lines of battle, and the commanding general published an order of battle. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed in our ranks as the men and officers saw the army formed for battle. Hardee's corps was on the left of the general line, Walker's division in the center of the corps, and Gist's brigade on the left of the division, the Twenty-fourth South Carolina and Forty-sixth Georgia were in the front, and Sixteenth South Carolina and Eighth Georgia Battalion in

the rear line of the brigade. The general line ran about east and west, and our position was in an open field west of the railroad, the ground sloping down in our front for a quarter of a mile and then gradually rising to the crest on which the enemy was slowly forming. It was about two o'clock before he developed his force, and we moved forward. After advancing to the foot of the slope our lines were halted, the enemy being in full view about three quarters of a mile away, and apparently in some confusion in taking up his positions. Our detention soon became very irksome, and the reason for it wholly unaccountable. We must have been in this position half an hour when General Gist in person gave me the hour from his watch, and ordered me to retire the front line precisely at four o'clock. At that moment the entire corps faced by the rear rank and moved in beautiful order to the rear, the enemy not firing a shot at us. We marched back a mile and intrenched our position, expecting an attack every hour. About one o'clock on the morning of the 20th, while sleeping on our arms, we were surprised with an order to march, and very soon thereafter the command was crossing the Etowah in our rear. We went into bivouac on the Altoona road about two miles from the river. Here we rested until the 24th, when our division marched toward Dallas, camping near that place. On the 25th we moved back on the Altoona road to New Hope Church, and took position in rear and in support of General Stewart's division of Hood's corps. Late in the afternoon Hooker's corps attacked General Stewart, and a severe conflict followed until after dark. We were not engaged, though we had one officer and five men wounded.

On the 1st of June our division was moved to the left of the general line, and took up a position in support of General Bate's division before Dallas. On the night of the 4th we again changed our position, marching on the Lost Mountain road to the neighborhood of Gilgal Church. Here we were in bivouac several days, and the men were greatly refreshed by

the rest. On the 9th of June the corps formed a line of battle in rear of Pine Mountain, General Bate's division being in position on the mountain.

On the 15th and 16th the line of battle was again changed, the enemy not being in view, and on the 19th Walker's division was put in position south and west of Kenesaw Mountain, in front of Marietta. We formed the right of Hardee's corps, French's division of Polk's corps being on our right and on the mountain. The Twenty-fourth touched the left of French's division and occupied Hardee's extreme right. The line was strongly intrenched with head logs on the work and obstructions in front.

The enemy appeared in force on the 20th, and pressed up against our pickets. The fighting on the picket line was severe all day, Company I being the only company of the Twenty-fourth engaged. The enemy established his line of battle about three hundred yards in our front, and his fire, both of small arms and of artillery, was so constant and severe that the men had to keep close behind the work and constantly on the watch. Major O'Neill, the gallant commander of our brigade pickets, and the Major of the Sixteenth (South Carolina) was killed while maintaining the integrity of our picket line. The weather was very bad, and the position of the troops behind his works most uncomfortable. On the 24th the enemy in our front attempted to drive in the picket line of battle, but by the General's order I moved my regiment forward and deployed it so as to cover the whole brigade front, and we repelled the assaults and maintained the line. The fighting was incessant, and the men got but little rest. In the fighting of the 24th we captured a sharpshooter who had a small looking-glass attached to the butt of his musket, so that he could sit behind the breast-work, perfectly protected, with his back to us, and by looking into his glass sight along the barrel of his piece.

On the 27th of June, early in the morning, the enemy began a general shelling of our line. About 9:30 o'clock he moved gallantly forward to a general assault. Our pickets were

driven in, and the enemy came on to the assault of our position. The steady fire of our line, and the raking artillery fire which General French sent down our front from his batteries upon our right, repelled every charge, and finally drove the enemy back to his fortifications. But he succeeded by dark in fixing his line of battle within one hundred yards of our position, and poured in a galling fire of musketry. We could have no pickets, and the men were constantly firing and watching. For one week we held our position under this fire, and on the night of the 2d of July, after thirteen days of unceasing exertion, fighting, and watching, we retired, the Twenty-fourth having lost one officer and nine men killed, four officers and twenty-seven men wounded, and sixteen men captured; total loss at Kenesaw fifty-seven.

Our next position was taken near Smyrna Church, about five miles south of Marietta. The enemy pressed forward and annoyed us on the 3rd by artillery fire while we were intrenching our position. One man was killed and one wounded by this fire. On the 4th of July we were under a constant fire of artillery, but the enemy's line of battle did not come nearer than a mile from our position. On the night of the 4th we again retired from the position we had strongly fortified, and marched on the Atlanta road to a position some five miles to our rear. Except to furnish a detail for picket duty the Twenty-fourth was not called on for service in this position, and remained in bivouac until the 9th of July, when the regiment marched with the army and crossed the Chattahoochee River near the railroad bridge. The corps went into bivouac in line about two miles from the river, sending out details for picket duty at the river. We lost three men on the river, wounded by the enemy from the opposite side.

On the 17th of July the commanding general published an address to the army, and announced that he would attack General Sherman's army as soon as it should cross the Chattahoochee River. It was understood that the enemy was crossing at Roswell Factory, beyond the right flank of the army and

east of Peach Tree Creek, which empties into the Chattahoochee a mile or two east of the railroad bridge. I had the honor to read the commanding General's address to the brigade, and to congratulate the command upon the prospect of successful battle. The order was received with enthusiasm, and the most confident spirit prevailed. Next day, the 18th, while we were forming to march from our bivouac to the right, a rumor prevailed that General Johnston had been removed from command, and after we had marched some distance on the road to Atlanta a courier handed me a circular order from General Hood announcing General Johnston's removal, and his assuming command. Shortly after, the farewell address of General Johnston was received and read to the regiment. It is due to truth to say that the reception of these orders produced the most despondent feelings in my command. The loss of the commanding general was felt to be irreparable.

Continuing the march and passing the General's headquarters, Walker's division passed at the shoulder, the officers saluting, and most of the latter and hundreds of the men taking off their hats. It had been proposed to halt and cheer, but General Johnston hearing our intention requested that the troops march by in silence. We marched across the railroad and went into bivouac east of the Peach Tree road, some three miles from Atlanta. And thus closed the campaign under General Johnston's command.

From May 6 to July 19 inclusive the Twenty-fourth had been constantly on duty. During this period we had been continually in the presence of the enemy—fighting, on picket, in the breastworks, or covering the brigade in retreat.

The month of June was characterized by incessant rain, and the marching and work in the mud were most distressing to the men and officers. Our bivouacs were always in line of battle, often in the trenches, and we seldom got a night's rest. At Kenesaw Mountain, particularly, we got but little rest, and for the last five days none at all. But the pluck and spirit of the

regiment never failed, and I am happy to report that not a single man deserted his colors during this trying ordeal.

The field and staff officers of the Twenty-fourth have been active, and most efficient in their duties, and given me every assistance in their power.

HDQRS. TWENTY-FOURTH REGIMENT SOUTH CAROLINA VOLS.

JONESBORO, GA., September 12th, 1864.

MAJOR:

I submit herewith a report of the part borne by my regiment in the recent engagement in front of Jonesboro on the afternoon of the 1st inst.

The brigade, having been ordered from the left of the corps at 1 P. M. to the extreme right, was placed in position by the Lieutenant-General in person on the right and east of the railroad, the left resting on the railroad cut, which at that point was some eight or ten feet deep, the formation of the brigade being in one rank. Our line ran through a thick undergrowth and wood near the railroad, and was entirely without fortification.

The Second Battalion Georgia Sharpshooters, Major Whiteley, occupied the left of the brigade, resting in the railroad cut, and the Twenty-fourth came next, the Sixteenth South Carolina next, and the Forty-sixth Georgia on the right. Lieutenant-General Hardee directed me to make my position as strong as possible, and told me that he relied upon our brigade to hold the right of his line. The men climbed up the small trees, bent them over, and using pocket knives to cut across the trunks, succeeded in half an hour in making a first rate abatis of little trees, interlaced thickly and held by half their thickness to the stumps. Along my line I brought up rails and logs from the rear and made a tolerable breastwork. As we were bent back to cover the right of the corps the direction of my line exposed us to an enfilade from the other side of the railroad cut, and to protect my companies against this

I built traverses of logs on the left of my companies. These proved our salvation.

Rapid firing began in my front about four o'clock, and in half an hour my skirmishers came in, closely followed by the assaulting line of the enemy. The assault seemed directed mainly against the positions on the right and left of the railroad, and reached only to the center of the Twenty-fourth. It was handsomely repulsed, Major D. F. Hill directing the fire of the companies on the left with splendid effect.

Again at 5:30 the enemy moved forward along the entire front of the Twenty-fourth. I fired by rank and rapidly the movement was checked; but on the west side of the railroad the firing was heavy and the fighting continuous, and I soon saw that the position on that side had been carried, the enemy occupying the works. Unfortunately the battalion of sharpshooters was retired just at this moment *without orders* from the brigade headquarters, and the enemy promptly moved up our side and occupied Whiteley's works, firing wildly over my left, now protected by my traverses. During this fire Hill was killed, and many of our men wounded. An assault being made from the front, Companies B (Lieutenant Easterling), G (Lieutenant Beckham), and K (Lieutenant Seigler) were driven from my left after a gallant stand. Beckham being nearest me, I ordered him to rally his company at once and retake his place before it would be too late. He responded with his usual gallantry, and assisted by yourself and my adjutant, Lieutenant Holmes, I rallied my men, and we took our position, occupying the traverses on the left. For the gallant assistance offered by yourself and by Lieutenants Holmes, Beckham, and Easterling in effecting this I feel myself greatly indebted.

Seeing the urgent necessity for driving the enemy from the position of the sharpshooters, which brought them right on us, Major Smith and Lieutenants Beckham and Easterling charged them with Companies B and G, and after a close fight

drove them entirely out of our works. Meanwhile Major Whiteley brought up his battalion and reoccupied his position in the railroad cut. Companies B, G, and K now resumed their place in line, and the firing lulled, the enemy in my front retiring to the bottom of the hill. While we were fighting on the left Lieutenant-Colonel Jones directed the firing of the center and right of the Twenty-fourth and repulsed every assault of the enemy. It is to be noted that the assault did not reach the two regiments to the right of mine, and that the heaviest attack was on my left at the railroad.

The firing of the enemy for the most part was wild and entirely over us. I attribute this to the confusion in his advance and attack caused by our abatis, for there was no lack of spirit in his assaults. Our small loss in killed and wounded is attributed to this wild firing on the enemy's part. From our prisoners we learned that the troops assaulting us belonged to General Jeff. C. Davis' Division. I have counted over two hundred graves in our front, most of them marked. The battle began about 4:30 P. M. and lasted until dark. At midnight the Lieutenant-General in person, with his staff, rode up to our position and did me the honor to return his thanks for our conduct, and gave directions for our retirement. In half an hour after, by the order of the colonel commanding the brigade, the Twenty-fourth marched out from our position and, in advance of the brigade, reached Lovejoy's by daylight, and went at once to work on the new line formed there.

In the action at Jonesboro the regiment sustained an irreparable loss in the death of Major D. F. Hill. He fell while endeavoring to arrest the retirement of the sharpshooters on my left—shot through the heart by one of the enemy from behind our own works. A cool, brave man, and a good soldier, Major Hill's loss is deplored by every man and officer of his regiment.

I beg to note especially the gallant conduct of Major B. B. Smith, assistant-adjutant general; of my adjutant, Lieutenant

Holmes, and Lieutenants Easterling, Beckham, and Seigler, who gave me every assistance, and in the most handsome manner rallied and led the men in our hard fight to retake the position we first lost, and that given up by the Second Battalion Georgia Sharpshooters.

With the greatest satisfaction I report the conduct of the officers and soldiers of the Twenty-fourth South Carolina Volunteers in the engagement as meriting the highest approval.

Respectfully submitted,

ELLISON CAPERS,

Colonel Twenty-fourth South Carolina Vols.

During the campaign described in the foregoing reports, Colonel Capers received every evidence of the confidence and love of his soldiers, and he was also encouraged by the repeated assurances of appreciation given him by his superior officers. In the many engagements between Dalton and Atlanta Colonel Capers commanded skirmishes almost assuming the magnitude of pitched battles, as at Calhoun, Tanner's Ferry, Resaca, New Hope Church, and Kenesaw Mountain; while in the battles around Atlanta and at Jonesboro he commanded a brigade. For services rendered in these engagements he received the thanks of his commanding officers, as well as the praise of his men. The following excerpts are from letters written from the front to the "home-folks."

LINE OF BATTLE, near Dalton, Ga.

About twelve o'clock that night we moved off, and rejoined our regiment below Dalton. We have been moving from one point to another ever since. Walker's division is first in the front line, then with the reserved. Out of the twenty-four days and nights it has rested about six. Men can frequently be seen asleep and marching at a rapid pace. The Twenty-fourth South Carolina Volunteers was selected by General Hardee and General Walker to feel for the enemy's position near Calhoun on the 16th. We attacked them about 3 P. M.,

drove in their skirmishers, heavily supported, and advanced nearly a mile. In this affair the whole regiment acted gallantly. Capers and his regiment have won compliments from all, and I may add that our company did better than I ever saw men do before.

(Signed) J. H. TILLMAN.

MY DEAR ELL:

Odd, so we call the dear boy who is gone, who sleeps at Manassas with a surgeon's certificate in his pocket, that might have spared him to us; remembering my bright, noble, beautiful captain, my gallant, true, "aide-de-camp," the circumstances under which he wired me, and my letter to ———; I cannot forgive ——— that he died. ——— should have made him his aide by all the memories of the Citadel. Oh, how often in this life I have found it that my heart looked for responses. None came. Thank God that blood is thicker than water. After waiting with a note of Joe Brown's in my pocket for a boy from your General Polk (who would have been glad to see me officially) waiting at Resaca for General Johnston under the heaviest fire I could find, for they had told me at his headquarters that the General had gone to the firing, and that I would find him at or near Polky Hill, I went there and found the heavy firing, but re-enforcements were coming up. By the way, I never saw as much reason to admire your great bishop than I did in the hour I passed there, and it proves what they say, that "blood is thicker than water." Let me tell you the story as I have told it to May. "Open your fire," said the General. He was addressing the captain of a battery just above us on the crest of a hill, from the valley of which our skirmishers had been driven in on the lines, and he was speaking "fire" on the crest of the left opposite. "Our troops are climbing the base of the hill; if I fire I open on them," said the captain. "Open your fire," was the reply. By this time the hill opposite seemed to be on fire. "Open your fire, sir," and the fire was opened. Stevens climbed the hill by its aid, and while I was watching the climb and glorying in

its success, there came amid shot and shell the statement: "Walker's division is crossing the river." I had been that morning under pretty sharp fire myself, but I forgot everything when I saw you. I went high on the hill to see, notwithstanding the "mosquitoes." Standing by that bridge upon your black horse, until all of your command were by, you sat as if upon parade. I did not think of Walker, the gallant fellow (who knew me). I saw him salute splendidly. I heard the General say: "Follow the firing." It was then chiefly beyond us, but my soul was on that figure at the bridge. "Double quick your men," said General Polk; "this fire is very heavy." "Double quick your men." One of the handsomest sights I saw during the war was General W. H. T. Walker, saluting on the slope of that hill at Resaca. He was well mounted, always trim, and he took off his chapeau as if on parade. "Double quick your men!" was the first response. "Where shall I move?" asked General Walker, evidently supposing the order to "double quick" prospective. "Double quick your men, sir," was the only reply, and I have no doubt it saved many lives.

The most intensely *interesting sight* I saw during the war was that to which I have alluded, when you stood too long at that bridge, confound you, under the fire of, Sherman knows, how many guns."

(Signed) F. W. C.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL ELLISON CAPERS, C. S. A.
(From an imperfect photograph, 1865, but the only one he
ever had taken in Confederate uniform.)

CHAPTER X

GIST'S BRIGADE WITH HOOD IN TENNESSEE

WHEN Napoleon retired to Elba he was neither conquered nor subdued. Though forced to retire there, yet there he prepared again to spring forward to overthrow his enemies. At Elba he dreamed of and planned for retaliation, conquest, empire. He knew the French resented Wellington, and could not at once be cured of their inherent hatred of the gouty Bourbon. The prospect of realizing his own ambition increased in proportion to the growing discontent of the French people with the arrogant oppression of the new régime. Intriguing "sister Pauline," as she came and went between Naples and the royal island where her emperor brother, with every outward show of content, lived luxuriously, kept him posted. Murat, king of Naples, was made to understand that the lion was not dead—no, not even asleep! And so Napoleon made his resolution and fixed the time when, passing from the south of France to the Tuilleries, the soldiery of France would flock to his standard. He would expel the foreigner, re-establish his power, and, with his power fixed, extend the empire. This was a mighty dream the "immense somnambulist" was dreaming. We are familiar with the details of the ever memorable "Hundred Days" and Bonaparte's rude awakening at Waterloo. But had Napoleon's dream been realized the map of the continent would have been changed.

On October 15 and 16, 1864, at Cross Roads, Ga., in the beautiful valley nine miles from Lafayette, an "immense somnambulist" dreamed that he would reconstruct the map of the Western Hemisphere. During that memorable time General

John B. Hood was dreaming in his tent, not of personal conquest, a diadem, and an empire, but of the freedom of the great republic for which he fought. The battles around Atlanta had been fought, and Sherman did not easily flank this determined foe, for in his memoirs he says: "I now became satisfied that cavalry could not or would not make a lodgment on the railroad below Atlanta, and that nothing would suffice but for us to reach it with the main army." Thus for forty days a force of 45,000 successfully opposed Sherman's 106,000.

Finally Atlanta became untenable, and the battle of Jonesboro followed, September 1. Then came maneuvers in the mountains of north Georgia, with the hope of decoying Sherman back and defeating him in battle. At Cross Roads the dream was vouchsafed to Hood. This was the vision: A campaign into Tennessee, with the line established in Kentucky; to move upon Thomas and Schofield; rout the latter before he could unite with Thomas; capture Nashville; provision the army; cross the Cumberland River; threaten Cincinnati; recruit the army from Tennessee and Kentucky; and before Sherman could reach Grant by water and land, or repair to the defense of Kentucky and Ohio, march through the Cumberland Mountains to the support of Lee; assault Grant in the rear at Petersburg; Lee then to march upon Washington or turn and annihilate Sherman. This dream dissolved at Franklin.

After the battle of Arsis Napoleon crossed the Marne River and attempted to maneuver in the rear of the allied armies, with the vain hope that by falling upon and destroying detached troops he might stay the march of the conquerors toward the gates of Paris. His efforts availed him nothing. The hungry soldiers could not be diverted from their prey. To humiliate the proud capital of France was not an unnatural ambition with Alexander and Wellington and Blucher; while the loot of the famous city dazzled the imagination of the fierce soldiery.

Hood's maneuvering in north Georgia and his campaign into Tennessee failed to divert Sherman from his "march to the sea," with wealthy, aristocratic, intensely Southern Savannah as the object of his vengeance; while the wealthy plantations and pillage of towns and cities excited to madness the imagination of soldiers who were taught to believe that they were "fighting the battles of God and liberty" and the pillage of "the barbarian" was their lawful spoils.

At Palmetto, Ga., on the 29th of September, '64, Hood broke camp and marched his army toward the Chattahoochee. His disastrous campaign had begun. Before the army was put in motion President Davis visited General Hood to confer with him, and also to inspect the army. We here introduce the following letters written by Captain James Tillman to his brother, then in the Confederate Congress, which in simple language portrays the personality of the Confederate President.

The first letter, dated from Palmetto, Ga., September 25, '64, runs as follows:

"The army generally is in good health and cheerful. General Johnston is all that is desired. The whole army would hail his return with the wildest shouts of applause, and yet our President will not reinstate him. We are looking for Mr. Davis every hour, as it was announced in orders on yesterday that he would inspect the fortifications this morning. He will be treated very coldly, and it will be deserving. He has forfeited all claims to our regard and kind consideration. Perhaps hurrahs for Johnston will greet his ears." But that afternoon he writes:

"Our brigade has just returned to camp. We were reviewed by the President. The whole brigade moved out sullenly, to be seen by him. We had scarcely taken position before his Excellency appeared and rode slowly along the line, saluting officers and men by raising his hat as he passed by. Though scarcely a man left the bivouac who had not determined to

treat him coldly, his calm pale face and frosty locks created a deep sympathy in behalf of the careworn Executive, and when General Gist proposed 'three cheers for our President' a wild, united shout was given, such as we used to give when our great and much loved General was with us and rode along the line or encampment."

However, to revert to Cross Roads, from which place Hood's "forward movement, in the rear—an apparent paradox, but sometimes a fact in military operations—began in dead earnest. Crossing the State line on the 18th of October, the army was halted at Gadsden, Ala., three days thereafter, and there secured their mail and drew supplies, which, while not meeting the actual necessities of the men, relieved the most needy. In his report Colonel Capers states that there were more than twenty men in the Twenty-fourth South Carolina who were absolutely barefooted when they reached Gadsden. On the 21st Hood made known to the army his purpose to cross the Tennessee and march into that State. Passing from Sand Mountain, the army reached Decatur on the afternoon of the 26th, and were formed in line of battle—General Schofield then holding the line of the Tennessee from that point to Chattanooga. Having to contend with drenching rains and muddy roads, the troops were nevertheless in fine spirits, and seemed eager to "get at the enemy." While before Decatur the line of battle was shelled by the Federals, and shelled so vigorously that the men had no chance to cook, and therefore many of them actually suffered from hunger. On the 29th the Confederate army moved toward Tusculumbia and Florence, Ala., where after some delay the Tennessee River was crossed, and Hood's army marched through that beautiful valley, a valley now made desolate by the enemy. "The Commanding General called upon the troops to look upon the ruined homes on every hand, and exhorted every man and officer to vow the redemption of Tennessee from the grasp of the foe. This circular was received by the Twenty-fourth South Caro-

lina Volunteers with cheers, though many of the gallant soldiers who cheered were then absolutely suffering for clothes and shoes."* The weather continued miserable and camp life became almost unbearable.

While these operations were in progress in the Confederate army, General Schofield, commanding the Union army at Decatur, abandoned the line of the Tennessee, and began to concentrate at Pulaski, evidently expecting Hood to march through that place en route to Franklin and Nashville by the way of the Lewisburg and Franklin turnpikes. Learning, however, that the Confederate army was moving over the Waynesboro and Lawrenceburg pikes toward Mount Pleasant, Schofield started General Cox in advance on the Pulaski pike. When he reached Lynville on the 26th of November the leading columns of the Confederate army had reached Summertown.

The head of each army being exactly seventeen miles from Columbia, Columbia now became the strategic point on Duck River, south of which river General Thomas had ordered Schofield to hold the rapidly advancing enemy. With an equal distance to go, along open pikes, the advance and retreat of the two armies respectively became a breakneck dash for the coveted point. Even the soldiers in the ranks intuitively felt that this was a race for life, and that the time was drawing near when one army or the other would be destroyed.

General Cox marched his troops all night, the night of the 26th, and by day dawn had reached the Warfield house, within three miles of Columbia. Here he halted and began to look about for the enemy, but neither seeing nor hearing any evidence of his approach, Cox wisely concluded that there was but one other way Hood could be advancing, and that was over the Mount Pleasant pike. He therefore of his own motion moved immediately due west, and through a country road reached that pike at Little Bigby just in time to threaten and check the advance of Hood's leading column over that creek.

*Colonel Capers' Report.

Hood's army was passing through the "dimple spot in the basin of Middle Tennessee," and officers and men were frequently heard to comment on the apparent fertility of the soil and the one-time prosperity of the beautiful country. And as the renowned and heroic General Cleburne, accompanied by his staff (and an officer or two not of his official family, among whom was Colonel Capers, who records the incident), was passing St. John's Church, seven miles below Columbia, Cleburne was so much impressed with the picturesque loveliness of this sanctuary in the woods, with its stately poplars, spreading oaks, and beautiful lawns, and its retired quiet corner wherein to rest its dead, that he turned impulsively to some of his staff and said: "So this is the church built by General Leonidas Polk and members of his family? If I am killed in the impending battle I request that my body be laid to rest in this, the most beautiful and peaceful spot I ever beheld." The next day at Franklin, Cleburne died a soldier's death, leading in the charge.

After the noise of battle rolled on to the hills of Nashville, Chaplain Quintard had the bodies of Cleburne, Strahl, Adams, and Carter, all generals in the Confederate army, and all killed in the carnage at Franklin, buried in the sacred soil of old St. John's, where even now a solemn hush pervades the place, and we feel the presence of those noble dead. And though in time their respective States claimed their ashes, yet their transient rest beneath the spreading trees in the quiet churchyard, already historic (for there is the quaint tomb of the great Bishop Otey), has fixed their memory in the place and wings the imagination back to the days of heroic sacrifices and noble deeds when such men gave their lives that posterity might be free.

To return from this digression. "The march from Florence to Columbia was forced all the way; the weather and roads were bad, and rations very short, three biscuits only on the 24th and 25th to each man."

We left the advance of General Hood's army checked before

Little Bigby Creek, and here it was Hood conceived and began his brilliant flanking movement toward the more easterly fords of Duck River. That morning at day dawn General Cox had stopped at the Warfield house, on the Pulaski pike, and, as we have seen, moved abruptly due west from there on to the Mount Pleasant pike. Now Hood on the Mount Pleasant pike began to maneuver in exactly the opposite direction, and, edging around the hills, he made Cox unknowingly "swap" pikes. He now occupied the Warfield house, where Cox had paused, and the way to Davis ford across Duck River was open to his army, and there they crossed. It is related by Mrs. Warfield that the General was up before three o'clock on the morning of the 29th, preparing to supervise in person the movement of the army across Davis ford. Being urged by his kind hostess to wait until she could get him something to eat, he courteously declined and explained: "The next hour or two might decide the fate of the army; therefore it is imperative that I conduct the army across Duck River." Had this praiseworthy energy characterized his efforts during the fateful crisis which followed at Spring Hill between four o'clock and dark of the same day, who can venture to prophesy as to the ultimate outcome of the war in the West?

However, on the worn army marched, straining every quivering nerve and expending its energy to press its advantage and cut off the enemy. General Forrest had driven Wilson's cavalry rapidly before him; Forrest and Cleburne skirmished with Bradley and Lane, and easily drove their little brigades in upon Spring Hill, where Schofield's entire army train was parked.

One vigorous assault and all the treasures would have been speedily "transferred to our side of the house." (Hood's expression.) By sundown Gist and Strahl had arrived, and General John C. Brown had his division intact. Bate had been recalled from fronting the pike and formed on Cleburne's left; Brown now on the extreme right with A. P. Stewart's corps moved in obedience to orders to take posses-

sion of the pike beyond Spring Hill. The line of battle was formed, all things were in readiness. The game had been "bagged"; it only remained to "pull the string." The sound of Brown's guns was to be the signal for Cleburne, Cheatham, and other commanders to advance.

The Federal General Lane moved his brigade out on Brown's right and threatened him. Brown's heart failed him, a heart hitherto impervious to fear. He scented "disaster." He so informed Cheatham, who seems to have replied: "Throw back your right brigade and attack." Had he done so the little "bull pens" around Spring Hill would have been almost instantly swept aside, the great army train and artillery secured; Schofield's army routed and destroyed; and the rising tide of enthusiasm among the Confederate soldiers converted into an advancing torrent, which Thomas at Nashville would have been impotent to stay. All this would have meant inevitably the kindling of new hopes among the masses of Southern people; revived confidence in our military leaders; a large inflow of fresh men into the army; a new lease on life for the tottering Confederacy, and perhaps terms of peace which would not have been humiliating or financially disastrous to the South. Who can tell? But why speculate? "The times were out of joint." Officers with clear heads suddenly became confused. Leaders with brave hearts began to doubt their strength in the face of a feeble foe. Privates shot into the ranks of the passing army or ventured to the pike to capture "a Yank or two" for the benefit of the haversack. But the general officers could not or would not venture a move. One moment all the generals thought they had definite, specific orders; the next moment they had none.

When urged by his brigadiers to attack, General Brown, that lion-hearted, splendid soldier, only replied: "I have no orders." When twitted by an officer, Brown ordered him under arrest. General Chalmers said: "I am not in command," and then lay down under the shadow of a tree. Gist and Strahl rode out after dark to see what was going on down at the pike. Col-

onel Capers accompanied them, and, as if to relieve his impatience of this unwarranted delay, emptied his pistol into the moving troops, and the three officers galloped back to their commands. And the commanding general, he who would not tarry for even a morsel of breakfast at three o'clock on that frosty November morning, now merely swore in his tent, but never thought to ride to the front and lead the attack in person—an attack upon which depended his own reputation, the safety of the army, and the destiny of his country! Most incomprehensible! And even that wizard, Forrest, he who intuitively penetrated the designs of the enemy, and was always across his purpose, so late as eleven o'clock that night solemnly assured General Hood that Schofield would move his army to Franklin by the Carter's Creek pike. This accounts for his presence on that pike, and his absence from in front of Franklin when Hood's army was destroyed.

But all the while the Federal army rumbled on over the open pike; "rapidly and silently" they marched through the Confederates' very midst. There that fated army bivouacked and slept. Schofield must have thought his men were marching through the city of the dead. What strange stupor had fallen on those sleeping heroes? Perhaps the Angel of the Lord was through that host, with the breath of a weird paralysis exhaling from his lips; or, as was said of another great crisis in the annals of war, "The One who is not mocked took charge of events. . . . God passed by." But we will let Colonel Capers tell us the story as he saw it.

"Early on the 29th we left bivouac and marched to Davis' ford, on Duck River, crossing on a pontoon, and continued the march toward Spring Hill, immediately on the rear of the enemy's position at Columbia. The march was rapid and over bad roads, and part of the way over the open plantations. We arrived before Spring Hill about sunset, and were formed in line of battle, facing the town and apparently about a mile distant. The enemy seemed to be in confusion, as we could hear the noise of pulling down fences and houses and the rat-

ting of wheels on the pike. Our troops were fighting on our right and we were expecting momentarily to be ordered forward. No order came, however, and as dark came on General Gist and myself rode out toward the enemy within pistol shot. This state of affairs was, and still is, inexplicable to me, and gave us a great disappointment. Later on in the night we could hear the rolling of wheels over the pike, as the enemy's artillery and wagons moved on to Franklin. After an anxious night of waiting we moved next morning on to the pike and marched after Stewart's corps toward Franklin. Burnt wagons and dead mules were passed on the pike, and other evidences of a hasty retreat of the enemy.

"About 2 P. M. the head of our corps reached a line of high hills crossing the Franklin pike, on which the enemy had a force. Stewart drove this force back, and we formed line of battle at the foot of the hills. In the order of formation Stewart's corps was on the right of the pike and Hardee's, commanded by Cheatham, was deployed on the left. The divisions were formed in two lines, from right to left, as follows: Cleburne's, Brown's, and Bate's. In our division (Brown's) Gist's and Gordon's brigades occupied the front and Carter's and Strahl's the rear lines; Gist was on the left of Gordon, and the Twenty-fourth on the left of Gist's brigade, so that we occupied the left of the division. In this order the two corps moved forward to the top of the hills. The enemy was intrenched in a semicircle in front of Franklin, with his flanks refused and resting on the Harpeth River in his rear; there was also a short line of troops, apparently a division, about five hundred yards in front of the main force. The distance from our position to this advanced force seemed to be about a mile and a quarter.

"About four o'clock the two corps moved down the hill, our division marching by the right flank of regiments until we descended the slopes, then forming forward into line. As we advanced, the force in front opened fire on us, and our line moved steadily on, the enemy retreating as we pressed

forward. Just before the charge was ordered the brigade passed over an elevation, from which we beheld the magnificent spectacle the battle-field presented. Bands were playing, generals and staff officers and gallant couriers were riding in front of and behind the lines, a hundred battle-flags were waving in the smoke of battle, and bursting shells were wreathing the air with great circles of smoke, while twenty thousand brave men were marching in perfect order against the foe. The sight inspired every man of the Twenty-fourth with the sentiment of duty. As we were pressing back the enemy's advance forces Lieutenant-Colonel J. S. Jones fell mortally wounded in front of the right of the regiment. General Gist, attended by Captain H. D. Garden and Lieutenant Frank Trenholm, of his staff, rode down our front and, returning, ordered the charge in concert with General Gordon.

"In passing from the left to the right of the regiment the General waved his hat to us, expressed his confidence and pride in the Twenty-fourth, and rode away in the smoke of battle, never more to be seen by the men he had commanded on so many fields. His horse was shot and, dismounting, he was leading the right of the brigade when he fell, pierced through the heart. On pressed the charging lines of the brigade, driving the advance force of the enemy pell-mell into a locust abatis, where many were captured and sent to the rear; others were wounded by the fire of their own men. This abatis was a formidable and fearful obstruction. The entire brigade was arrested by it. Fortunately for us the fire of the enemy slackened, to let their advance troops come in, and we took advantage of it to work our way through. Gist's and Gordon's brigades charged on, and reached the ditch of the work, mounted the work, and met the enemy in close combat. The colors of the Twenty-fourth were planted and defended on the parapet, and the enemy retired in our front some distance, but soon rallied and came back in turn to charge us. He never succeeded in retaking the line we held.

"About dusk there was a lull in the firing west of the pike.

Brown's division had established itself in the ditch of the work so far as Gist's brigade fronted on the crest. Torn and exhausted, deprived of every general officer and nearly every field officer, the division had only strength enough left to hold its position. Strahl's and Carter's brigades came gallantly to the assistance of Gist's and Gordon's, but the enemy's fire from the houses in the rear of the line, and from his reserves, thrown rapidly forward, and from guns posted on the far side of the river so as to enfilade the field, tore their line to pieces before it reached the locust abatis. Strahl and his entire staff were killed together before reaching the work, and Carter was mortally wounded. But there was no backward movement of this line. Its momentum, though slackened by its terrible losses, carried it on to the ditch. Major B. Burgh Smith, of the brigade staff, who was commanding the Sixteenth South Carolina Volunteers, was now also the senior of the brigade, every superior officer having either been killed or wounded. Major Smith established the line on the works and maintained an effective fire until nine o'clock, by having his men in the ditch, many of whom were wounded, to load and pass up the muskets to the men on the works.

"Major Smith informs me that men and officers of Deas' brigade, of Johnston's division (which came on the field late in the evening), assisted in maintaining this fire. About 10 or 10:30 o'clock Lieutenant James A. Tillman, of the Twenty-fourth, led his own company (I) and men from other companies of the regiment in a charge against the enemy over the work, and captured the colors of the Ninety-seventh Ohio Volunteer Infantry and some forty prisoners. The regiment held its position, as did the brigade, against repeated attempts to drive it from the work, until about midnight, when the enemy retired and left our army in possession of the bloody field of Franklin. I was shot down before reaching the last work, and have reported the facts occurring after my wound from the statement of men and officers who visited me at the hospital the next day.

"At the close of the battle Captain Gillis, of the Forty-sixth Georgia, was the senior officer of the brigade; of General Gist's staff Captain H. D. Garden alone remained. Before we reached the locust abatis the ranks of the regiment were decimated by the direct enfiladed fire of the enemy, and the lieutenant-colonel and myself had both been shot down, yet the company officers led the men forward, worked their way through the abatis, and assaulted the main work. Lieutenant Gailey, of Company F, and Lieutenant Padgett, of Company I, with many of the men, were killed beyond the work.

"From Palmetto to Franklin the regiment marched over five hundred miles. We suffered much during November from want of clothes, shoes, and blankets. Once during the campaign the men received as a *ration three ears of corn* to each man, and frequently we had nothing but corn meal. But I am happy to report that no man deserted the flag of his regiment, and no command of the army fought with more spirit and heroic determination at Franklin than did the Twenty-fourth South Carolina Volunteers."

The day after the battle Colonel Capers was moved to Columbia, and tenderly cared for at the hospitable home of Mr. Dale, which stands almost immediately opposite the historic old college for women, Columbia Institute, of which the author of this work, the youngest of General Capers' sons, is the president. A few years before his death Bishop Capers came out to Columbia to visit the scenes associated with this memorable battle. He was deeply interested to learn of the disposition of the remains of the generals buried at St. John's, especially so when told that as rector of St. Peter's parish the author had only a day or two previous to his visit read the service and made an address over the ashes of General Strahl, they having been removed by his old soldiers to the home of his adoption.

In speaking about the blunder at Spring Hill to old soldiers who were calling on the Bishop at the time, he said: "We

[Cheatham's division] were in position immediately in front of Spring Hill, and in line of battle parallel with the road on which the Federal forces were forming, moving, and in great confusion, and in full time to make the attack before dusk. My regiment, and, in fact, the entire brigade, was in line a little after sundown. We were expecting to receive orders to attack, and could not understand why we were thus forced to stand idly by, and without firing a shot, to see the enemy march past us. It was just growing dark when I rode with General Gist and other officers up the hill toward the enemy's line. They appeared to be making hasty preparations for defense. The tramp of horses, the rattle of wagons, the command of officers, could all be distinctly heard. The truth is, we were so close to them, as we turned to ride off, that I emptied my pistol in the direction of the sound of their voices. There can be no question of two points in controversy in regard to the causes for this blunder; first, after our brigade was in line there was ample time to attack, and, second, the enemy's left did not extend beyond our right when we *first* formed for attack."

In 1884 General Capers received the following letter from General John Q. Lane, the man who brought his regiment up on Brown's extreme right and, threatening his flank, made that veteran soldier apprehensive of "disaster," and postpone the attack, thereby making the disaster at Franklin possible. General Lane writes:

GENERAL ELLISON CAPERS,

Greenville, S. C.

My Dear Sir: Your esteemed favor of the 15th just received, from which I see I had anticipated the wishes of yourself and comrades, and that as survivors of your old command you wish to extend a courtesy to the survivors of the Ninety-seventh Ohio, hence I did not think of asking you to send the flag to me, and will only add that I will gladly promote your kindness in any way I possibly can.

If we could go over the ground from Duck River to Nashville together, and in our "glorious old age" fight that campaign over with none to molest or make us afraid, I could show you where you had us, and had

Hood advanced promptly the consequences might have been serious to us. Spring Hill was your opportunity when you appeared in our front with a corps and your army in supporting distance; fewer than five hundred men were between your forces and our train; no Federals in supporting distance. True, a division was at Spring Hill, but also extended so as to protect all approaches to our train. But in your front, covering at least a mile, there were fewer than five hundred men to resist your veterans. My notes, made at the time, give our positions, and with your knowledge fitted to it, the story would be one full of interest.

I hope we may meet in this friendly way. Until then I am,

Yours truly,

(Signed) JOHN Q. LANE.

We here subjoin notes taken from Colonel Capers' memorandum on Hood's campaign, of 1864, and the battle of Franklin. These notes are of interest chiefly because, made in his personal diary, without a thought of publication, they give us an insight into the spirituality of the man, and his beautiful trust in and gratitude to God,—a trait that characterized him even from childhood,—as well as his manly and cheerful spirit in adversity. They also furnish us with a vivid description of the terrible inconvenience of travel at that time, and the cruel suffering endured by wounded Confederate soldiers in their efforts to reach home and friends.

Dec. 2d—I made my last note from a high hill in front of Franklin, on which our division had halted. I did not then expect that the enemy's force was preparing to give us battle at Franklin. Stewart and Forrest pressed him so hard that he halted and fortified himself in three lines of intrenchments; Stewart on the right of the pike, and Cheatham on the left. Marched till about 4 P. M., and then followed the battle of Franklin. I received a severe wound in my left foot, at the ankle, late in the afternoon, and was carried off the field to Mr. Harrison's house, and kindly cared for.

Dec. 3d—Major Smith and I rode down to Columbia in ambulance. Stop at Div. Hospital.

Dec. 4th.—Removed to Mr. Dale's. Most kindly cared for.

Dec. 5th—To-day is cloudy and threatens rain. Our good friends here are most kind and attentive. I am impatient to start for home. My wound does well. At 7 P. M. took ordnance wagon for the M. & C. R. R. Camped two miles from Columbia on the Mount Pleasant pike.

Dec. 7, 8, 9, 10, and 11 on the road to the Tennessee River. Arrived at river opposite Barton station at 11 A. M. Cross at 7 P. M. Camp at R. R. shed. Sleet, rain, wind, and bitter freezing weather from Mount Pleasant to Barton. Everywhere covered with sleet and ice. Suffered greatly en route from Columbia to Barton. The jolting over frozen roads and rocks gave great pain to Smith and me. Hot rocks to our feet, straw to lie on, and my invaluable pillow, great comforts to me.

Dec. 12th—Kindly cared for by Lieutenant Thompson P. M. at Barton, until 3 P. M., when take cars for Corinth. No room in hotel at Corinth, nor in hospital. Ice covering the ground. Conductor prohibits our remaining in car. Room at depot, given coffee and good bed for soldier. Wound painful.

Dec. 13th—No train for the south to-day. Cloudy, frozen, and windy. Fever all day and night.

Dec. 14th—Cloudy and mild. Take freight train for West Point at 9 A. M. Left at Prairie station. Spent comfortable night at Mr. Fortson's.

Dec. 15th—Morning cloudy, evening mild, day mild. Took cars at 9 A. M. and arrived at Meridian at 7:30 P. M. Stowed away in Wayside hospital, comfortably. Wound doing well. Oh, the loving kindness of my Father in heaven! His Providence constantly shields and blesses me!

Dec. 16th—Take cars at 6 A. M. for Selma, Ala. Arrive in Selma at 6 P. M. Kindly met at depot and cared for by friend Stradley at his room. No boat to-night for Montgomery. Weather mild.

Dec. 17th—Cloudy and mild. Get aboard of the *Duke* at 3:30 P. M. and start for Montgomery at 7 P. M. A sorry

prospect for reaching Montgomery. The *Duke* an inferior, slow boat. Smith and I make our bed down on a cotton bale.

Dec. 18th—Sunday, cloudy and mild. We made only about thirty miles last night. To-day we have been creeping along. Engine out of repair and everything slow. Weather remarkably mild. Wound doing well.

Dec. 19th—Arrived at Montgomery at 4 A. M. Weather still cloudy and very mild. Take cars for Columbus at 8 A. M. Make connection at Columbus at 7 P. M. and roll on to Macon.

Dec. 20th—Arrive at Macon at 4 A. M. Willis gets us passage on wagon for Mayfield for one hundred dollars a seat! Poor mules and poorer driver. Make twenty-one miles. Stop at Husson's. Rain at night.

Dec. 21st—Cloudy, windy, and cold. Arrive at Milledgeville at 10:30 A. M., and detained by high water in the Oconee. Put up at hotel.

Dec. 22nd—Cross river in skiff, and take hack for Sparta. Arrive at Sparta at 4:30 P. M. Weather very cold.

Dec. 23rd—Take hack for Mayfield and cars at M. for Augusta at 11 A. M. Fine day. Learn on the train of the fall of Savannah. Reach Augusta at dark, and stop at Mr. Mann's.

Dec. 24th—Start for Charleston at 6 A. M. and arrive at 8:30 P. M. Stop at Mr. Sage's.

Dec. 25th—Christmas! Spend day with sister Tady and Mr. Sage. Rainy day.

In the spring of 1865 the Twenty-fourth South Carolina regiment was with Cheatham's corps, then operating between Newberry, S. C., and Augusta, Ga. All the troops in that department were being concentrated under the command of General Joseph E. Johnston, who had been restored to command and ordered to stop Sherman's advance through the Carolinas.

After some skirmishing and unimportant engagements, Cheatham joined General Johnston near Bentonville, N. C., but not in time to take part in that important and successful

affair. Bentonville was the last pitched battle of the Civil War, and was fought to the credit and advantage of the Confederate troops. With General Johnston's surrender to General Sherman, General Capers surrendered Gist's brigade, of which he had become in permanent command. His commission as a Brigadier-General was issued upon indorsement of Generals Joseph E. Johnston, Wm. J. Hardee and B. F. Cheatham.

HD. QUARTERS CHEATHAM'S CORPS,
Feb., 1865.

BRIG.-GENERAL E. CAPERS:—

Allow me to congratulate you upon your recent promotion, a promotion which you have gallantly won and so richly deserve. In conversation with General Johnston some weeks since he on two different occasions remarked to me that your commission was in his Adjutant-General's office, and was anxious to know when you would be able to join us.

Hoping you peace and happiness through life, I remain,
Your friend and Commander,

B. F. CHEATHAM,
Maj. General, C. S. A.

At Smithfield, N. C., General Capers bid farewell to the officers and soldiers of his gallant command. Here the soldier sheathed the sword he was soon to exchange for the symbol of a higher warfare. Called by his commanding officer "the intrepid soldier," he became throughout his ministry "the steady column of the Church." The same loyal service he rendered the military arm of the Confederate government characterized this soldier of the cross in the service of the Prince of Peace.

The following incident connected with the battle of Bentonville was recorded by Rev. Dr. Capers in his copy of "Johnston's Narrative":

"I spent a part of this day (March 20, 1891) and dined with General Hampton at Millwood, his sisters, Kate, Ann, and

Carolina, being present. After dinner the General and I sat in the piazza and fought our battles over. He gave a very circumstantial account of the charge related at Bentonville, and told me this anecdote of General Hardee, my old corps commander in the Army of Tennessee. Riding back with Hardee after the charge, the General laughingly said to General Hampton: 'General, that was "nip and tuck," and for a while I thought "tuck" had it.' Riding on a little further he met the body of his gallant and only son being borne from the field, and, dismounting, kissed the brave boy's cold brow, then remounted and proceeded to give orders respecting the disposition of the troops."

CHAPTER XI

IN THE DAYS OF RECONSTRUCTION

WITH the surrender of General Johnston's army, April 26, 1865, the Confederate Government collapsed. In the seceded States there remained but the semblance of civil authority. In South Carolina the Governor was sent as a prisoner to Fort Pulaski, Savannah; and the military arm of the United States took charge of the citizens as well as the territory of the prostrate South. "Military courts and provost courts tried all cases from petit larceny to murder." The South was indeed a "conquered province." The first military Governor, Major-General Q. A. Gillman, immediately upon assumption of office issued a proclamation declaring "the people of the black race are citizens of the United States, whose rights must be respected accordingly."

The "Freedmen's Bureau" was established, with the avowed purpose of caring for the emancipated blacks. At first its efforts were worthy, and it rendered a real service. Later, however, reckless politicians employed its organization to promote their own base designs, and when the Reconstruction Acts (1867) of Congress armed the "Bureau" with military power, it became the organized source of pillage, insurrection, and murder. The ignorant negro was made to believe that for his support of the "Carpet-bag" leaders he was to receive forty acres and a mule, and soon have his former master working in his fields and serving at his table. Social equality was the goal the negroes were encouraged to work and hope for.

No newspaper was allowed to be published "without the

consent of the major-general commanding." Thus bound and gagged, an additional humiliation was forced upon the citizens of the South by the presence of negro soldiers parading their streets, challenging their rights, and supervising their ballots; and not infrequently, and under the circumstances not altogether unnaturally, the negro soldiers became arrogant, impertinent and even murderous. This unwarranted insult was one of Secretary Stanton's methods of degrading the Confederate soldier and citizens. By this act Stanton placed them under the surveillance of their recent slaves and rendered their women and children almost defenseless in the presence of insult and outrage. The African menace was too crude for President Johnson, and in time the negro troops were withdrawn.

In April, 1865, General Capers rejoined his family, then refugeeing in Spartanburg, S. C. A kind friend, an invalid Confederate soldier, together with the good women of his household, had welcomed Mrs. Capers and her two children, who refugeed there when Sherman's army advanced upon Columbia. Captain Chichester and General Capers arranged that their families should continue to occupy the house and share living expenses until a new start could be made in the strange and untried future.

Sometimes we feel that it is impossible to sympathize adequately with the old Confederate soldier, not primarily for the hardships and suffering of the war, but rather in the difficult days after peace had been restored. Leaving the camp penniless, he returned to his ruined home, where in the midst of universal wreck and demoralization he was expected to provide for those dependent upon him. For such a task he was in no way prepared. He was without training and without the proper tools with which to work in the new environment in which he found himself. And many times, because of wounds and sickness, he did not have the physical strength to do the only kind of work he could secure. The heroic wife and hungry children made an appeal to him to which he could not

always respond. A negro soldiery held him at the bayonet's point.

President Johnson struck an additional blow against the South in demanding application for "special pardons" from the more prominent and influential Southerners who had either held high office in the Confederate government or army, or who had enjoyed wealth. This rendered the more fortunate men in the South less able to help their fellow-citizens, as they instantly became objects upon whom those in power were apt to vent their wrath. Had the South been less heroic, or had patriotic friends at the North been less generous, such tyranny and usurpation of power might have made shipwreck of the entire nation.

However, President Johnson changed his course and became more conciliatory and lenient toward the South. As a consequence, he incurred the antagonism of revengeful men in Congress and in some sections of the North, who sought to have him impeached.

South Carolina at once recognized and obeyed the authority of the United States, and her citizens set themselves to the task of making the best of their desperate situation. But some who had been gallant soldiers, demoralized by the failure of their Cause, "went to the bad"; others made a heroic effort to maintain themselves and their families, but unaccustomed to the only work available, they sadly failed. There were, however, men who proved themselves superior to adversity, and with a splendid courage surmounted every obstacle. In the face of the greatest difficulties such men maintained their self-respect, supported their families, helped to rebuild the fallen institutions of the State, pledged themselves to its redemption under a white man's government, and laid the foundation for a new South, a South which could respect itself and command the respect of the other sections of a reunited country. General Ellison Capers belonged to this latter class of ex-Confederate soldiers, who were, fortunately, in a large majority throughout the late seceded States.

General Capers took his family to the old home place, "Box Cottage." Just a mile or two from Anderson Court House, this little farm was the scene of his boyhood. Here with brothers and playmates he had hunted and fished, learned to ride and drive, and in these sports he soon became a leader among his companions. When grown to manhood and commanding a regiment in the war some of the Twenty-fourth's best companies went out to him from Anderson. And Anderson also enjoyed the distinction of being the home of the Hon. James L. Orr, one of the most sagacious political leaders of that day. Mr. Orr had been a member of Congress before the War, and Speaker of the House of Representatives. Just before the beginning of hostilities he was a member of the Peace Commission sent to Washington by the Confederate Government, and later a member of the Confederate Senate and a colonel in its army. In 1866 Mr. Orr was elected Governor of South Carolina, and when General Grant became President he sent Governor Orr as United States ambassador to Russia.

In the early fifties, when Bishop William Capers came to live in Anderson, the Orr and Capers families became warm friends. In 1865 Colonel Orr was a great admirer of his young friend General Capers, whom he had known from his boyhood. During this and the succeeding year Congress was busy proposing and debating various theories and doctrines for "reconstruction." There was the "Restoration Doctrine," which declared "the acts of Secession invalid and of no effect. No State therefore had seceded or could secede; the State officers were guilty of illegal acts, which rendered them liable to punishment, but the States themselves were not destroyed nor their Constitutions abrogated, and as soon as their officers returned to their duty, or others took their places, the States would *ipso facto* resume their normal places in the Union."

The "Presidential Doctrine" held that before the States could be restored to their rights and privileges under the Constitution the President was empowered to dictate such terms

as in his opinion seemed necessary to secure the Union from further peril. These terms were eventually defined to be the cessation of resistance, the appointment of a provisional Governor, the taking of the oath of amnesty (proffered to all but a certain specified class of leading men); the recognition of the permanent freedom of the blacks, and the formation of a new republican form of government by the State. But it was expressly announced that the admission of Congressmen and Senators from the lately seceded States rested, not with the executive, but with the separate houses of Congress.

There were other "doctrines" and "theories" of "reconstruction," but the "Presidential plan" finally prevailed. By appointment of President Johnson, the Honorable Benjamin F. Perry became the first provisional Governor of South Carolina.

"From his young manhood Colonel Perry had taken an active part in politics, and had served in the legislature of his State, and was a member of the Democratic National Convention which met in Charleston in 1860. At this convention Colonel Perry refused to withdraw with the rest of the Southern members. After Lincoln's election in November of that year he had the moral and physical courage to declare openly and earnestly against Secession. But when South Carolina acted, he went out with his State. Going into the mountain section of Greenville district, where the Union sentiment was very strong, he urged the people to follow his example. The effectiveness of his work is demonstrated by the fact that as brave Confederate soldiers as were in the army went from among the people to whom Colonel Perry spoke."* His oldest son, Colonel William Perry, became a gallant Confederate soldier. Governor Perry held the office of District Judge of the Confederate States Court, and he was elected to the United States Senate in 1866, but never allowed to take his seat.

When on June 13, 1865, Colonel B. F. Perry became provisional Governor of South Carolina, one of his first acts was

*Jno. S. Reynolds, "Reconstruction in South Carolina."

to issue the call for a convention, in Columbia, the following September. This convention was to frame a Constitution and put the new government in motion until the regular meeting of the legislature. The Convention ordered an election for State officers, to be held in October. James L. Orr was duly elected Governor of South Carolina.

"In this the first reorganization of the State General Capers was made Secretary of State, and so served for two years. But the deep waters through which he and his people had passed quickened in him the germ of another life purpose. . . . So the ministry to his people, to which a life such as his could not but at such a time consecrate and devote itself, naturally sought the most sacred channels of the Church. It is related that, when he notified his old friend, Governor James L. Orr, of his determination to resign his office of Secretary of State in order to enter the ministry of the Church, the Governor's reply was: 'You will be a fool to do it. A man with your war record, personal magnetism, and genial manners can command anything from the people they have to give. You can be Governor, Senator, or anything you like. You will be a fool to give up all this to become a preacher.' "*"

In the days of "reconstruction" there were many humiliations in store for the people of South Carolina. After his "tour of inspection" through the Southern States General U. S. Grant protested to his government against the practice of detailing negro soldiers for army posts throughout the late seceded States. He said: "The presence of black troops, lately slaves, demoralizes labor both by their advice and by furnishing in their camps a resort for the freedmen for long distances around. White troops excite no opposition, and therefore a small number of them can maintain order in a given district."

The "black troops" in the regular army, of which General Grant complained, and against the wickedness and folly of

*Dr. W. T. Dubose, in *Sewanee Review*.

which his statesmanship, magnanimity, common-sense, and Anglo-Saxon blood all protested, were in no wise so formidable a menace to the peace of the people and prosperity of the country as were the negro militia organized throughout the State under the administration of Governor Scott, a military governor from Ohio. This volunteer army of blacks was one of the inevitable results of "reconstruction government."

Under the "Provisional Government" and the administration of Governor Orr, the government of the State had been reconstructed in a legal and righteous manner, and conditions indicated a speedy return to the happiness and prosperity of ante-bellum days. Such was the impression General Grant received when making his inspection of the situation in the South. In his report he states: "My observations lead me to the conclusion that the citizens of the Southern States are anxious to return to self-government within the Union as soon as possible; that while reconstructing they want and require that protection from the government which they think is required by the government, not humiliating to them as citizens; if such a course were pointed out to them they would follow it in good faith."

The report of the Reconstruction Committee is hardly reconcilable with the personal observations of General Grant. After the act of Congress January, 1866, declining to withdraw the military forces from the South, and the "Civil Rights" act in the following April, the Reconstruction Committee reported as the conclusion of their investigation: "All feeling of conciliation on the part of the North has been treated with contempt. Indeed, the bitterness and defiance against the United States have been unparalleled in the history of the world." A wonderful contradiction of the statement just quoted of the Commanding General of the United States Army!

The Fourteenth Amendment put the government of the Southern States in the hands of the national Congress, and its members were to declare what should be the measure of citizenship in them. Under Generals Gillman, Sickles, and

Canby the military authority was supreme and took supervision of the life and liberties of the citizens and the direction of all courts.

It was the golden opportunity for aliens, negroes, and traitors to usurp the government. A Republican convention was called. Two-thirds of its members were negroes. A half of the remaining third were "indigenous to the soil," while New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Connecticut, Georgia, Norway, Sweden, Germany, and Turkey were all represented in the remaining sixth. R. K. Scott was nominated for Governor and in time duly elected.

A convention of the leading citizens and tax-payers of the State assembled in Columbia to protest against the Reconstruction acts, as well as the outrages and usurpations of the new government. The address of that convention concluded with this burning appeal:

"What do these Reconstruction acts propose? Not negro equality, but negro supremacy!

"In the name, then, of humanity to both races; in the name of citizenship under the Constitution; in the name of a common history in the past; in the name of our Anglo-Saxon race and blood; in the name of the civilization of the nineteenth century; in the name of magnanimity and the noble instincts of manhood; in the name of God and nature, we protest against these Reconstruction acts as destructive to the peace of society, the prosperity of the country, and the greatness and grandeur of our common future.

"The people of the South are powerless to avert the impending ruin. We have been overborne; and the responsibility to posterity and to the world has passed into other hands."

The unimpeachable evidence of Union men high in the service of the National Government, as well as the protests of the citizens, was of no avail. A reign of terror was impending. It was inevitable. Men "drunk with power" could not be forced to a realization of the folly of their course. The negro militia was the worst menace to the peace of the people.

Nearly every county in the State had its company of black troops. Their arms were furnished them from the office of the adjutant and inspector-general. Individually and collectively, this insolent soldiery was everywhere in evidence. They demoralized labor; they controlled elections; they assaulted peaceable citizens, and were frequently guilty of high-handed brutal murder; they outraged defenseless women and terrorized children. In this reign of terror the criminal was secure. Negroes held high office in the county, in the legislature, and in the State government. White citizens were the victims of ignorance, brutality, and vandalism. Anglo-Saxon Americans could not brook the black man's rule, even though the army of the National Government stood doggedly behind his usurpation of power.

In 1868 "The Circle" was organized in the upper part of South Carolina. Its avowed purpose was to relieve the sick and distressed, to protect defenseless women and children, and to render benevolent service. But in the "Black Reign" "The Circle" took its Greek name, Ku Klux, and thereafter its purpose and scope were enlarged. It became *organized self-defense*. Its members included "minute men," and a "vigilance committee." Murder and outrage were on the increase. The people of the State were prostrate and powerless. They could not cope with a hostile condition in the State and a hostile National Government.

For the overthrow of the usurpers a more invincible force than material agencies must be used. The Ku Klux offered the remedy. The invisible and mysterious empire of the Cyclops was hurled against the organizers of plunder and crime; at first cautiously, and then boldly. With long white robes covering rider and horse, armed with revolvers and sounding the "signal whistle," the Ku Klux "operated" at night. They selected night as the time for "work" not primarily that darkness might hide their deeds, but that the mystery and fear of the *unseen* might contribute to their side in so unequal a contest. Later, when there were recurring

disturbances and lawless acts, the Ku Klux in open day rode in solemn procession through town or district. The effect was magical. The mere word "Ku Klux" or the sound of the "signal whistle" became a terror to the guilty. Their imagination became invested with the grim images of retribution. When! how! where! was this terrible unseen power to strike? Who would be the next victim? Incendiary negroes, criminals, and disturbers of the peace were warned to "mend their ways," to cease their lawless conduct. When persisting in their course, they paid the penalty of chastisement or death. In the morning their neighbors viewed the work of the previous night, and read the solemn warning of the Ku Klux. Offensive negroes holding office were served with notice to resign by a given time. Instantly their resignations were forthcoming. The powers of darkness appalled those who had been impregnable in riotous and insolent crime.

There is but one result of mob law. However worthy the motives and however dire the necessity which employs it, the ultimate result is anarchy. Republicans, negroes, and some Democrats as well, took advantage of the Ku Klux methods of self-defense, and, wearing their habit, they committed outrageous depredations in the name and under the seal of Ku Klux. It was time that all good men in the State should organize against irresponsible violence.

During the eight years of usurpation under Governors Scott, Moses, Patterson, and Chamberlain many millions of dollars were misappropriated. The taxes of the people passed into the pockets of political leaders and their allies. Fabulous amounts were charged as items for "furnishing the Capitol and Governor's Mansion." Bonds were issued far in excess of the amounts authorized. The State debt, the manipulation of the Greenville and Columbia railroad, the Blue Ridge scrip, were all rank and notorious scandals. The most flagrant fraud was that of the public printing. For the seventy-eight years previous to Reconstruction rule the State had paid something like seven hundred thousand dollars for its printing

bill. In the eight years of Reconstruction one million three hundred thousand dollars was charged up to "Public Printing."

The renaissance of civic righteousness was ushered in with the triumph of the Democratic Party in 1876, when General Wade Hampton became Governor of South Carolina, and the State was redeemed. A "New South" was to evolve from similar triumphs in all of the Southern States.

CHAPTER XII

GENERAL CAPERS ENTERS THE CHURCH

THERE is a striking similarity between soldierly virtues and Christian graces. Obedience, endurance, fortitude, courage, faith, charity, and self-sacrifice are all soldierly qualities; they are also Christian graces. But like other virtues, they reach perfection only when translated to the higher and nobler sphere of Christian living and are consecrated to God.

When the soldier retires from the tented field and lays his armor by, to put on the panoply of God, and enlisting in a higher and holier warfare, he has already acquired an experience and discipline highly profitable to a "warrior of God."

If we contemplate the militant Christian, our minds at once revert to Loyola and other soldier-priests who led the van when the Church went to war against heretic and infidel. But we need not go back to that period. The Civil War furnishes numerous examples. The bishop of the diocese of Louisiana, Leonidas Polk, responded to the demand made upon him by the President of the Confederacy, and laid aside his episcopal robes to don the trappings of a soldier; he put up the Shepherd's staff and drew his sword. He had been educated a soldier, his military talents were of a high order, his country called him to her defense, and he agreed to accept a commission until the President could find someone to take his place, and stated that he would then return to "the care of all the churches" in his beloved diocese. Upon one occasion he was interrogated as to the propriety of his conduct. He gave the following unanswerable, if homely illustration: "Well, if my house were on fire and I were in the pulpit I would lay

aside my robes and go fight the fire, and when the fire was out I would return to my clerical duties. Now, my friend, my house is on fire. My country is invaded. There is an imperative and immediate need for help. When the fire is out, I shall return to my work."

And it is remarkable how many Confederate soldiers became ministers of the gospel. Many of this number were elevated to the episcopate. We now recall Bishop Dudley, of Kentucky; Bishop Peterkin, of West Virginia; Bishop Newton, of Virginia; and the soldier-chaplain, Bishop Quintard, of Tennessee, as well as the subject of this volume, Bishop Capers, of the diocese of South Carolina.

Though entering the ministry late in life, Ellison Capers was from his boyhood a Christian soldier.

In the spring of 1857 Charleston, S. C., was visited by a religious awakening. This revival was not centered in the work of any one church or denomination, but pervaded the entire city. In his memoir Colonel Henry D. Capers tells us that his brother Ellison manifested a deep interest in this religious movement, and in company with his venerable mother was a regular attendant upon the services throughout the revival. At his graduation, his brother, General Francis Capers, delivered the annual address, which made a profound impression on Cadet Ellison Capers, and we have it upon his testimony that he never forgot the counsel then given.

From a pocket diary of 1857, when Ellison Capers was but twenty-two years of age, we glean the following:

"I held service in the morning for the negroes of Mrs. Palmer, and in the afternoon preached to the negroes at Dr. Peter Palmer's. Text: St. Luke 9:2." In the selection of this text he made an unconscious prophecy of his own life's work.

About this time he entered the following lines in his diary:

“The woes of life! Why moan their weight?
God hath sent them, and whate’er the freight
With which he loads thy back,
Sail on or sink, His will be done.”

In those early years there are frequent entries in his diary of moneys paid out for “Lottie’s charities” and for “my charities.”

June 10—To-morrow rest! At least such as this world affords. Lottie and I rode out to Clifton; pleasant evening. Talked over “the position of the armies” in Europe with Henry. May the God of battles keep the right!

July 24—Attended Sunday-school this morning. Lesson, third chapter of Daniel. Hear Mr. B. — and Mr. Bolles in afternoon. At night Mr. Ewing preached in our church and spent the most of the day with us.

July 25—Hurrah! my dear mother and brother Theodotus arrived at 8:30 P. M. May God spare my dear mother to me for many years.

July 26—Attended prayer meeting. Mother and I went together; Odd and my Lottie. How soon the ties which hold us here are broken! Together to-day, separated to-morrow; Heaven is Home!

July 30—Lot and I rode down to Columbia. Mother and I visited Father’s grave, and here where we played in childhood we marked a spot in which to lay us down when we shall join the loved ones gone.

July 31—Still at Columbia. Very happy with my friends, and above all with my mother, wife, and brother. This Sabbath will be long remembered by me. How sweet to meet the loved ones and how grateful to the heart to be among your friends. . . . May God bless my dear brother and make him a useful man in society and give him a home in heaven.”

His letter of resignation to the president of Winnsboro Academy concludes: “May the blessings of Heaven attend

your future efforts in the cause of education, and the love of God abide with you and yours forever."

While in the army his letters to Mrs. Capers refer to the profanity of the troops, which was a source of pain to him. After a victory he writes as follows to his wife:

"To His glorious name be all the praise and glory! . . . To our Father in Heaven I trust you and our little ones."

"The men of the regiment, brigade, and division profane the name of God every hour in the day. The profanity of the army is awful to contemplate, both among officers and men. How powerful is the force of a bad example! My friend S——, who never defiled his lips with oaths, has come into the habit of saying "Hell!" and "Damn!" as readily as G—— or W——. Watchfulness and prayer alone will preserve us amid such a series of temptations; and yet I repeat what I have before said, that this army life is a grand school for the cultivation and exercise of the sublime virtues of *patience* and *sacrifice*."

Trying to comfort Mrs. Capers after a succession of reverses, he writes:

"Should this make us unhappy or discontented, for it is the ordination of the good and gracious God, who had prepared for us another and a better world. *There* he will wipe away all tears from our eyes, and no more death or any crying, neither shall there be any pain in that blessed home. And there will be no night there, nor light of the sun or moon, for the 'bright and morning star,' the Lamb, shall be the light thereof. And, my angel, this beautiful happy home is promised to those who 'overcome' the difficulties of this present life. That you and I may one day inherit a place in this happy home is ever the prayer of your dear Ellie. I am quite well, but don't think I am as stout as when you saw me last."

Again quoting from Bishop Capers' journal, under date of 1872, we read:

March 8—Read the account of Bishop Patterson's massacre by the savages of Santa Cruz Islands. Such a life and such a death make us feel the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, who for our sakes gave Himself for us.

March 10—Read a sketch of Bishop Patterson and a letter from him in which he describes a visit to Santa Cruz Islands in 1864, when two noble lads who pulled his boat were mortally wounded by arrows shot at him. My heart was deeply affected by this noble self-sacrifice for the well-being of others and the life of the Church. Yet a reverend Presbyterian brother, who was present at the service, told me after the service that a gentleman of the congregation remarked: "What a useless sacrifice!" Alas! is this the way our labor of love is counted? Yes, but not so with all. And because there is that in the human heart which looks upon such a sacrifice as our dear Lord's as useless, therefore it was needed, and ours is needed to preserve the Church and save our brethren.

The following letters written in November, 1891, bring to light an interesting incident which shows the concern Colonel Capers felt for the spiritual welfare of his soldiers.

CHARLESTON, S. C.,
Nov. 5, 1891.

REV. E. CAPERS,
Columbia, S. C.

Dear Colonel: I inclose with this a letter received by me a short time since from Rowliniski, which fully explains what he wishes. I also inclose the little Testament therein referred to, so that you may gratify his commendable wish. He was a real good fellow, discharging his duty best he knew how during the changing fortunes of our service and evinces now the never dying spirit that sustained many of us so long, under untold public as well as personal trials and difficulties. I have endeavored to please him with a short inscription in his book,

and leave it with you to add more as he expects. To avoid delay and expense you had better send the package directly to him, and I have accordingly advised him you would do so.

Faithfully yours,

T. H. STEINMEYER.

PONCE PARK P. O., VOLUSIA COUNTY, FLORIDA.

MR. T. H. STEINMEYER.

Sir: I sent to Messrs. Walker, Evans & Cogswell a small Testament to bind. I got it from General Ellison Capers after the battle of Chickamauga; it had been stolen, but got it back. The blank leaves, on which Colonel Ellison Capers' writing was, was lost. On the front leaf was written: "To private William Rowlinski, with the wish of his Colonel that he may make as cheerful a soldier of the Cross as he does of his Regiment.—Ellison Capers Comd. 24th S. C. V." I want you to send the Testament to Colonel Ellison Capers, for him to write the same as it was, and return to me the Testament, to leave to my children when I am gone. There were several more passages from the Bible in it, written by the colonel, but have been torn out. I want you to write something in it, so that you will be remembered, when I am dead and gone, by my children. Do not disappoint me. What the expenses will be I will cheerfully make up to you. By so doing,

You will oblige,

Very respectfully,

WILLIAM ROWLINSKI.

General Capers formally began his ministry in Greenville, S. C., as rector of Christ Church parish. Previous to this, while farming near Anderson, he had, upon the advice of his bishop, accepted the invitation of the vestry of Grace Church, to serve that congregation as lay reader, the Rev. Mr. Elliott having resigned the rectorship. During his service there he so commended himself to that church and people that the larger and more important parish of Christ Church, Green-

ville, secured his consent, and that of Bishop Davis, to serve it in a similar capacity until ordained deacon. Then he was to assume charge of the parish as rector.

Greenville, S. C., is in the northern part of the State and nestles close to the foot of Paris Mountain, a spur of the Blue Ridge Range. Very early in the annals of the State this little town had won an enviable reputation as a summer and health resort. Its high altitude and invigorating climate; its rolling hills and purpling mountains; its sparkling streams and cool breezes, were all very inviting during the hot season, when the wealthy and aristocratic families from the coast would flock to this delightful refuge from the heat and fevers of the low country.

South Carolina, like all other coast States of the Colonial period, flourished first in her seaport towns. Their export trade and close relation with the mother country tended to make of these shipping points not merely marts of trade, but centers of culture and fashion as well. The planter, with his broad acres rich in rice and cotton, had the money, leisure, and ambition to cultivate himself. He read the ancient classics and was apt in the polite learning of the day. He was also very careful that his children should have all advantages offered at home and, if possible, a finished education abroad. Prior to the war the planter was more frequently than now a student of statecraft and philosophy. He was, above all, a patriot. Proud of his ancestry, and ambitious to maintain himself and family with becoming dignity, "the gentleman from the low country" was a type of a charming civilization that has now passed away.

But with all his excellences of culture, courage, and manliness,—often ornamented and strengthened by Christian graces,—he was somewhat narrow and short-sighted when he came to estimate the worth and worthiness of the man from the interior of the State, or what is generally known as the "up-country." The environment of his life tended to make him so,

In the up-country the spirit of the people was more independent of traditions; they cared little for pompous ceremonies and were less punctilious in observing the strict usages of society. The up-country man was more democratic and progressive, and, generally speaking, less cultured and with fewer opportunities for higher education. But the up-country was not a "fixed star." It progressed in every way, and institutions of learning rapidly sprang up on every hand. The low-country man frequently lost sight of this when he began to estimate the men or resources of the "other section" of his State. And yet even from the Colonial period the up-country gave to Carolina men of high metal, noble aspirations, and great qualities for leadership. John C. Calhoun, and, later, Benjamin F. Perry and James L. Orr were sagacious leaders from that section of the State.

However, during the summer months in this beautiful Piedmont region of South Carolina the people from low-country and up-country intermingled in good fellowship, and this opportunity for acquaintance was productive of great good and promoted a better understanding among them. There was intermarriage and frequent exchange of residence, all of which in time gave to the people of South Carolina a wholesome solidarity.

At an early period, when missionary work was begun in Greenville, many prominent families from the low-country gave the mission their support, as did those native to the little town, as well as representative people who had come from other sections of the State. There were also many poor in the parish. Christ Church, Greenville, was already a cosmopolitan parish in a cosmopolitan community. With but a few thousand inhabitants, Greenville was by no means a primitive mountain town. When in 1866 this parish became vacant, the evident need was for a man of culture, personal character, devotion, and the qualities of leadership. The most distressing circumstances had recently terminated in the trial of their rector. This disorganized and demoralized the little con-

gregation, and brought reproach upon it in the community. Such circumstances emphasized the necessity of securing as rector a man whom everybody knew well enough to trust from the very beginning of his ministry.

At the time of which we write General Ellison Capers—though an avowed candidate for the ministry and reading for orders under the personal direction of the bishop of the diocese—was Secretary of State of South Carolina. He accepted the call to Christ Church, and held his first service in that church on the third Sunday in Advent, 1866.

Methodical habits are not usual with persons of genial and jovial temperaments. The social instinct and active disposition are somehow ground out by slavery to method. Then, too, the methodical man is seldom imaginative. Orators, musicians, and artists are not infrequently careless in business habits.

In the Rev. Ellison Capers these temperamentally opposed characteristics were very evenly balanced. From the beginning of his ministry he kept a careful record of his official services, while the personal notes and comments inserted from time to time saved his journal from deadly dullness, and also throws a light upon the personality of the man.

From the entries of this journal, which was only kept for his use and for his personal supervision, it is seen how Mr. Capers was indeed a true shepherd of the sheep, and how his love and sympathy went out to the poor of the parish, and how appreciative he was of the kindness of his friends. His love for children was proverbial and characterized him throughout life. In February, 1870, we find this note in his journal:

“Buried Eva Fritz. Eva was the only child of a widowed mother. She was an amiable, lovely child, cheerful and happy; the first one of the children of my charge whom the Chief Shepherd has taken to Himself. Dear little Eva!”

In his private diary his habit was to devote a page “In

Memoriam" to a friend or a benefactor of the parish. These were expressions of appreciation of character and friendship. For example:

November 19, 1869.—

IN MEMORIAM.

Buried my valued friend

DR. WILLIAM MICHAEL at 3:30 P. M.

He breathed his last on Wednesday, 17th inst.

Born May 10th, 1795.

Died Nov. 17th, 1865.

I hold his memory in grateful remembrance. Converted to Christ by the grace of God under my father's ministry, he was my brother in Christian sympathy, my true and valued friend, my genial associate and a blessing to my family.

May we meet in Heaven!

One other of these personal touches in his journal:

Sacred to the memory of

MISS MARTHA MCCALL,

who died in the comfort of the Christian's faith, on the — day of July, 1872, having lived 84 years.

Miss McCall was a cheerful, gentle old lady, whose kind love and confidence I had, and whose Christian spirit was always an example of instruction and comfort to me.

"I am in perfect peace."

Mr. Capers served the parish as a lay reader for five months, and seems to have read largely from Frederick W. Robinson's sermons. He was ordained to the diaconate on Friday, May 3, in St. Luke's Church, Charleston. The Rev. W. B. W. Howe—afterward the beloved Bishop of South Carolina, and the valued friend of Mr. Capers—read the service, while the candidate's brother-in-law, the Rev. P. F. Stevens, preached the sermon, taking as his text II Timothy 4.2: "Preach the word."

On the fourteenth Sunday after Trinity—being the 13th of September, 1867—at Abbeville, S. C., the Rev. Ellison Capers was advanced to the priesthood,

His ministry was an exceedingly active one. Sunday services morning and afternoon at Christ Church, while at night he preached regularly to the negroes. He organized a Bible class to meet on Tuesdays, and a similar class for men on Sunday mornings, and during the week held regular services. He was a "Prayer Book Churchman," and held the services on Saints' Days and other days regularly, as appointed in the Calendar of the Prayer Book. During Lent the records show daily service, while during Passion Week services were held morning and evening.

Greenville was a "factory town." To these people Mr. Capers was a true shepherd. In this work he was loyally assisted by his devoted wife. Greenville was also a summer and health resort, and those who have labored in such parishes know the incessant demands to visit the sick and the "stranger within the gates" made upon a clergyman's time.

In addition to the burdens of his own parish, with four services a week and the conduct of two Bible classes, we find repeated records in his register of services at night, as well as upon special occasions when officiating in the different churches in the town.

The vicissitudes of war had tended to minimize the importance of theological controversies and denominational antagonisms among the people. Common experiences, common trials, and the loss of a Cause equally dear to all served to bind the people more closely together, emphasizing the common bond of their common faith. In a sense the Rev. Mr. Capers was "General Capers" to the community. He belonged to them all; they all claimed his services; they all looked to him for advice and help, encouragement and sympathy, and in a frank and unostentatious manner he endeavored to comply with their appreciative demands.

However, as the demands of his own parish increased, as the parish grew and strengthened, and as the burden of the missionary enterprises in the surrounding counties devolved upon him, he appears less frequently in the pulpits of other

churches, and there are correspondingly more frequent notices of mission services in adjoining communities.

In 1870 a convocation for the "up-country" was formed by a few clergy to look after mission work from Abbeville to the Blue Ridge Mountains. In this self-sacrificing and noble work the Rev. Mr. Capers bore his full share of the burden.

In pursuing the very interesting record of his early ministry, his development as a preacher is of special interest. The first year or two of his ministry his sermons were largely Old Testament character studies. Then followed lectures upon the Epistles and the parables of Our Lord. The sermons were more or less pictorial and exhortatory. Later the preacher begins to speak from the experiences of his own life and to analyze more carefully the laws of the Christian life. His sermons run more frequently along the lines of "Christian service," "Christian humility," "Christian patience," "Christian peace," "Needless fears," "The Christian's responsibility," "The spirit of truth," "Obedience proven in love." In his sermon before the Convention in Columbia in 1879 his subject was: "Need of a deeper conviction and the power of a consecrated ministry."

The concise and business-like record he kept of his income and expenses reflects another side of his character. It shows how in these years of hard service and small income he had stood on the Mount of Transfiguration and also prayed in the shadow of the Cross. Throughout his entire ministry in Greenville, covering a period of twenty years, he taught at intervals in the colleges of the town, to augment his salary. He taught in the Greenville Female College; the Greenville Military Academy, and in the absence of Professor Judson filled his chair in mathematics in Furman University. He sacrificed himself in all ways and used every opportunity to free himself from debt and maintain his independence. Those similarly placed can appreciate how hard the struggle was. His generosity, his impulsiveness, and his charity frequently

outran his judgment, and we find him, out of all proportion to his income, giving to worthy and unworthy objects.

Mr. Capers had a most tactful and attractive way of dealing with young men. While never condoning sin, he was lenient toward youthful follies. He *led*, rather than drove youth from the paths of indiscretion. Stern or gentle, as occasion demanded, a reproof given by him was seldom without the happiest results.

During the first years of his ministry in Greenville he was in frequent demand to officiate for friends and former parishioners in Anderson. We have in mind a wedding, the bride residing in Anderson and the groom a young man of Greenville. The story as recently related to the writer by one of the party is about as follows:

"General Capers, having gone over to Anderson to marry two of my friends, was present at the bridal supper. The custom of serving wine upon such occasions then was more general than nowadays. Before the supper I had been drinking some, and therefore the champagne affected me. 'The General' had his eye on me. He was uneasy on my account, and for the sake of the company, yet he neither did nor said anything to cause embarrassment. Finally beckoning to me with his finger, as I went to him he said in a quiet but audible voice: 'T——, I would like mighty well to have a smoke. Have you a cigar?' Upon my replying in the affirmative, and handing him one, he suggested that we go out on the piazza and smoke. I was flattered by this invitation. He began at once to relate the most interesting reminiscences of his boyhood in Anderson, and then branched off on 'war stories,' relating personal experiences. Thus we sat and smoked for an hour, until the fresh air and 'cessation of hostilities' had done their work. In a natural manner he suggested that we rejoin the guests, who had withdrawn to the parlors. The result of his goodness and thought for me was that I was 'in shape' for the wedding next morning."

Another incident. An infant was to be baptized during

morning prayer, as directed by the rubrics. Just before the service the party arrived, when, to Mr. Capers' surprise and distress, he learned that a young man, noted for his "sporting proclivities" and dissipated habits, as well as his bonhomie, was to be the child's godfather. What was the clergyman to do? The hour had arrived, the people were there. The prospective sponsor, with his silk hat and Prince Albert coat, was especially in evidence. Mr. Capers sent for this young man, and thus addressed him: "Old fellow, whatever your faults may be, I know you are a sincere man. Therefore, I am going to ask you to sit down here and read over the promises you will have to make, and the statement of faith required of you, when you become a sponsor for this child. During the singing of the first hymn I will come back into the vestry room, and then you can tell me if under the circumstances you are willing to assume the obligation." When he returned, M—— handed him back the prayer book, saying: "General, I am against the proposition. You are right. I had no idea I was going to put the Church in such a position and make such a fool of myself." "But some day, M——, I hope you may be a sponsor within the spirit and requirement of the rubrics," was the rector's reply.

CHAPTER XIII

NINE YEARS AT CHRIST CHURCH, GREENVILLE

FROM the beginning of his ministry "General Capers" was recognized as a leader in the work of the diocese, and his influence was felt throughout the State. Just prior to the War, and during the first decade following, the literary societies of schools and colleges occupied a more dignified relation to the work of the college, and wielded a more extensive influence than they do in modern times. The records in the old scrap book before us show "General Capers" to have been "unanimously elected an honorary member" of a majority of such societies throughout the State. Institutions of learning for girls and young women appear to have been equally zealous in according him such recognition. He was in constant demand as "Commencement orator."

Each year of his ministry in Greenville he was the recipient of calls to larger and more influential parishes than Christ Church. In 1874 the Rev. Mr. Dudley, rector of Christ Church, Baltimore, Md., was elevated to the episcopate, and Mr. Capers was offered the rectorship of that parish. In urging this call upon his consideration, a distinguished citizen, a member of that congregation, writes: "I have cherished for ten years the most lively recollections of our association in the army, and this, in connection with much that I have heard of your successful ministry, make me think that of all the men I know engaged in your sacred calling you are best fitted for this large field."

His parishioners, as well as the citizens of Greenville, were

universally kind to and thoughtful of him. Each year his salary was increased, and through his journal there are frequent entries of gifts to himself and members of his family. With each such entry he makes a fitting expression of appreciation.

In 1874 he was elected as a delegate to the General Convention, which met in New York, and, as it appears from his journal, "friends from the parish and elsewhere made it possible for me to go." These contributions he placed against his personal account with this entry: "These gifts were made to enable me to attend the General Convention in New York, and by my friends also who were in New York."

The Reverend Ellison Capers could not enjoy New York without an effort to share this, then (1874) novel experience, with his family. This he did through his letters to the children. Two of the most interesting we give here:

NEW YORK, Friday night,
Oct. 14, '74.

MY DEAR FRANK:

Suppose I tell you where I have been and what I have seen to-day!

Well, at 9 o'clock A. M. I had an engagement to be at Trinity Chapel to see the worship and parish school, etc. Trinity Chapel is on Twenty-fifth Street, west of Fifth Avenue, this Fifth Avenue being one of the great streets which run north and south in this great city. The chapel is larger than our church in Greenville, and is very beautiful. Some sixty boys, a few ladies and gentlemen, and the choir boys said and sang the Litany service. Several of the choir boys were smaller than Johnny, and one dear-looking little fellow was about half-way between Od and Ell! After service I went into the schoolroom and saw the boys at their books. Then I went to Fifth Avenue and walked down to 596 Broadway, which must be two miles from Twenty-fifth Street, and then at 596 I saw Mays Cleveland. He looks quite well, and was busy

having boots and shoes packed in boxes to send away, N., E., S., and W., for New York is the great market for the whole of our country. Really, my son, you can form no idea of the trade of this great city unless you were here. Blake Howe is here with his father, and if I live, you, too, shall see New York.

From No. 596 I went on down a mile farther in Broadway to 471, to see Mr. John Beattie, and after a pleasant visit to him I took the street cars from Fulton Ferry and rode two more miles, and then crossed over to Brooklyn. Here I visited the Packer Institute, and saw Annie Cox, and heard beautiful reading from the girls and some good poetry recited. Good reading is rare, by the by. These Packer girls read better than any minister I have yet heard, but I think Mother reads better than the best of the girls I heard.

From Packer I came back to New York, met the Bishop at St. John's Church, where the Convention is sitting, and he and Mr. McCullough and I went to Central Park. And this Central Park is a paradise! It is perfectly beautiful and most lovely. I send you a card which the conductor of the Park carriage hands to everyone who rides. But the true way to see the Park is to walk over it, and take all day for it. The menagerie is very fine indeed. Here they have an animal they called a sea lion, which comes from the Northern Pacific Ocean. Just imagine a splendid Bengal tiger, with great fins instead of legs, and two great fins behind instead of a tail, and you have the sea lion! Then there is a splendid hippopotamus, as large as an elephant, and ever so many animals. And all of this for only the trouble of getting there. Everything, but the eating, is free to the poorest.

When the Bishop and I got back to Broadway it was half past six, so we went into a restaurant and took our dinner. Then at 7:30 went to the Board of Missions at St. Ann's, West Eighteenth Street, and there I left them all at half past nine, and came to Mr. LeRoy's, No. 20 West Twenty-third Street. And now, my son, it must be one o'clock, and I must

say good-night. Kiss Mother and May and Johnny and Oddy and Ell and Walter and Lottie, and Aunt Lila and Videau, and let May kiss you for your own dear,

FATHER.

On the value of prizes.

AT MR. LEROY'S, 20 WEST 23RD ST.,
NEW YORK, Oct. 21, '74.

MY DEAR SON:

I read a letter from Mother written last Friday and Saturday, this morning, and I was glad to learn that you had taken the prize for good riding. Father thinks he owes it to his dear boy to seize this occasion to be of service to you, Frank, by giving you a word of caution, as well as congratulation. The prizes we take in life, my son, are only valuable to us as we make them serve us as a real good purpose. For instance, the blue ribbon is just as valuable a prize as a five-dollar bill would be if we make it remind us of the effort and perseverance and an honorable emulation. But if it makes us vain and boastful and pretentious, and unmindful of the nobler feelings of modesty and humility, and consideration for our inferiors, then it has only done us harm. Never boast or brag of your good riding, or allude to your prize in a vain spirit. The greatest men are always the simplest and the humblest. Your grandfather Capers was one of the first men of his day, and he never once to my recollection alluded to his great success as a preacher, or his fame among men.

Great men shine, says a writer, as the sun shines, because they are full of light and must shine. Small men are like an illuminated sign I see every night on Fifth Avenue; they shine by great effort and much ado, and all sorts of arrangements to attract attention.

This blue ribbon is your first prize, my son, and tho' I would have rejoiced if you had taken it for good reading, or speaking, or singing, far more than I do, yet if you make it help you to repress any temptation to vanity or boasting, and

to spur you on to higher and nobler effort, it will only be the beginning of the prizes which you will win in life. And may you and I, my dear boy, win the prize which can never fade away, and which is laid up for us through the love of Jesus our dear Saviour.

If it pleases God to unite us all again I will have much to tell you of this great city.

I expected to have received a letter from you before this, and have been disappointed in your not writing to me. If your life is spared and you become a man, and a father, you will be sure to look for letters from home with all the interest which Father has felt to hear from you all.

Kiss dear Mother for me and tell her I enjoyed her letter this morning ever so much. Love and kisses to Mary, John, Od, Ell, Walter, and Lottie.

Your loving father,

E. CAPERS.

Rev. Ellison Capers took a deep interest in the Sunday school, and every department of the church's life and work steadily grew and prospered under his devoted care. In 1866 Christ Church was a divided, demoralized, and discouraged congregation, with but few communicants.

The journal of his early ministry reveals, among other things, the sentimental estimate our forefathers placed upon the wedding fee. This fee was given in a spirit of gratitude to the man who "gave the groom his bride." It was not then a formal, meaningless custom. Consequently wedding fees then were largely in excess of such fees to-day. These fees ranged from twenty to fifty dollars, and were invariably "paid in gold."

There are but few entries in his journal of five and ten dollar wedding fees. Many were the occasions when there was no fee at all. The rectory was the popular sanctuary at which the less fortunate Confederate soldier and his bride were frequently united in the holy bonds of wedlock by the

“General”; likewise with the poor of the parish, and often family servants. Such service was of course freely rendered and never failed to be the occasion of much interest to the large family of children, as well as visiting friends at such times. Many and amusing are the incidents that occurred at these impromptu weddings, all of which the Rev. Mr. Capers enjoyed with a keen relish, and often related with delightful humor. We recall his intense amusement upon two occasions especially. One was the marriage of a couple from the factory, the “best man” being the bride’s brother. At the conclusion of the service the groom asked: “What do you charge?” The reply was: “There is no charge; anything given is purely voluntary.” The groom thereupon pulled the “best man” aside, and in a moment he returned and handed the officiating minister four dollars. With keen insight into human nature, Mr. Capers noticed the sullen and downcast expression of the “best man’s” face. When the couple withdrew he asked the best man to wait a moment. Making inquiry as to the source from which the groom secured his wedding fee, the brother-in-law said: “From me, and I will never see a cent of it again.” The money was promptly given back and the “best man” retired light-hearted and happy.

Upon another occasion a colored couple were married in the parlors of the rectory. The children and members of the family were all assembled to witness the ceremony. The ceremony concluded, the blushing and agitated bride heaved a heavy sigh and sank upon the sofa. The groom stepped forward to “salute” her with a kiss. Looking at him reproachfully she said: “Oh, shu, Tom, can’t you wait?” The incongruity of this feigned modesty provoked the children to laughter, and was the source of great amusement to us all.

In recalling the days when patriarchal sentiment existed between the races, we marvel at the unwisdom of outside interference, which has only tended to drive white and black farther and farther apart. Even in the ’70’s and ’80’s, when guided by our own inclinations, and not *directed* to perform

a stated service, and without a thought of social equality on the part of either black or white, the ministers of the parish administered to the spiritual needs of both races. They were members of the same church and partakers at the same altar. In the parish register of Christ Church, Greenville, there is a record of eight colored families, members and communicants of the parish. In Mr. Capers' personal journal is a scrap of paper bearing the signature of seven negroes, with the amount subscribed placed opposite their names (amounting to \$7.50). This is accompanied by the following: "For Mr. Capers' Christmas present from the colored members of his congregation, to whom he is always so kind." Such would be impossible to-day. Is the change for the betterment of the negro race?

In the summer of 1875 Mr. Capers received and accepted the call to St. Paul's Church, Selma, Ala., salary three thousand a year, and rectory. The accompanying letter in connection with this call gives us an interesting picture of Mr. Capers at the age of thirty-eight.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., July 29, 1875.

MY DEAR SIR:

In accordance with the resolution of the vestry, communicated to me by Captain Nelson, I went down to Greenville on Tuesday last to see Mr. Capers, and communicate with him in regard to his acceptance of the call to Selma. I was quite favorably impressed with him. I found him to be a gentleman of pleasant manners, frank, earnest, intelligent, and zealous. He appears to be highly esteemed in Greenville by the church people and citizens generally. He seems to be a man of strong sympathies, and I was told paid great attention to the poor and the sick. I found him almost settled in his determination to decline our call. His main objections were two. First, his wife's incapacity to endure hot weather, and, second, the strong disinclination of Bishop Howe against his leaving the diocese at this time. He told me that Bishop Howe

was his father in God, and he would not leave the diocese without his full and free consent and advice, however hard it might be for him to remain,—and he means it. It seems that there are but one or two ministers in the whole northern portion of South Carolina, and Greenville is the only place where the Church is growing. He said, too, that he felt it almost impossible to leave his congregation, that they have been so kind and affectionate that he must sacrifice much to leave them. His salary, however, is only twelve hundred dollars, and he has seven children, so that it is almost impossible for him to live and educate his children. The youngest is four years old.

His wife appears to be delicate, but seems to take an active part in church work. He finally told me that he would give our call a favorable consideration, and would advise with Bishop Howe, who reached Greenville last night. I think he will accept if Bishop Howe does not take strong ground against it. He told me very frankly that the salary was an important thing to him, that he could give his children nothing but an education, and that they could not get it as he is now situated.

I told him I thought there would be but little trouble in his getting a vacation of two months in the heat of the summer, and I think it must be conceded to him. I believe, however, this has been customary when the health of the family required it. I heard Mr. Capers read the service and lecture yesterday evening. He is a capital reader, has a clear, musical voice, not loud, but quite distinct; reads with earnestness. He lectured ten minutes *extempo*; speaks readily and easily; no affectation, talks very well. He writes his sermons. He told me he feared he would not give satisfaction as a preacher. The church people in Greenville say he is a capital preacher; the outsiders say, good.

Mr. Capers will impress anyone very favorably socially. He is a polished gentleman, with easy and attractive manners, and I am told is quite a trump in the social line. He appears,

however, to be a man of prudence, and to have a will of his own, which he doesn't hesitate to express to his vestry. He is a son of the late Bishop Capers of the Methodist Church. He told me that he got along very pleasantly with his dissenting brethren; they call him "Brother Capers." I take it that he is somewhat Low church—classing him on a cotton basis;—as to his churchmanship, I would rank him about "good ordinary." He is a man of a cheerful temperament, and looks on the bright side of things. I have given you a pretty thorough estimate of his character from a day's observation and investigation. It only remains to give a brief description of his appearance. He is about five feet, ten inches; will weigh about 145, has blue eyes, brown hair,—a little inclined not to stay on his head (like Colonel Dawson), has a prominent but pleasant nose, one that you would not feel inclined to pull, but bow to; has something of the appearance of a college professor, but rather more genial. He dresses neatly and harmoniously, and the general get-up is pleasant and agreeable. To sum up, I think his selection is the best that could have been made, and I would vote for him now against the field, if such an expression is permissible in a vestryman. He was Secretary of State of South Carolina in 1867, and resigned that office, four thousand dollars salary, to take charge of the church at Greenville.

He told me that if Bishop Howe did not seriously oppose his leaving, he thought he would run down to Selma next week and see what he thought of it as a residence for his wife. Perhaps you had best get tickets for him and send him. If he comes you had better put a lump of ice under his bed. I have written more at length than I had any idea of when I commenced, and hence the rambling style of my note. Mr. Capers asked me to tell you that he would write you in a few days. He received a call from Christ Church, Macon, Ga., the morning I reached Greenville, and had one the day before from some other place. We have the go on them, however, as he seems more inclined to Selma than anywhere else. I

would rather pay him three thousand dollars than to take the chances on any other parson at two thousand dollars (except Mr. Cobb).

Yours truly,

(Signed) JOS. F. JOHNSTON.

When the Reverend Mr. Capers had definitely decided to accept the call to Selma, the public press took notice of his intention in the following editorials:

“REV. ELLISON CAPERS

“This gentleman is so generally esteemed by the people of Greenville in all the walks of life, in and out of the church, that we fear his place will not easily be filled.

“We love the man for his social qualities, his warm, genial temper, for his earnest discharge of the duties in his profession. We honor him as a Christian gentleman. We who love Mr. Capers can only regret his leaving. We are assured that wherever he goes he will be honored as the people of Greenville have honored him.

“The people of Selma may well congratulate themselves in being able to take from us one of the most useful and promising men of our young city.”—*Greenville Daily News*, September 5, 1875.

Dr. Buist, pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Greenville, in a communication to the *Mountaineer*, writes the following notice of this gentleman:

“The Rev. Ellison Capers, for many years the beloved and honored rector of Christ Church in this place, has resigned his charge here and accepted an unanimous invitation to the Episcopal church in Selma, Ala. Both churches are important fields of usefulness, but the church in Selma is the largest and furnishes most probably the more extensive and abundant materials for doing good.

"The Rev. Mr. Capers is much esteemed in this community and greatly beloved by his church. Few men will be more useful and many a cloud will rest upon us as a people by his absence.

"His pure and Christian life, his charming and genial manners, his delightful instruction in the pulpit, his unwearied attention to the poor and sick, will be our loss, but they will be Selma's gain, and the light and joy we lose we trust will be redoubled to the people among whom he goes, and long may he live to bless them, and oft may he visit his devoted people to cheer and enlighten them."

Preamble and resolutions adopted unanimously by Columbia Convocation at the meeting in Trinity Church, Columbia, S. C., January 27, 1876:

WHEREAS, since our last meeting, Rev. Ellison Capers, one of the original movers and most efficient promoters of this Convocation, has been, in God's Providence, called away from our fellowship, to a field of duty beyond our limits and those of the diocese:

Resolved:

1st—That we sincerely regret the severance of those bonds which bound our dear Brother Capers to us as a member of this body.

2nd—That we will always cherish him in our remembrance, and that he has our earnest prayers and best wishes for his happiness and success in his new field of labor.

3rd—That this tribute be entered on our minutes and a copy transmitted to him by the Secretary.

(Signed) P. J. SHAND, *President*.

JOHN KERSHAW,
Secretary.

In connection with this call and his return to Greenville there is this unique circumstance. Called from Christ Church,

Greenville, to St. Paul's, Selma, the former church became vacant after Mr. Capers had been in Selma a year. The retiring rector, the Rev. Mr. Jackson (afterward Bishop of Alabama), the vestry, the congregation, the various societies in the church, the town as a municipality, and various organizations of citizens all united in petitioning Mr. Capers to return to his former charge. This call he accepted. When he had been in Greenville three years St. Paul's, Selma, became vacant, and he was called back to that parish, similar action being taken there, as in Greenville, by congregation, vestry, citizens, and officials of Selma. When, twelve years after the second call to St. Paul's was extended him Dr. Capers was elevated to the episcopate, a beautiful episcopal ring, the seal of the Diocese of South Carolina, was the offering this loyal parish made to the bishop who had served them as rector for just *one year*.

A collection of small, stylized drawings of various insects, including beetles, flies, and bees, arranged in a grid-like pattern. The drawings are simple line art, showing the basic shapes and features of each insect. They are arranged in a grid-like pattern, with some insects appearing in pairs or small groups. The insects include beetles, flies, and bees, each depicted in a different pose or orientation. The drawings are arranged in a grid-like pattern, with some insects appearing in pairs or small groups. The insects include beetles, flies, and bees, each depicted in a different pose or orientation. The drawings are arranged in a grid-like pattern, with some insects appearing in pairs or small groups. The insects include beetles, flies, and bees, each depicted in a different pose or orientation.



CHRIST CHURCH, GREENVILLE, S. C.

Opposite page 155.

CHAPTER XIV

RETURN TO GREENVILLE

SEPTEMBER 14, 1876.*—On this day I received a call to return to Greenville, the Rev. Mr. Jackson having determined to return to Virginia.

October 31.—Left Selma, from Colonel Dawson's, in company with Mr. Hallam, my successor, and arrived at Dalton at 8 P. M.

November 2.—Frank, John, and Oddy left with me at eight this morning for Atlanta, by dirt road; arrived at Atlanta at 2:30 P. M. on the 4th, after a delightful travel over the same road on which I marched and fought and suffered with General Johnston's army in 1864.

Sunday 5.—Spent the day in Atlanta and preached at night from these words: "Be strong in the faith."

November 6.—Arrived in Greenville at midnight.

Sunday 12.—Resumed my duties as rector. Celebrated holy communion, read morning prayer and preached from Ephesians.

Nov. 11, 1877.—I have not kept my official journal for 1877 with any regularity. During the year I have officiated regularly in my parish and discharged the usual duties. The year had been an eventful one in my family. John, Ell, and May has each been ill with typhoid fever, and Mrs. Capers has been unusually tried by bad health. We sent our eldest son off to school in September. We lost our valuable horse in December, the second horse lost since our return to Greenville.

The writer's first recollections of Greenville go back to the

*Private journal.

return from Selma in 1876. The old rectory of Christ Church was a big, square, two-story frame house, with a large garret in which the children delighted to play. Between the rectory and the lawn was an old-fashioned circular flower garden, around which was the "driveway." From this "driveway" a gravel walk led up to the house. Beautiful oak and hickory trees cast their grateful shade about the premises. Beyond the grove was the meadow, where the "family horse" and the "parson's cow" spent their leisure hours grazing, and, in season, "fighting flies." Here the boys had a baseball diamond, marked out for them by their ever indulgent father's own hands. The churchyard was entered through a gate at the foot of this lawn. To the east and north of the churchyard lay about two acres of glebe land. Part of this was cultivated as a garden, and the remainder planted in "provender" for horse and cow. Mr. Capers was a devoted gardener. He loved nature. It delighted him to be in "the open," to work in the soil, and to watch the development and growth of fruit and flower, tree and plant. The yield of his garden was sufficient to supply his family an abundant table. This was quite a feat, for in addition to the regular family of nine there were always friends, relatives, and some times, "the stranger within the gate" to sit down to each meal.

During the hot June of 1878 Mr. Capers worked so industriously in his garden that he suffered a sunstroke. He was afterward quite sensitive to such exposure. Unwilling to forego the pleasure, the profit, and the exercise—all so necessary to him—which work in the field gave him, he adopted the device of a sunshade. This was a kind of umbrella, which rested upon steel rods fastened about his waist, a prong resting upon his shoulders.

The life at the rectory was simple, but strenuous. The hospitality extended there was "open hospitality," where friends "just dropped in to a family meal."

Mr. Capers inherited from his father a mechanical turn. He was "a born carpenter." In his zeal to keep up the rec-

tory premises, he often made an appeal for materials and pledged himself as responsible for the carpenter work. During his long rectorship the stable and other outhouses were often shingled by him, while, with "old Uncle Ned" to dig the postholes, he and his "boys" ran the fences around and the cross fences through the entire place.

Upon one occasion the rectory needed enlarging. A dining-room, pantry, and kitchen were required. The loyal little congregation was much interested in the enterprise, but in the face of other obligations its accomplishment was doubtful. Mr. Capers solved the difficulty by offering to build the addition himself if the materials were furnished. This work he accomplished without detriment to his parish or pulpit duties, and in the midst of demands for additional addresses and sermons outside of his own parish. The work was necessarily "long drawn out," but when finally finished the parish, as well as the rector and his family, was very proud of the result. Though his sons helped him in such work, he was always thoughtful of their pleasures and sacrificed himself to do the "lion's share."

He took the liveliest interest in his children's pets. The chickens, pigeons, goats, and dogs all claimed and received his interested attention. He taught his sons to shoot, ride, and swim, and encouraged them in manly sports. He made fine parallel and horizontal bars for them to "act" on, and often took his guests out to see the boys take their gymnastic exercises. In the summer months he frequently drove his sons and their friends to Goldsmith's pond. There, under his instruction, we all learned to swim. He was a strong man and a good swimmer. As a child, and later as a cadet at the Citadel, he enjoyed the surf and swam in the fresh-water streams of the low country. When quite small we boys would straddle his back and he would swim the pond with us, one at a time. We recall the excitement on one occasion when engaged in this sport. John, the boy on his back, became frightened; in spite of the commands of "the General"

to sit steady in his position, the little fellow kept moving up toward his father's neck. Protests were of no avail; the child reached the neck and frantically clutched his father's head. The result was inevitable. Down went swimmer, rider, and all! Mr. Capers came up badly strangled and gasping for breath. He endeavored to locate the child, who, when under the water, had gotten from him. The moment was critical. The little fellow came up and screamed. The eldest son, Frank, had already started to their assistance, and by the time his brother rose the second time he had him by the hair and was swimming toward the shore. Mr. Capers, having by this time recovered himself, lent his aid, and soon they were out of the water that had been beyond their depth. We do not recall that the practice of "riding father across the pond" was ever indulged in again.

The second ministry of Mr. Capers at Christ Church was one of ever-increasing activity in the missionary work of the church. During the week he was frequently away from home holding services in the country. In this connection we recall an incident which illustrates his aggressiveness and determination when in the performance of duty. With the Rev. Mr. Hallam, of Abbeville, he was to hold a mission at Laurence, some thirty miles distant. Mr. Hallam arrived the night before, as they were to start early the next morning. Two of the boys went down to the livery stable to bring up the conveyance in which their father and Mr. Hallam were to make the journey. A splendid pair of horses, rigged to a light buggy, was soon at the door. The two youngsters asked their father to let them "take a turn" before he made his start. He was always anxious to please his children. However, upon this occasion he was afraid to trust the boys alone with the spirited horses. He therefore offered to go along, letting the elder of the two "do the driving." After a short spin they returned to the rectory. The little fellow driving thoughtlessly dropped the reins as he jumped out. The other boy was standing at the horses' heads. As Mr. Capers got out

of the buggy the loop of the reins caught him about the feet. He fell forward heavily, striking his head a tremendous blow on the brick steps. He was knocked unconscious. Ellison struggled manfully to lift his father, while Walter held the horses. Both boys called lustily for help. In a few moments the family and servants were upon the scene. Mr. Capers was taken into the house, where he regained consciousness. Resting for an hour or two he then proceeded on the drive, in spite of the protests of his family, the advice of his doctor, and the appeals of Mrs. Capers. He was always impatient of restraint in the face of what he conceived to be his duty. "Why, they will be coming for miles to attend the services. I cannot disappoint them. It will be too bad to postpone the mission. The blow is nothing." That was his final answer to their protests.

CHAPTER XV

NOMINATED STATE SUPERINTENDENT OF EDUCATION

THE Republican usurpation in South Carolina during "Reconstruction" made Democracy a unit. But after the Democratic triumph in 1876 men began again to think for themselves along economic lines. They acted more independently in the agitation of political questions.

In the Middle West the Greenback party was organized to further the increased use of "greenback" currency and a more complete recognition of such currency as a legal tender. This party finally united its strength with the Labor Party, and in 1880 cast more than three hundred thousand votes for James B. Weaver (recently dead) for the Presidency. Under General William Mahone, "the Hero of the Crater," the Readjuster party dominated Virginia politics in 1881. This party made its fight on the proposition either to reject entirely or else scale down and readjust the enormous State debt contracted during the war and Reconstruction era.

About this time the "Grange" or Farmers' Alliance sprang up, and Mr. Bland also began his agitation in Congress for "free silver." It was an era of political unrest. Following the panic of 1873 was a period of prosperity. Then values began again to diminish. The year 1882 was not a prosperous one. Somebody was to blame! Why not the political party in power? A faction of the Democratic party and elements belonging to and in sympathy with Republican, Greenback, Labor, Readjuster, "Grange" parties respectively were ready to fuse for the overthrow of the "common enemy."

The Democratic party was alive to the situation. Party leaders had been advising, feeling the pulse of the people, with a view to securing the strongest men to be nominated for the various offices on the State ticket in South Carolina.

In addition to questions and agitations of general political interest, the question of the re-establishment of the Citadel and the State College was made a dominant issue in the impending campaign in South Carolina. The Citadel, the military school of the State, and the South Carolina College, at Columbia, had but recently been re-established. While these colleges were closed the denominational colleges had taken full possession of the educational field and now strongly opposed their re-establishment. Strong in the support of their alumni in the Legislature, these colleges endeavored to check the growth of the State's halls of learning and their first point of attack was opposition to the free tuition feature of these institutions.

The position of the denominational colleges in reference to "free tuition" may be summed up in the words of Dr. Furman:

"Free tuition was established in the State college, and immediately other colleges felt the damaging effect in the withdrawal of students, lured away by this sole consideration. We will not charge this upon the Board of Trustees as an *intentional plan of injury to the other colleges*, since they have attempted to excuse it as a measure necessitated by the Constitution. But since that position has been demonstrated to be untenable, and the Constitution creates no such necessity, it would have been a fitting thing if some word had been said about this unequal and unjust state of things."

The position maintained by Mr. Capers and others supporting the State colleges was: First, as far as "free tuition" *being leveled at the denominational colleges*, the character of the men on the board of trustees should be a guarantee that no such ignoble scheme was contemplated.*

*Among the board were Governors Hampton, Simpson, Jeter, Hagood, and Thompson, ex-officio chairman.

Second: As to the "untenable position" that "the Constitution created no such a necessity": "the Constitution of 1868 declared that the General Assembly shall provide for the maintenance of the State University . . . (sec. 10). All the public schools, colleges, and universities of this State, supported in whole or in part by the public funds, shall be *free* and open to all the children and youths of the State, without regard to race or color. The board of trustees construe this section as a command that the University, being supported in part by the public funds, must not only be open to all the children and youths of the State without regard to race or color, but also must be free,—that is, that the instruction therein must be given to all the children and youths of the State without charge."

This construction of the Constitution was not only accepted by the ablest lawyers in the State, but was upheld by the Hon. Leroy F. Youmans, Attorney General, and the chief and associate justices of the State Supreme Court.

The Rev. Mr. Capers gave this movement his sympathetic interest and strong support, accepting invitations to deliver addresses throughout the State; and endeavored to arouse the interest of the people through the press.

We give below an excerpt from a letter written to him by one of the most prominent educators in South Carolina commending him upon his course. The writer was a prominent Methodist.

"Partisan zeal is the same one-sided, unnecessary thing in Church or State. Our Methodist bishop, Mactyeire, led the way in a bold demand (which his organ endorses) for education by denominational colleges and schools only. I showed up his selfishness in an article to the *S. C. Advocate*. Narrow, selfish, and unpatriotic, they work only to their selfish individual advantage. You spoke as a South Carolinian rejoicing in the recuperated strength of his State, as a son in the halls of his ancestral home delighted to see his mother arrayed in

her robes of state, and leading in the education of her sons, preparing to prescribe a standard in every branch of training to which all of the colleges must conform, if they would escape inferiority by declaring *ex-cathedra* what shall be considered an education in her domain, be it Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, or Episcopal. The difference between these positions is the difference between patriotism and party spirit. There will be abundant opportunity for speech. The fight will last a long time."

It must be understood that Mr. Capers cheerfully conceded that denominational colleges served a high and noble purpose, and should be maintained, but their maintenance should not conflict with or upset the obligation of the State to give her sons and daughters the opportunity for higher education as a natural sequence of the admitted obligation of the State to give them the foundation of an education through the public school system.

A contributor has sent the following anecdote: "Dr. J. C. Furman, president of Furman University (a Baptist College), and Mr. Capers were devoted friends. Dr. Furman was much Mr. Capers' senior and always addressed him as 'Ellison.' The two men met by appointment to discuss the situation. Mr. Capers explained his attitude to the Doctor; they parted feeling that there was 'honor enough for all,' and Dr. Furman from and after that interview gave his splendid support to the State colleges, with no less loyalty, of course, to his own university and other denominational schools."

When the Citadel and State College were re-established, Mr. Capers was frequently mentioned as the probable head of one or the other. Dr. John M. McBryde, who became president of South Carolina College in 1882, writes: "In 1882, when I returned to South Carolina, the Rev. Ellison Capers was living in Greenville. When President Miles resigned in August of that year Mr. Capers was spoken of through the press as a splendid man for the presidency of the re-established

college. He at once made it known that he did not desire the position." The circumstances were similar in reference to the superintendency of the Citadel. He did, however, accept the invitation to deliver the opening address for his alma mater. This address was to be in the nature of a résumé of the Citadel's work for the State, and an appeal for loyal and liberal support from the citizens. The address appears in full elsewhere in this work.

Mr. Capers advocated a broad and patriotic platform of education. He was honored by his fellow-citizens and brother clergy, irrespective of creed; loved by his old soldiers and trusted by the masses of the people; while he enjoyed the confidence of the denominational colleges, and numbered among his warm, personal friends Drs. Furman, Duncan, Judson; the distinguished Baptist divine, Dr. John Broadus, and Dr. Woodrow.

Thus Mr. Capers seemed the logical man for the office of State Superintendent of Education. The Democratic convention of August 2 nominated him for that office, nominating for Governor the Hon. Hugh S. Thompson. Mr. Thompson was then the Superintendent of Education. He was later appointed United States Civil Service Commissioner by President Cleveland, and afterward became Auditor of the New York Life Insurance Co.

While the State convention was in session in Columbia, Mr. Capers, all unconscious of the effort to draw him into politics, was at his home in Greenville. In fact, he was making every preparation to take a camping trip with his sons. For several summers he had spent his vacation in this manner. He took great delight in this form of recreation, and was deeply interested in instructing his boys in the craft of "camp life." With him it revived pleasant memories of army life, while we greatly enjoyed "war stories" told around the camp-fire. Upon the occasion of his nomination the camping party was on the way, and had reached Sans Souci, three miles from town, when a messenger overtook us with a telegram from Columbia,

informing Mr. Capers of his nomination, and urging his acceptance by wire. We well remember his surprise and evident distress, as well as our sense of pride and pleasure that he had been thus honored. Being little fellows, we did not then appreciate the situation. Immediately he wrote a telegram, declining the nomination, and also one to a warm personal friend in the convention, requesting him to act for him and see to it that his name was taken off the ticket. We then proceeded on our way to the mountains, and there spent a very happy vacation.

The convention adjourned and the "ticket" was announced, with Mr. Capers as the nominee for State Superintendent of Education. When he returned he found himself "on the horns of a dilemma." The politicians appealed to his "patriotism," his "party obligation." They suggested that the educational interest was clearly a ministerial obligation. When he demurred, they put forward the argument that he could employ a competent assistant to do the detail work and he continue his parochial duties, giving the office the strength of his name and the work a general supervision. Finally they urged him to allow his name to remain on the ticket until the election was over, and then, if he found the office interfered with his duties as rector of Christ Church, he could resign the State office. Further, they asserted that taking his name off the ticket would create confusion and work materially against party success. These appeals he withstood until some of the ablest and best men in the State, many of them his lifelong friends, leaders in the work and council of the Church, began to urge his acceptance. He then yielded a reluctant consent to give the proposition a trial, provided he had the consent and approval of his bishop and the vestry and congregation of Christ Church. Giving the matter further consideration, he decided that the demand made upon him to foster the educational interests of the State were subordinate, under any circumstances, to his obligations to the Church, and he therefore wrote the Executive Committee to that

effect. The subjoined letters indicate the pressure that was brought to bear on him to accept the nomination:

STATE NORMAL INSTITUTE.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Aug. 3, 1882.

MY DEAR MR. CAPERS:

I have the honor to transmit to you through this morning's mail the following resolution adopted by the members of the State Normal Institute, assembled in their rooms to-day:

"Whereas, the Democratic State Convention, realizing that the promotion of Col. Hugh S. Thompson, our honored and successful Superintendent of Education, marks a crisis in the interests of our educational system, did on yesterday unanimously nominate as his successor to that office the Revd. Ellison Capers, of Greenville;

Be it resolved, that we, the teachers of South Carolina, assembled in the State Normal Institute, do hereby heartily endorse the action of the Convention, do cordially congratulate Revd. Mr. Capers on his having been chosen under circumstances of such unusual honor, and do earnestly urge him to hear the voice of the people and to accept the nomination.

A. P. HENRY,
Secretary.

OFFICE OF STATE SUPERINTENDENT OF EDUCATION

CHARLESTON, S. C., Aug. 3, 1882.

DEAR MR. CAPERS:

It is rumored here that you may not accept the nomination of the convention.

I have but time to beg that you will not announce your decision to decline, if such should be your purpose, until I can communicate with you.

I desire to offer some suggestions to you which may possibly have weight in deciding the course which you will pursue.

I need not say how much pleasure it would give me to be united with you on the same ticket, but I have even a higher purpose in asking you not to decline the nomination.

In haste,

Very truly,

HUGH S. THOMPSON.

COLUMBIA & GREENVILLE RAILROAD,

A. C. Haskell, Pres.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Aug. 4, 1882.

DEAR CAPERS:

I am not in politics, but I was in the struggle of 1876, and I feel a deep interest in all that concerns the State, and a never ceasing desire to see all done that can be done to secure to our people of *both races* the good which had a right to grow out of the triumph of 1876, and which would have grown, I think, without a break or halt if the pledges of 1876 had not been so much forgotten as they were in 1878.

The nomination of Thompson for Governor is an assurance to me, for he will stand on the platform of 1876, and has the confidence of both races.

The Superintendent of Education is really the *connecting link between the races*. He meets them on a common ground and controls the formation of character in both, and can best reach the heart of each. It is, in my judgment, the most important office in the State, for it is the one which has direct means of doing most good among our people and in the eyes of the world. In the hands of a man not well fitted, however worthy he might be in other respects, the office will be a failure, and its failure is a foundation of incalculable evil. Of all men that I know, I should regard you as best qualified to meet the demands of this office. And, so far from being in conflict with your spiritual charge, it only magnifies your field and enables you to mingle the broad principles of religion with the entire training of the young people of the State. I

pray that your conscience and your judgment will lead you to the acceptance of the charge which has thus unexpectedly been put upon you. Don't "accept for the canvass," but accept in earnest, as you always are, and take the trust with all the power that goes with it, and make us all feel the power you have and be grateful, as we will be, that you have taken it and put it in exercise.

Pardon my presumption, and further, the haste with which I write, for the train is about to leave and I can't express fully what I wish to say.

With great respect and regards,

Faithfully yours,

A. C. HASKELL.

LAW OFFICE OF PERRY & PERRY

GREENVILLE, S. C., Aug. 12, 1882.

MY DEAR GENERAL CAPERS:

I hope you will excuse the presumption of my writing to you in reference to your acceptance of the nomination for Superintendent of Public Education in South Carolina.

I think you should by all means accept the position. I would by no means give such advice if your acceptance required you to give up the rectorship of your church, but I am sure you can perform both duties without much difficulty. Education is in the line of your profession and not at all connected with party politics.

The salary is \$2100, and you have a clerk with a salary of \$1200, who can do most of the office business. You owe it to your family, as well as to your country, to accept the office.

Let me entreat you to consider well your duty to your interesting and growing family before you refuse an office worth \$3,300. It will place you, with your salary from your Church, above want, and by industry you can discharge all your duties

to both and be of service to your country and the cause of education.

With great respect, etc.,

B. F. PERRY.*

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 9, 1882.

DEAR SIR:

I see by a Charleston paper that you have been nominated for Superintendent of Education. The State can get no better man, and I heartily congratulate it, and yourself also, if the office is one of either pleasure or profit.

I wish I were a citizen of South Carolina, for the election day at least, and I trust you will largely lead the ticket.

Very truly yours,

W. C. PATTERSON, JR.

OFFICE OF THE DEUTSCHE ZEITUNG
F. Melchers & Son, Proprietors

CHARLESTON, S. C., Aug. 3, 1882.

DEAR SIR:

As an old friend and comrade, I desire to add my congratulations to the host of friends you have, to your nomination as Superintendent of Education. You did not seek the office, but the office sought you. As the right man in the right place you will no doubt do your part to the regeneration of our good old State.

With a Thompson at the helm and with your ripe experience at the head of education, the State must make rapid strides forward.

Advanced education is the watchword of the world now. The pen is mightier than the sword.

I must congratulate the State for having called you to the position of Superintendent of Education.

With respect,

Yours truly,

F. MELCHERS.

*Mr. Perry was Provisional Governor of South Carolina.—ED.

PERU, HILLSBORO Co., FLA., Aug. 23, 1882.

MY DEAR ELLISON :

I hope the congratulation of an old friend upon your nomination to the important office of Superintendent of Education by the late Democratic Convention in South Carolina will not be unpleasant to you.

It has been delayed until I could see your acceptance, for which I have anxiously looked. That pleasing intelligence was conveyed to me upon the receipt of my Anderson paper yesterday.

My removal from South Carolina has not diminished my interest in her welfare, and I assure you, my friend, that the nomination of Hugh Thompson and yourself for the two offices of highest importance in the State, while personally pleasing to me, are assurances equally that my old State is alive to her best interest and welfare.

I hope and believe that the choice of the convention will be overwhelmingly reiterated as the voice of the whole people, or at any rate, its best element.

With sincere regards, I am,

Yours very truly,

G. H. SYMMES.

The view point of Mr. Capers is clearly given in the following letter :

TO GEN. JAS. F. IZLAR, *Chairman*, etc.

My Dear Sir: The reluctant consent I gave to the executive committee to accept the nomination of the convention for the office of State Superintendent of Public Instruction places me in a position I cannot consent longer to hold.

If elected to this office by the people I am bound in honor to enter upon the earnest discharge of its duties.

I am satisfied, after a careful review of the duties of the office as defined in the statute, that I could not be a faithful

superintendent of education and remain the rector of my parish.

The claims of the latter are paramount, and must command my unqualified consideration.

This has been my conviction from the first intimation I had of my nomination, but I was constrained to yield it to the opinions and wishes of others, and especially in deference to the urgent request that I should defer to a later period my final determination.

After a review of my action, I am satisfied that I have erred in thus yielding my consent to the nomination against my convictions, and that my duty now is to make as full a correction of my action as I can.

To my fellow-citizens who have conferred upon me their confidence I am most sincerely grateful. If I could serve them in the office to which they have called me without detriment to the higher service which for their sakes I feel bound to maintain, I would not hesitate a moment.

I attach no blame whatever to anyone but myself for the awkwardness of this withdrawal. With my best wishes for the full and highest success of the approaching canvass, I hereby resign my nomination as the candidate of the Democratic party of South Carolina for the office of State Superintendent of Education.

With great respect, I am, your obedient servant,

ELLISON CAPERS.

OFFICE OF JAMES F. IZLAR,

Chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee.

ORANGEBURG, S. C., Aug. 24, 1882.

REVD. ELLISON CAPERS,

Greenville, S. C.

My Dear Sir: Your letter declining the nomination of State Superintendent of Education was received yesterday. I regret exceedingly to give you up. Your nomination gave

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My Dear Sir: Your letter declining the nomination of State Superintendent of Education was received yesterday. I regret exceedingly to give you up. Your nomination gave

entire satisfaction. I was in hopes that you would find the office compatible with your higher calling, and suffer your name to remain on the ticket, be elected, and serve the people in this important position. Upon calmer reflection, however, I must say that I, at least, am satisfied that you have acted wisely.

I received a letter from our beloved bishop asking that you be relieved, and giving fully his views.

I have issued a call for a meeting of the Executive Committee on the 29th inst. Your letter will be laid before the committee and I feel sure the committee will relieve you.

Your letter, as requested, shall be published.

I will telegraph you from Columbia the action of the committee, and you can then publish also the letter in the Greenville papers.

I am, very truly and fraternally,

JAS. F. IZLAR.

The letters following present the viewpoint of friends who rejoiced that Mr. Capers declined the nomination:

BISHOP'S HOUSE

CHARLESTON, Aug. 24, 1882.

DEAR BROTHER CAPERS:

Yours to General Blair just in, and it puts you, as I see it, all right before the Church and before the State. If you made a mistake in accepting temporarily the nomination, under the strongest kind of pressure, which nobody else in the State would have been subjected to—for I know no one so popular as yourself—you have more nobly redeemed your mistake. I believe that so far from limiting the prospects of the Democratic party, it will in the long run help them. What all good men sigh to see is some touch of conscience in our politics, and I am sure they will welcome this evidence of what you have given. That so popular a man as yourself has withdrawn, and for conscience' sake, will tell for good.

Of course, my dear brother, you will be sharply criticised. It will be said you should have thought of all these things you mention in your letter before, etc., but if words hurt, and no doubt they will, do you just look right straight into heaven to Him whom St. Stephen saw. He knows all about it, a great deal more than newspapers. I think, too, it is better for you to come right out, as you have done, and look the State in the eye and say: "I have been mistaken," than for me, as Bishop, to have expressed to you a "godly judgment," not because I am unwilling to back you up, but because when one feels a mistake has been made there is something bracing in standing up as you have done.

And I am sure your course will comfort a great many of your friends here in Charleston. I have not seen many to talk with, but all I have met expressed regret at your acceptance. You heard one side and I heard the other, and all will rejoice that the diocese is not to lose the services of one of her most effective clergymen.

May God bless you, dear Brother Capers, and keep you, through Jesus our Lord.

Affectionately,

W. B. W. HOWE.

LAW OFFICE OF SIMONTON & BARKER

CHARLESTON, S. C., Sept. 1, 1882.

MY DEAR CAPERS:

I sincerely congratulate you on your high and manly letter. I could not answer your letter written to me from Columbia because you did not ask my opinion or advice as to your "reluctant assent" to the request of the Executive Committee.

I could not have answered your letter frankly without volunteering my opinion, and therefore adopted the alternative of letting your letter go by unanswered, as if I were indifferent to the painful conflict through which you were passing.

Your action, uninfluenced by opinion or advice from me, releases me from the enforced silence, and permits as well as prompts me to express to you my very great sympathy. Your best impulse, the desire to serve the State, as the partiality of warm and admiring friends told you you could do, has subjected you to a great risk of being placed in an untrue position from which your manliness and moral courage has rescued you.

I was doubly bound to keep from advice to you. I had warned the convention that it would by its action cause you, or the party, perhaps both, great embarrassment. They would not listen to me, and the trouble came. I was in position to say, "I told you so."

If I had advised you, or expressed to you my opinion, that you should withdraw, the committee (and the public) might say, "His wish (to prove that his warning to the Convention was well taken) prompts his advice to Mr. Capers to decline the nomination. He thus contributes to create the embarrassment he predicted." So I kept silent—and waited for the time when I could tell you the reason why I did not reply to your letter from Columbia. I know you must feel better in getting yourself clear of the scrape even at the risk of being condemned for "embarrassing the party," and for "not knowing your mind, etc.," but it is infinitely better to carry this light load of unreasonable reproach (if any there be who fail to sympathize with your action in withdrawing) than to have gone on, as your letter to me told me you were going, on a false basis—one which you felt to be "too insincere."

In what I did and said in the convention I felt that I was acting best the part of true friendship. I also knew that if I voted against your nomination on that line (which I did, by the way), no one would more readily appreciate the friendship expressed in the vote than yourself.

Yours sincerely,

THEODORE G. BARKER.

THE PIEDMONT MFG. CO.
H. P. Hammett, Pres. and Treas.

GREENVILLE, S. C., Aug. 31, 1882.

MY DEAR MR. CAPERS:

At the risk of appearing presuming, I desire to congratulate you upon the firmness you have exhibited in following the convictions of your judgment and withdrawing from the candidacy for Superintendent of Education.

I felt great solicitude about it. I would not, however, have presumed to advise you, or intrude my opinion, while you were a candidate. My opinion is that when anyone who has chosen the holy profession of minister of the gospel allows himself to be drawn into a struggle for a political office, he very seriously jeopardizes his usefulness as a minister. For, however pure his motives may be, or whatever of a personal nature influences him to accept it, his motives are misrepresented and misunderstood.

There are plenty of competent men in the State well qualified and of the highest character who would gladly accept the office, and in whose case there would be no impropriety in doing so, but, on the contrary, the greatest propriety; but in my judgment they are not prominent ministers of the gospel.

Perhaps I am risking a great deal in thus speaking plainly my opinion, but I do so with the purest motives and the kindest feelings of friendship. No one can possibly have a higher idea than myself of the exalted office of a pure Christian minister of our holy religion, and I want to see it forever separated from the politics of the State.

If you feel that you want to do something to increase your income, and you feel that you can have the time to do it without neglecting your pastoral duties, I suggest that you teach a boys' school in Greenville. You can have a large one. I will send two to you. I think a first-class school of that kind here a great necessity, and many others think so.

Pardon me the liberty I have thus taken, and the haste with which I have been compelled to throw my thoughts together this morning before leaving for Piedmont, and believe me,

Your friend and well wisher,

H. P. HAMMETT.

THE RECTORY

BEAUFORT, S. C., Aug. 30, 1882.

MY DEAR CAPERS:

When some two weeks ago I saw in the papers that you had accepted the nomination of the Democracy for State Superintendent of Education I was, metaphorically, "knocked into a cocked hat," for I had been so confident that you would not accept that I had serenely smiled and said so to several persons. I thought of writing to you then, but I came home to find Mrs. Kershaw quite seriously sick and was in harness as chief-nurse from that day to this, so that I could not find time to do the subject justice. She is better now, and your own manly, frank, and courageous action as shown in your letter published to-day relieves me of any further anxiety on the subject, as well as from arguing it with you and showing you how it struck a friend and admirer.

I know you were never for a moment disloyal in heart or thought to the Church or to your sacred office in the same.

Your real friends, and they are many and sincere, will honor you more than ever, and there are few who will not agree with you that the claims of the Church are paramount.

I know you will pardon my freedom of expression in consideration of my sincere friendship and affection for you.

Faithfully your friend,

JOHN KERSHAW.

OFFICE OF STATE SUPERINTENDENT OF EDUCATION

COLUMBIA, S. C., Aug. 28, 1882.

MY DEAR ELLISON:

Your letter caused me much surprise, but far more regret.

I can well understand the struggle that you have had in order to decide what your duty is. I know that it would have been much more natural and easy to heed the voice of the thousands who desire you to be the Superintendent of Education than to listen to "the still, small voice" which bids you remain at your post of duty.

I infer from your letter that you have notified the executive committee of your determination to decline the nomination. The committee will meet here Tuesday night, and I presume that some action will then be taken.

I need not tell you that while personally and officially I deeply regret your withdrawal from the ticket, I accept it as the result of your conviction of duty.

I feel sure that the executive committee will take this view of the matter, much as they will lament your withdrawal.

Most sincerely,

HUGH S. THOMPSON.

CHAPTER XVI

ELECTION TO THE DIOCESE OF EASTON

WE referred in a preceding chapter to Mr. Capers' increasing activity in missionary work, especially in the upper section of the State. His election as secretary and treasurer of the Diocesan Board of Missions was in recognition of the efficiency of this work. Under the canons of the diocese, the secretary and treasurer of the Mission Board was the executive and administrative representative in this most important department of the Church's work. Mr. Capers was also elected secretary of the Diocesan Council. From 1874 until he was elevated to the episcopate in 1893, he was a delegate from the diocese of South Carolina to the General Conventions of the Church.

The increasing burdens of Bishop Howe's episcopate, growing out of the "negro question" in the Church, led him to throw upon Mr. Capers the whole burden, if not responsibility, of the missionary work of the diocese.

There were "breakers ahead" for Bishop Howe in the administration of his diocese. In rendering the bishop and diocese a faithful service during these distressing years of strife and dissension Mr. Capers was unconsciously ripening his own experience for "the office and work of a bishop in the Church of God."

Christ Church continued to grow and prosper under the devoted pastorate of Mr. Capers. An attractive Sunday school building was erected, which stands to-day as a monument to his work and the loyal co-operation of the congregation. The church was enlarged by the addition of transept

and chancel, and new heating and lighting plants were installed. The work and sacrifices of past years were bearing fruit, while each succeeding year gave promise of a brighter future. His ministry in Greenville had now been of such duration that he was frequently called upon to marry couples whom in their infancy he had baptized. The rising generation looked to him as their "father in God," while he led his own congregation with a shepherd's care, and the community regarded him "a master in Israel."

The war had wrecked Mrs. Capers' health. Though active and energetic, she was never strong after her war experience. Of rather slight stature, with delicate classic features, clear blue eyes and patrician brow, she retained her personal beauty through long years of semi-invalidism. Her indomitable will and untiring energy enabled her to meet the demands of her large household, and also to take an active part in the work of the parish. But it became necessary for her to be spared the heat of summer, even in so invigorating a climate as that of Greenville. With that tender, faithful guardianship her husband exercised over her health, and his untiring endeavor to save her strength, he now determined to purchase a small place, somewhere in the mountains, to which he could take his family during the hot season. In 1886 he purchased a few acres at Cedar Mountain, North Carolina, where the elevation was about three thousand feet above the sea level. The purchase consisted of fifteen acres, with an humble cottage.

The plan for occupation was to "rough it" through the summers; therefore the furnishings were rather scanty and most primitive. The little house and mode of life suggested the name "Camp Cottage." Thirty-two miles by dirt road from Greenville, this mountain home was reached in a day's drive. There being no railroad, provisions were hauled by wagon.

Hotel de Gower was soon built at Cedar Mountain and the place became a popular resort. For more than twenty years

"Camp Cottage" was the summer rendezvous for the Capers family. Bishop Capers spent his vacations there, and as his own children grew to manhood and womanhood, and became "heads of families," he and Mrs. Capers lived their lives over again in their grandchildren. This younger generation idolized their grandfather, while he was never too busy or absorbed in his work to lay it aside and do something for the childrens' pleasure. He "carpentered" for the little boys as industriously as though his living depended upon it, and always with infinite delight to himself and to the joy of the children.

Here in the mountains "vacation" for him was one only in the sense that he changed the scene of his activities. A part of every day he was in his office engaged in an enormous correspondence; the remainder of the day he spent in manual labor or devoted it in some way to promote the pleasure of others. On Sundays he regularly preached for the mountaineers in their churches. Their estimate of him was probably summed up in the declaration of their justice of the peace, when he said: "I reckon that Bishop Capers and Saint Paul was two of the greatest preachers and biggest men that ever lived." This encomium was given a practical turn when he was stricken with paralysis in their midst, for they nursed him with tender, manly care, and throughout that summer the community stood "on call" to render any assistance possible.

In the summer of 1894 Mrs. Capers realized the fulfillment of her long cherished plan to have an Episcopal chapel erected for the use of summer visitors. Bishop Horner's consent being secured, and a neighbor giving the lot, Bishop Capers devoted a summer to building the little chapel. The expense of the enterprise was borne in a large measure by the Capers family. When the little church was complete, it was named by Mrs. Capers "Faith Chapel." Until the last illness of the bishop services were regularly conducted in this mountain-girt temple of prayer and praise.

The vacation seasons at "Camp Cottage" went merrily by. For many years Mrs. Capers' health was greatly improved by this change of climate. Bishop Capers' interest in the mountain home grew with the passing years. The rude cottage originally on the place was torn down and a more commodious one built on the summit of the hill. Here gigantic boulders and forest trees gave a unique picturesqueness to the new location.

"Camp Cottage" now commanded an inspiring view of range after range of near and distant mountains, with their intervening valleys lying in the shades of purple mist. The lawn, the winding driveway from gate to residence, spring house, outbuildings, and even the additions to the house itself, were all the work of Bishop Capers' faithful and industrious hands.

We recall a thrilling incident in connection with this "Camp Cottage" life in which Mr. Capers and one of his sons almost lost their lives. While living in Greenville he and William were bringing a load of provisions from Greenville to the Cottage. It was a rainy season. The roads were heavy and streams swollen. After a laborious day, night overtook them at the foot of the mountains, with yet eight miles of steady ascent. The rain came down in torrents and the mountain streams were booming. William suggested to his father that they tether the horses and camp out for the night, sleeping in the covered wagon. But declaring he would greet his "bride" and family that night, Mr. Capers insisted on going ahead. William rode forward on horseback and carried the lantern; by its light Mr. Capers drove the wagon. Slowly and laboriously the old horse tugged his load up the slippery mountain road.

By midnight they had reached the last stream they would have to ford. It was near the top of the mountain, and the direction of the ford was diagonal, up stream. It looked dangerous and William demurred, thinking not of his own, but of his father's safety. But "the General's" blood was up. He

made on the letter, giving his opinion of the Doctor's book, "The Faith of Our Forefathers."

EASTON, MARYLAND,
Oct. 28, 1886.

REV. AND DEAR BROTHER:

Some two weeks ago I wrote to one of our deputation in the General Convention, expressing the hope that the deputation would be able, while in Chicago, to agree upon someone for bishop of this diocese, and adding that I believed that anyone on whom they should unanimously agree would be unanimously elected by our convention. I have since learned that their unanimous choice has fallen upon you, and that they are enthusiastic in their preference of you over any and all others. I need not add that I am in hearty accord with them, and I earnestly hope that nothing may stand in the way of your acceptance. I know the people of this Eastern Shore thoroughly, and can assure you of a hearty welcome, and that you will feel yourself at home among them from the outset.

Faithfully yours in Christ,

(Signed) E. I. STEARNS.

"Dr. Stearns is an old man,* retired from work and devoted to writing. He is author of several books, notably a reply to Archbishop Gibbons' "Faith of Our Fathers." The archbishop's book is a very able and very plausible presentation of the tenets of the Roman Church in popular form. Stearns' book, "Faith of Our Forefathers," is, to my mind, a conclusive reply far better than Bishop Hopkins' reply to Archbishop Hughes' "End of Controversy." Bishop Hopkins' book is "The End of Controversy Controverted." Dr. Stearns is said to have the most valuable collection of ancient books in any private American library. He is a gentle, humble, old man, and is a very earnest Christian."

*This is Dr. Capers' comment.

Dr. Capers' letter declining the Episcopate of the Diocese of Easton.

RECTORY, CHRIST CHURCH,

GREENVILLE, S. C., Nov. 8, 1886.

TO THE REV. THEO. P. BARBER, D. D., REV. FRANCIS W. HILLIARD, REV. ENOCH K. MILLER, REV. ALGEMAN BATTE, AND MESSRS. J. L. ADKINS, M. D., G. R. GOLDSBORO, W. S. WALKER, AND R. C. MACKALL, M. D., DEPUTIES.

Dear Brethren: In compliance with our understanding I have given the subject of my election to the episcopate of Easton a most earnest consideration, with a sincere desire, if I know my own heart, to do my duty alike to my family and to the Church.

I cannot, my dear brethren, see it to be my duty to accept the nomination of your convention.

I have a large family. Three of my sons and a daughter are prosecuting their education here. Two of my sons are at college in Furman University, located in this city, and the third will enter the freshman class next year. To have my sons prosecute their collegiate studies while residing at home is an advantage to them and a great pecuniary consideration to me.

This, with a sacred duty I owe to a widowed sister and her blind child, who are partially dependent upon me for support, constrain me to feel confirmed in my original conviction that *I could not assume the obligations of the episcopate of Easton.*

The kind, generous, and trustful spirit you have manifested towards me, my dear brethren, draws my heart to you, and makes me feel deeply your disappointment. I deplore your discouragements and pray God to give you a better man for the work of His Church and your diocese.

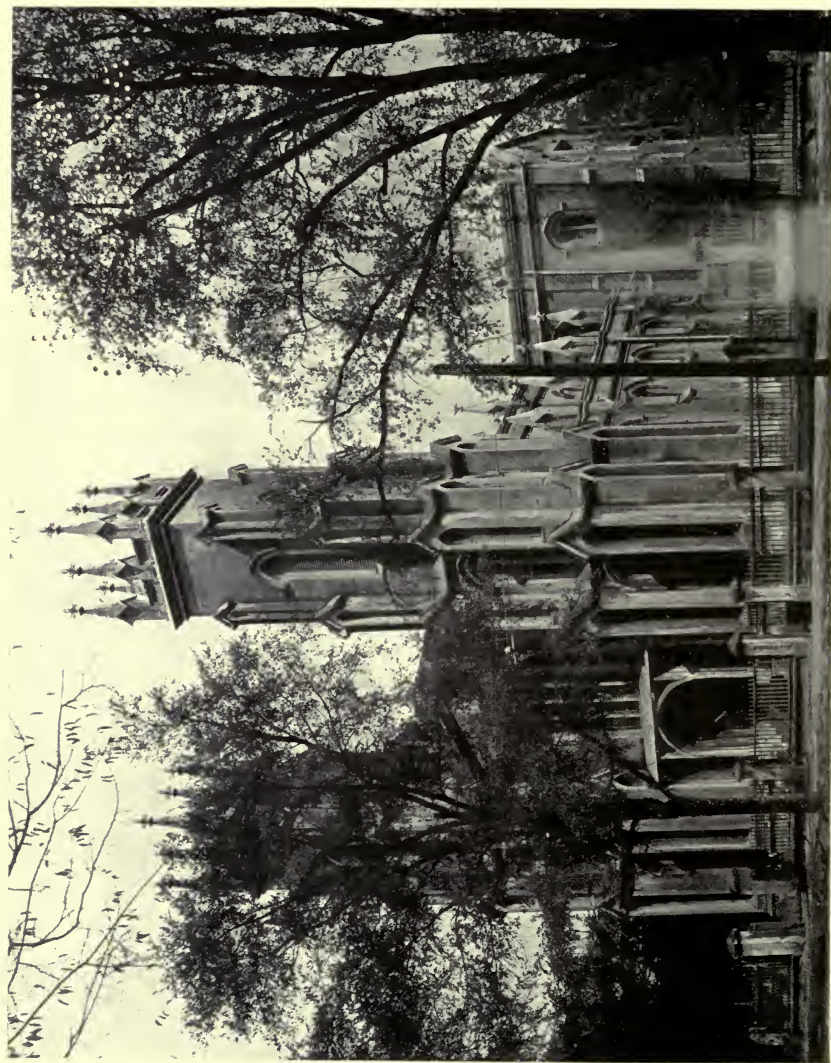
I have pondered your call and considered it long and anxiously, and with a just sense, I trust, of the high duty I decline. I feel clear in my mind and heart that a higher duty to my family *must* determine my course.

Cherishing the brotherly friendship I have formed for you, and humbled before God and His Church by the honor you have done me, I beg you to be assured of my gratitude and my love.

With sincerest brotherly love, I remain, dear brethren,

Yours most truly,

(Signed) ELLISON CAPERS.



TRINITY CHURCH, COLUMBIA, S. C.

Opposite page 187.

CHAPTER XVII

RECTOR OF TRINITY CHURCH, COLUMBIA, S. C.

IN September, 1887, Mr. Capers was called to Trinity Church, Columbia, S. C. This historic old church is perhaps the most influential parish in the diocese. Situated in one of the most attractive residential parts of the city, it faces the massive capitol, with its extensive and beautiful grounds. Within a block is the University of the State, and not far distant are colleges for young women. Trinity is associated with many of South Carolina's most distinguished families. Governors, senators, college presidents and professors, soldiers and statesmen of renown, have worshiped at this ancient shrine. The ashes of the Capers, of the Hamptons, the Prestons, Mannings, Richardsons, and those of the poet Timrod all mingle in her sacred soil. Columbia, as the capital of the State, is the Mecca of South Carolina's leading men, and has from the early history of the State been renowned for the intellectual attainment and social prominence of its citizens. The pulpit of Trinity gives its rector the opportunity of preaching to legislators, Supreme Court judges, college faculties and students. It is, from every point of view, a most attractive field of work and service. But that which most influenced Mr. Capers to accept the call was the educational advantages the university offered his sons. To educate his children was an ambition with him, for the realization of which he stood ever ready to sacrifice himself.

Dr. Capers began his ministry at Trinity, Sunday, December 19, and the following press notice indicates the favorable impression made upon his parishioners:

"The seating capacity of Trinity Church was taxed yesterday morning by the immense crowd of persons who went to

hear the opening sermon of the Rev. Ellison Capers, the newly elected pastor, and to welcome him by their presence. The sermon, a most appropriate one, was delivered with much feeling, and produced a great impression upon the congregation.

"The text was taken from Romans 14, verses 30 and 32: 'I beseech you, brethren, for our Lord Jesus Christ's sake, and for the love of the Spirit, that you strive together with me in your prayers to God for me, that I may come unto you with joy, by the will of God, and may be with you refreshed.'

"These words suggested the thoughts which filled the mind of the minister who has given us an endeared past and assumed the untried responsibilities of a new pastoral charge.

"No man was justified in leaving a work endeared by a thousand hallowed associations except as he could realize that he was doing God's will. Next the joyful service of Christ in the pastoral relation was presented, the preacher dwelling earnestly upon the comfort and peace of doing the will of God joyfully. This joy was the result not only of a sense of doing one's duty, but the joy come to the minister of Christ who could say with the Apostle: 'I am sure that when I come unto you I shall come in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ.' The refreshment which a true ministry in Christ brought to pastor and people and the oneness of the relation between them, as they mutually worked together for the edifying of the Body of Christ, were presented.

"In this connection Mr. Capers deprecated anything that raised a barrier between pastor and people. He alluded particularly to the separation in thought which sometimes made the Gospel appear to disadvantage by reason of the rationalism of our age, styling itself falsely a philosophy of truth. He concluded his discourse in these words: 'But I will not dwell longer upon so ungrateful a theme as that which draws your attention to the things which so often separate us in thought and feeling from our hearers. I am reminded that I am to-day beginning my ministry among a people who for more

than half a century were accustomed to give their honored pastor a loving confidence, and who have been taught of him to know their God to be unto them wisdom, righteousness, sanctification. I would remind you, dear brethren, of his example of devotion to Christ and His truth, and I would claim your love and sympathy by all the lessons of his long and faithful ministry, reminding you that I preach unto you no other Gospel than that which he ever declared. Recalling the unselfish zeal and devotion of your last rector, I would ask that you strive together with me in your prayers, to God for me, that I, too, might have a measure of his untiring activity and do my work among you as unselfishly as he did. And so, brethren, of Trinity, may I carry on the work of Christ among you, that when our work is done an entrance may be ministered unto us into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ, that together with you I may rejoice in the great day of our Lord.'"

During the first years of his ministry in Columbia, the Rev. Mr. Capers received the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity, and in 1893, the same degree from the University of the South, at Sewanee.

In the spring of 1888 Bishop Wilmer, of the diocese of Alabama, made known his desire that the Council which was to convene the following May, elect a bishop-coadjutor. Though the Rev. Dr. Capers had been officially connected with the diocese of Alabama for just a year, he had many friends, and a large acquaintance throughout the State, especially among the Confederate soldiers. Bishop Wilmer was devoted to him, while Trinity's rector entertained a great admiration and warm personal affection for the distinguished prelate. Under these circumstances, Bishop Wilmer's request for a coadjutor immediately brought Dr. Capers' name prominently before the Church in that diocese.

A prominent churchman of Birmingham, Ala., was very much interested in Dr. Capers' election, and on March 26 wrote to secure some favorable expression from him in refer-

ence to his probable nomination. Dr. Capers sought to discourage any action in his behalf, but his friend's enthusiasm admitted of no discouragement in the matter. He wrote repeatedly and gave the names of clergy and laity who had assured him of their preference for his candidate, they being a sufficient number to insure his election.

Finally Dr. Capers wrote: "I am compelled to discourage in every honorable way my nomination, and if my friends persist against my will to bring my name before the May convention the result will be to my mortification and their own."

About this time the Rev. R. W. Barnwell, afterward bishop of the diocese of Alabama wrote:

RECTORY OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH,

SELMA, ALA., April 25, 1888.

THE REV. ELLISON CAPERS,

Dear Mr. Capers: You have doubtless received so many letters from Alabama lately that I need hardly say what the subject of this one is. As the rector of your old parish in Alabama, it has been agreed among your friends in the diocese that we should have the honor of nominating you for the office of assistant bishop. I do not know what would probably be your decision should your nomination result in an election, nor do I imagine that you know; for one does not feel one's self in a position to consider so grave a question until it is presented outright. I write this letter, then, not for the purpose of getting your views on the subject, but merely to assure you that in nominating you I will do so with all my heart as with all my mind.

From all I can hear from both clergy and laity, I believe that you will be elected on the first ballot. It would do your heart good could you see the enthusiasm of the Selma delegation. For myself I know of no man—saving Bishop Wilmer, and that because I have tried him,—I would rather work under than you, Mr. Capers.

Dr. Capers replies:

TRINITY RECTORY,

COLUMBIA, S. C.,

THE REV. R. W. BARNWELL,

May 21, 1888.

Rector, St. Paul's, Selma, Ala.

My Dear Brother: Your very kind letter was duly received. The nature of its contents was such that I hesitated, at the time, to send you the answer which my conscience dictated, and I beg you, my dear brother, to excuse my hesitation and accept my warmest thanks for the brotherly expressions of your most kind letter.

After much consideration, and with every feeling of respect and gratitude toward my dear brethren in Alabama, I am constrained, from considerations which seem to me compelling, to request *most earnestly* that my name should not be brought before the convention for the office of assistant bishop. I most solemnly decline to give my consent to it.

I have most carefully considered the matter, and my first indisposition to consent to my nomination, expressed to my friend Captain Joe Johnston weeks ago, has grown into a conviction of duty, and I beg my friends to respect it. If you persist in your purpose the responsibility is wholly yours, and I cannot feel myself bound by the result.

With all my heart I pray God to overrule your deliberations, for the best interest of the diocese and the comfort of your dear old Bishop. With every sentiment of respect and brotherly love, I am, my dear brother,

Most truly yours,

ELLISON CAPERS.

Through five years of devoted work Rev. Dr. Capers continued the beloved rector of Trinity. More than twenty years having elapsed since the close of the War, the South had sufficiently recovered to begin the building and unveiling of monuments to the memory of those heroes who had given their lives

for the Cause that was lost. Dr. Capers' war record; his devoted interest in every worthy effort to do homage to and perpetuate the memory of the Confederate soldier; his knowledge of the great battles and leaders of the Confederacy, as well as his oratorical powers, all combined to bring him into constant demand as orator upon such occasions. He was a patriot and took a lively interest in everything that exalted and perpetuated the history of his country. He was on the executive committee of the King's Mountain Centennial, and the same year, 1880, he was grand chaplain at the laying of the corner-stone of the Cowpens Monument. He was also on the executive committee of the first South Carolina "States Survivors' Association," and about the time of his removal to Columbia he was Chaplain-General of the Confederate Veterans Association. He delivered the oration at the unveiling of the Confederate monuments at Greenville, 1890, Georgetown, 1891, Marion, 1892, Chickamauga, 1901; the mural tablet in St. Michael's Church, 1901. When the State Association unveiled the beautiful monument in its capital, to the Carolina soldiers, General Wade Hampton was the orator, and Bishop Capers offered the prayer.

While Dr. Capers was rector of Trinity Church, General Joseph E. Johnston died. General Capers had served under him in the war, and had the greatest admiration for him as soldier and man. He regarded Joseph E. Johnston next to Lee as the greatest general produced by the Civil War. In preparing and presenting resolutions passed upon the death of General Johnston, General Capers paid his army commander this tribute of admiration and affection.

He said: "I shared in the general feeling of reverence for General Johnston, and to that is added in my case a feeling of close personal affection. It is a source of pride that the Southern soldier loved his generals, and I can say truthfully that every soldier who followed Johnston loved him devotedly, and I do not believe that the whole world could show any such record of unbounded enthusiasm and

unbounded confidence as that shown by the soldiers of Johnston's army in that memorable Dalton campaign. That army was retiring every week, but in retiring felt that their commander was doing that which was best, and was merely retiring to choose a better fighting position."

Bishop Capers was fond of relating this anecdote, to illustrate General Lee's opinion of General Johnston. It was, said he, the custom with President Davis to have his cabinet dine with him once a week. On such an occasion in 1864 Sidney Lee, a brother of General Lee, was a guest. During the progress of the dinner Mr. Lee related an experience he had once when a boy, duck hunting. He and a friend were floating down the river in quest of their game, and time and time again they sighted the ducks at a distance. The friend would, with great pains and effort, row cautiously toward them, and then aim and "sight" and paddle a little nearer, and then change his course and attempt to move upon the ducks from another direction. Upon each such occasion the ducks were flushed and never a shot was fired. Finally losing patience, Mr. Lee remonstrated and asked why in the — he didn't shoot. The reply was, "Well, I won't shoot until I get the ducks just where I want them." He said that that hunting often reminded him of General Joseph E. Johnston's campaign, and then continued his strictures on the General. General Lee was manifestly annoyed and irritated that his brother should indulge in these serious reflections upon General Johnston, and when he excused himself, in order to have an interview with the President, he said in a most impressive manner: "Gentlemen, if Joseph E. Johnston is not a general, the Confederacy has none."

Dr. Capers was deeply interested in the movement toward marking the graves of South Carolina's soldiers. He therefore readily responded to the appeal made to him, by interested friends in Franklin, to have the State Legislature appropriate an amount of money sufficient to have markers put at the heads of the soldiers' graves. In 1892 at the meeting of

the Legislature he made known his request, and the appropriation was promptly voted. The receipt of the amount forwarded by Dr. Capers was acknowledged in the subjoined letter:

FRANKLIN, TENN.,

March 8, 1892.

REV. ELLISON CAPERS, D. D.:

My Dear Sir: Your letter and check for one hundred and twenty-five dollars, payable to my order, has been received, and cashed by the National Bank of Franklin, subject to the order of cemetery committee of John L. McEwen Bivouac. The committee read your letter, and the joint resolutions of the Legislature of your State, as to how the money should be expended. Captain T. F. Perkins, who was a very gallant soldier, and a member of the cemetery committee, has promised me that he will see that the South Carolina dead shall have such headstones as the Legislature directs. Allow me, in behalf of the Bivouac, to return to you their sincere thanks for the successful effort you made to secure the money. Your State is the only one so far which has responded to our appeal. I felt, when I addressed you in behalf of South Carolina, that the amount would be forthcoming, for her people have always proved themselves as generous in peace as they were gallant in war. With great esteem,

I remain, yours truly,

(Signed) B. F. ROBERTS.

CHAPTER XVIII

BISHOP ELLISON CAPERS

AT the one hundred and third council of the diocese, convened in St. Philip's Church, Charleston, May 10, 1893, Ellison Capers was elected Assistant Bishop of South Carolina. On the first ballot he received a majority of the clerical, and an overwhelming majority of the lay vote, and on motion the election was made unanimous.

The Chair appointed the Rev. Dr. Porter, the Rev. Dr. Johnston, and Mr. W. H. Parker a committee to wait upon Dr. Capers and receive his answer.

The committee conducted Dr. Capers to the church, where he was most affectionately received by Dr. Pinckney and presented to the convention to make his answer to the call made upon him.

Dr. Capers spoke with much feeling, assuring his brethren that, if he believed that the future of the diocese depended solely upon the energies or the abilities of its bishop, he could not presume to respond affirmatively to the call of the convention, but when he reflected that the promise of God was with His Church, that His spirit and His grace gave strength to the heart and will of His people, and that the Divine Master was with us to be our guide and our life,—and when he considered the spirit in which the convention met the resolution offered by Dr. Wilson,—he could not find it in his heart to shrink from the work or the responsibilities to which he had just been called. He assured the clergy and the laity of his confidence and love, and asked them one and all to give him their support and love in return, assuring his brethren that if

the Church approved their action, and in due time he was consecrated Assistant Bishop of this beloved diocese, he would give it his whole heart, his most earnest labors, and would confidently look for the blessing of God upon His church.

The press of the State voiced the sentiment of the people generally, in approving the choice of the diocesan convention, in the following editorials:

The election of the Rev. Ellison Capers, D. D., as Assistant Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church for the diocese of South Carolina was a voluntary expression of the love and confidence of his clerical and lay brethren, a beautiful tribute to a beautiful character. Dr. Capers does not, to the general public in this State, represent any special Church or denomination. He represents religion of a high, broad, manly kind—high enough to look above and beyond denominational lines, broad enough to include in its love and reverence all honest servants of God and good men, manly enough to say and maintain its principles anywhere and everywhere. All the people of South Carolina claim a share in the light of his career as a soldier, priest, and citizen; and the fact that he was selected above all others and without hesitation as the recipient of the highest honor his Church could bestow, will cause general and very sincere gratification in every part of the State and among all classes.

Here, in Greenville, the news of the action of the convention was received with special pleasure. Dr. Capers served here as rector of Christ's Church for many years. The members of his own congregation were bound to him by all the many tender ties which develop between pastor and people, and Greenville had always felt proud of having him as a citizen.

Over his promotion, therefore, Greenville rejoices unanimously and heartily.

In behalf of the people of the State generally and those of Greenville especially, we warmly congratulate Dr. Capers on a high honor worthily won, and the Church on having

chosen an able, pure, and strong man, a gallant and big-hearted gentleman, a bishop whose tender love and care and powerful influence will be felt for good in every corner of the diocese.—*Greenville Daily News*.

“Bishop Capers.” This will sound familiar to the older South Carolinians, albeit that the title and name do not belong to the same religious communion that was once honored in this way. This time the honorary title of bishop is to be conferred by Episcopalians upon a worthy son of the illustrious man who gave such luster to the name of Methodism in a former generation, and in the homes of all the people, without reference to the lines of demarkation between the sects, there will arise a warm approval of the distinction awarded to Ellison Capers, the gallant ex-soldier and genial, loving Christian who has devoted friends in every section of the State.—*Greenville Mountaineer* (Baptist).

Bishop Capers is perhaps the most widely known and the most universally beloved man in South Carolina. We do not mean to say that his being bishop over the Episcopal Church in South Carolina makes him thus, although as high and broad a Christian as Bishop Capers is more than apt to be generally appreciated and honored. It is the Bishop's noble record in the Confederate War, joined to his almost perfect personal character, that causes him to be thus known and beloved on all sides. When the Bishop comes here, or goes there, it is not Episcopal or Methodist, or Baptist or Presbyterian, but it is “Bishop Capers is here,” or “General Capers is here,” or “Brave old Ellison Capers is here.” And everybody wants to see him and hear him and shake his hand—old people because they know and love him, and young people because they honor and love the traditions; because they would greet a hero of fateful history. The good bishop, with his head and mind as strong as his heart is tender and true, was with his flocks of Trenton and Edgefield on Sunday last. Large

crowds heard him in the forenoon and afternoon, and in the evening, at the earnest request of President Bailey, he "made a little talk," as he expressed it, to the 120 boarding pupils of the South Carolina Co-Educational Institute in their chapel. But it was in reality a large talk, and a high and broad one, and delighted the young people to whom it was so lovingly addressed. Bishop Capers, however, does more than delight people. He helps them, strengthens them, comforts them. Would that we might see and hear him oftener in Edgefield.—*Edgefield Chronicle*.

There are no good people in South Carolina, whatever their denominational predilections, who will not rejoice at the action of the Diocesan Convention yesterday in electing the Rev. Ellison Capers Assistant Bishop of the diocese. He is in every way worthy of the high distinction conferred upon him, and will bring to the discharge of the duties of his holy office the zeal of thorough consecration and the experience of a most successful ministry.

As his biographer, Colonel J. P. Thomas, says in the excellent sketch of his life published in the history of the South Carolina Military Academy, and reproduced in the *News and Courier* to-day, "His mind is strong enough, his soul is sweet enough, and his shoulders broad enough for heavy churchly burdens."

The Church is fortunate in its choice; the State will be benefited by the election of such a man, so earnest in his piety, so broad in his philanthropy, so patriotic in his purposes, so gentle and tender and true in all his life and character. His election will tend, as we believe and hope, to the restoration of good-fellowship throughout the diocese, and the true missionary spirit which filled his soul will lead to the development of a larger Christian life and greater Christian activity in all the parishes over which he will exercise pastoral control.—*The News and Courier*.

PRESENTATION OF THE EPISCOPAL RING

Shortly after the election of the Rev. Ellison Capers to be Bishop Coadjutor of South Carolina the vestry of St. Paul's, Selma, Ala., decided to present him with an episcopal ring on behalf of the congregation of which he was at one time the honored and beloved rector.

The ring is of massive gold set with an oriental amethyst, oval shaped. On the stone is the seal of South Carolina, a palmetto tree. Under the palmetto is a radiated cross, with the Latin motto, "Faith, Love, Hope," on a scroll. Underneath all are the Bishop's initials, "E. C." On the shank of the ring on one side is a cross and a crown; on the other is Christ's monogram.

The following is the correspondence relating to the presentation and acceptance of the ring:*

THE RT. REV. ELLISON CAPERS, D. D.,

Assistant Bishop of South Carolina:

Rt. Rev. and Dear Sir: The undersigned, who were appointed to provide the episcopal ring presented to you by the vestry of St. Paul's on behalf of the congregation, take pleasure in presenting the same to you. We trust that the design and mottoes will be approved by you. We deemed it not inappropriate to emblazon the shield with the palmetto, the historic tree associated with your State, and with your own distinguished services in her defense. We present this ring as a token of the love and esteem in which you are held by your former parishioners, and trust it will always remind you of their devotion and friendship.

N. H. R. DAWSON,

WM. BERG,

GEO. A. WILKINS,

Committee of St. Paul's Vestry, Selma, Ala.

*The episcopal robes were presented by the ladies of Trinity Church.

BISHOP CAPERS' ACKNOWLEDGMENT

COLUMBIA, S. C., Oct. 20, 1893.

COL. N. H. R. DAWSON, WM. BERG, AND GEO. A. WILKINS,
Com. Vestry St. Paul's, Selma, Ala.:

My Dear Brethren: I am duly in receipt of your letter of the 12th inst., and of the episcopal ring presented by you in the name of the congregation at Selma, to which, in God's good providence, I had the honor to minister in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. The first use of the ring shall fix my seal to the "Letter of Orders" of my brother, the Rt. Rev. the Assistant Bishop of North Carolina, at his recent consecration.

Hereafter, my dear brethren, whenever it becomes my duty to attest my official signature by affixing my seal, I have before me the sign of the covenant of your "love and esteem," as well as the emblem of the office you have honored by your consideration.

May the emblem of the palmetto rising from the cross be to me, and to my flock, a sure token that the people of our State shall be a Christian people, and that Christ and His Church shall give to the State its highest and noblest distinction.

With a heart full of gratitude to my brethren of St. Paul's, Selma, and praying upon you all the richest gifts of grace and peace from our Lord Jesus Christ, I am, with a brother's love,

Faithfully yours,

ELLISON CAPERS,
Assistant Bishop of S. C.

THE CONSECRATION OF ASSISTANT BISHOP CAPERS*

"Yesterday was, perhaps, the most memorable day in ecclesiastical circles that ever dawned in South Carolina. Certainly never before in the history of the State has been witnessed a

**Columbia State*, July 31, 1893.

ceremony of the nature of that by which Dr. Ellison Capers, of Columbia, was raised to the high and honored office of bishop in the Episcopal Church for the diocese of South Carolina. It was the most notable event and one that those who witnessed it will never forget.

"That beloved and gallant soldier of his country and Christ, having already risen to the highest position a noble soldier could rise in the service of man, yesterday had conferred upon him the highest honors that a man can attain upon earth in the service of the Lord. Surely those honors have been well deserved, and they could not have been conferred upon a nobler or more lovable man than Ellison Capers. That he is considered such a man by all his fellows of all denominations, callings, and colors was amply attested by the congregation of people of every class that filled all available space in old Trinity yesterday morning, and sat through the several hours of service without the slightest indication of impatience. In that vast audience there were people from every quarter of the State—attorneys who had deserted their offices; business men who had cast aside their business for the time; artisans who were losing a day's work. There were Methodists, there were Lutherans, there were Baptists, there were Presbyterians, there were Catholics and Israelites present. There was also a good sprinkling of colored people.

"The exercises were scheduled to begin at 11:30 o'clock, but fully an hour before that time there was scarcely a vacant seat left in the building. And these people, the services once begun, did not move from their places till everything was over—very nearly three o'clock in the afternoon.

"The exercises were at once the most impressive and interesting that many in the vast congregation had ever witnessed. It was peculiarly impressive—the scene when the many clergy, in their episcopal vestments, moved about within the chancel. It was much more impressive when the bishop-elect, in replying to the presiding bishop's examination questions, did so in a faltering voice.

“The exercises, from beginning to end, were the most interesting ever witnessed in Trinity. In addition to the magnificent consecration sermon,*—pronounced by many learned men to be the finest doctrinal exposition they had ever heard,—and the beautiful consecration service proper, the music was superb. The orchestral instruments, the deep-toned organ, and the voices of the choral singers all blended most harmoniously.”

*Preached by Bishop Jackson of Alabama.

CHAPTER XIX

LABORS OF THE EPISCOPATE

THE mere record of appointments and official acts in a Bishop's journal cannot possibly give an adequate appreciation of the arduous duties, the tremendous responsibility, and the personal sacrifice devolving upon him; neither does it furnish a true conception of the brighter and more cheerful aspect of his work. But the statement of our Lord: "He that is greatest among you, let him be as the younger; and he that is chief, as he that doth serve," is as true to-day as when he endeavored to impress it upon his disciples. Measured by this standard, many of our bishops are splendidly proving themselves "great." An anecdote comes to our mind which illustrates the spirit in which Bishop Capers fulfilled his engagements, as well as his restiveness under attempted restraint from the discharge of his duty.

It was a very rainy summer and Bishop Capers, with several of the members of his family, was enjoying the holidays at their little mountain home, "Camp Cottage." He had an appointment at Saluda, N. C., some thirty miles distant. The rains had descended steadily during the better part of two weeks, and the swollen mountain streams had become rushing torrents. The flooded condition of the country suggested the impracticability of Bishop Capers attempting to keep his appointment. At first he received such suggestions with a pleasant smile, and replied: "Oh, we will find a way to make the trip." The importunity of his family increased with the swelling waters. When no conveyance could be found in which to "make the trip," we thought we had him

"trapped." However, Saturday morning his valises were packed and he was ready to start. An ominous cloud was on his brow and the glint of command shone in his eye. Controlling his evident irritation, he said resolutely: "We won't argue any more about the advisability of this trip. Son,"—to one of the boys—"drive me as far as we can go in the buggy; I'll get across the stream, and then if I cannot hire a conveyance, I'll walk." The sequel to the story is that, with valise in one hand and umbrella in the other, Bishop Capers walked for more than twenty miles. A few miles out from Saluda he sought the railroad, and after a desperate experience in the mud and slush of a railroad cut, made worse by anxiety about probable trains, he reached his destination about dark, to the great surprise of the Rev. Mr. McCullough and his good family, with whom he was to stay. Then came the humorous side. Without a dry thread on, covered with mud, and with no suit, the Bishop had to go to bed until his clothes could dry. As he was completely exhausted, the bed was most grateful for an hour or so. However, the clothes dried slowly, and unaccustomed to retiring so early, the Bishop proposed to get up. But whose clothes would he wear? Mr. McCullough was a small man, and his son Charlie was very tall and very thin. They managed to dress him after a fashion, and the remainder of the evening was spent in pleasant conversation. The next day it had cleared, so the Bishop kept his appointment and confirmed a class.

In relating this experience, that which seemed uppermost in his mind was the affection and cordiality of his reception by the McCulloughs. "Next morning my shoes were brought to me beautifully polished, and my suit cleaned and pressed. Upon inquiry I found that Charlie had fixed my shoes for me, and those lovely girls had actually cleaned and pressed my clothes. I felt greatly honored and also humbled."

The meeting of the General Conventions of the Church furnished the Bishops occasions for social intercourse and fellowship, as well as opportunities for work. During the General

Convention which met in San Francisco in 1901, Bishop Capers was a guest of Bishop Potter, who had accepted the kind invitation of Hon. Charles Crocker of that city, to use his house for the entertainment of his friends. Bishop Potter, Mr. J. P. Morgan, and other churchmen often entertained their guests thus during the three weeks of the General Convention.

This was a delightful experience for Bishop Capers, and he enjoyed Bishop Potter's household of guests and bountiful hospitality, and it afforded him the opportunity of forming many valued friendships.

Bishop Potter's daughter, Mrs. Dandridge, was hostess for her father upon this occasion. During the following spring Mrs. Dandridge was in Columbia, S. C., and called to tender her respects to Bishop Capers, whom she found absent. She then took occasion to pay the following tribute to him. Addressing herself to those present, and referring to the house-party in San Francisco, she said: "Bishop Capers was most delightful; he is a glorious man! Everybody fell in love with him. Why, even my father, who is so accustomed to being the lion of the occasion, just had to take a back seat, for he said he soon saw the only thing to do was to join in the lionizing of Bishop Capers. He made the life and fun for the house, and yet you could confide all your troubles to him, and tell him every secret, and all the while there was a beautiful dignity that was most attractive."

In relation to the Bishop's social engagements during the meeting of this General Convention (1901), we subjoin this letter to his son:

1150 CALIFORNIA ST.,

SATURDAY A. M.,

Oct. 12, 1901.

MY DEAR SON:

Your letter was on my desk when I went to my seat in the House of Bishops yesterday. I am writing now in my chamber before I go down, for I have so little time after we begin

work. What with committees between sessions, and *incessant* social demands, I am on the move all the time.

Well, Frank, Frisco is the most interesting of all our great cities I have yet seen, and the climate is just delightful. Yesterday, for the first time, I felt it warm, and the sea breeze did not come and go at its usual hour, but this morning feels like "Camp Cottage" weather in October. I never felt better and all my friends are saying how well I look.

Last night (8 P. M. to past midnight) I went to the most unique dinner I ever attended. It was given by our host in honor of Mr. Morgan. Think of a table over one hundred feet long and eighteen feet wide! Of course there have been tables seating hundreds, and maybe one fourth of a mile (all put together) long; indeed, I have often sat down to a dining, on marked occasions, when there were more guests; but I have never sat down with seventy-five distinguished men at one table, over one hundred feet long and eighteen feet wide! The decorations, with flowers, fruits, vines, and greens, were simply beyond my power of description. Hung up in the grand reception room, where we were received, was the diagram, elegantly mounted, which I give you on a separate page. Of course, writing to you, I must write about myself only because I know you and Em (and I write for you only) will appreciate so much egotism. Mr. Crocker, who is about the late Mr. Wm. Beattie's size, and reminds me of him, read his speech easily and pleasantly, and presided with ease. The speakers were called in the following order: Mr. Morgan (very brief two-minute speech) in response to Mr. Crocker; Bishop Potter; then the President of the University of California; Bishop Dudley; followed by the President of Stanford; Mr. Stetson, of New York (Morgan's lawyer and bright as a new dollar, and lovely in face and spirit); General Barnes, a great lawyer here; Mr. Scott, the builder of the *Charleston* and *Oregon*; myself, and last, the Bishop of Massachusetts.

Old Scott made just such a speech as you would expect

from a strong, practical, large-minded shipbuilder, with touches of real wit. Stetson was fine. Potter,—who felt that he was out of place there, but only went to please Mr. Crocker,—did not come up to his standard. General Barnes, a great-looking man, with a head like Webster, spoke—to my mind—with great eloquence and with exquisite taste and dignity. Dudley—the President of our House of Bishops and a king at a banquet!—was too much reconstructed, said he was on the wrong side (jokingly, but apologetically). He disappointed me. The Stanford University president was natural, simple, witty, and first-rate, and said California was scenery, climate, and hospitality. The University of California president was scholarly, stiff, classic, and very proper, but said some fine things. Lawrence (Massachusetts) was graceful and very enjoyable, but a little too nervous. As for myself, I spoke off-hand, as I felt, and rapped Dudley for saying he was on the wrong side, greatly to the pleasure of the great company of high men, for they gave such applause as I have never had in public before, except at the late Chickamauga monument unveiling. I said somewhat like this:

“My honored brother and friend, the Bishop of Kentucky, says, gentlemen, he was on the wrong side! Why”—affecting some bewilderment—“how was this, Dudley? We were on the *same* side. [Applause.] And, gentlemen,” said I, “how I do wish you could all know and feel how truly, how devoutly, how self-sacrificingly we believed in South Carolina we were on the *right* side. But how, then, came we Confederates to come, as my honored brother of Kentucky and I have come, to be now on the ‘wrong side’? The genial President of Stanford has told us how science, energy, and work have turned the world wrong side out; and ‘reversed things’ and ‘moved things’ and ‘changed things’ until we have a ‘new world’ and ‘new thought’ and a ‘new life’; and all, he said, by patient, continuous energy and work and pluck and perseverance! Precisely so, gentlemen. That is the way you brought Dudley and me over to the ‘wrong side.’” I wish you could

have seen and heard what followed. It seems too egotistical to write it, but it was some little time before I could go on, and then I said: "But, gentlemen, honor bright now! Didn't you all have a mighty close call?" "Yes! Yes!" they said, and repeated their applause. Then I went on to acknowledge the hospitality, to compare myself to Innocence abroad, to compliment the ladies of San Francisco,—who, by the by, are fine,—and to pay an honest tribute to Mr. Morgan's unostentatious generosity, and his simple and noble character, as well as his wonderful ability.

Riding home with Bishop Potter he said: "Capers, old fellow, your speech was charming. It was just like you, my boy, and, better than all, it will do good." Those were his very words. He has a way of calling his friends "my boy," and "dear boy," and with him it is a term of affection.

Now, my dear Frank, did you ever expect your father to devote so much space to writing about himself?

Your devoted,

FATHER.

"The Bishop of South Carolina, after a happy speech, concluded with this bit of sentiment, which won him hearty applause:*

"I want to assure you, gentlemen of California, that there is in South Carolina a very sincere and a very growing sentiment of love and reverence and respect for this great country of ours. It is my duty to say that I believe that the late President of the United States, honored be his memory, as glorious as was his character, has done more for the people of the South, more for my dear people in helping us to a sincere, self-respecting, conscientious respect for the Stars and Stripes and the Government that overcame us, the Government that persuaded us as he would have it, persuaded us by an affectionate assimilation in arms to be one—and I assure you gentlemen that there is in South Carolina to-day as faith-

**The Examiner*, San Francisco.

ful and as sincere and as loyal a purpose and determination to be true to this country as there was some years ago as faithful and loyal a determination to be faithful to the Southern Confederacy."

In the last decade of the nineteenth century the crime of homicide had grown so prevalent throughout South Carolina that Bishop Capers sought to arouse and influence public opinion by presenting the principles of Christian morality. His Order to the Church (December 1, 1897) was addressed:

To the Clergy of the Protestant Church in the Diocese of South Carolina, and all other ministers of the gospel throughout the State:

The sign of murder is upon us. Homicides are of frequent distressing occurrence, and in our judgment the public conscience needs to be instructed and the public mind aroused to a sense of the danger which threatens the character of our people. They need to be instructed upon the sacredness of human life as a gift of Almighty God, whose prerogative it is to take what He alone can give. Without warrant from Him no man may lawfully take his brother's life. The soldier on the battle-field, the officer of law in discharge of his prescribed duties, the citizen in defense of his own life, may take life without incurring the guilt of murder, for they act by warrant of delegated authority of "rulers" who are "God's ministers," and "bear the sword" by Divine authority to "punish evildoers"; but such murders as have of late outraged the law of God, and degraded the sacredness of life and dishonored the courage and character of our people, can lay no claim whatsoever to the sanction of Divine authority. We feel, beloved, that public sentiment needs to be aroused to a higher and nobler estimate of human life. We call upon our clergy to rebuke the murderer, and to proclaim the law of Almighty God, given to consecrate and bless the

life of every man made in His image, upheld by His providence, and redeemed by the precious blood of His own Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ. I therefore appoint Sunday, the 19th of December, the fourth Sunday in Advent, on which day I call upon the clergy of the diocese to preach against the crime of murder, now so prevalent in our State, and I most respectfully invite our brethren, the ministers of Christ of all denominations, to unite with us on that day in upholding the majesty of God's law, the sacredness of human life, and the honor of our beloved State.

Faithfully,

ELLISON CAPERS,

Bishop of Diocese of S. Carolina.

The *New York Journal*, commenting on this order, says:

"'The sign of murder is upon us.' In this tersely put epigram the Right Rev. Ellison Capers, Bishop of the Episcopal Church for the diocese of South Carolina, calls attention to the lamentable prevalence of the germ of homicide in the minds of the people of that State, and in pursuance of instruction from the Diocesan Council, has fixed a day upon which all the clergy of the Episcopal Church within the boundaries of South Carolina are to plead with their congregations to banish murder from their hearts.

"The day selected is December 19, which is, in the calendar of the Church, the fourth Sunday in Advent. . . .

"The message of Bishop Capers is an unusual and striking document, one with few precedents, if any, in the history of the Protestant Church. It is provoked by a remarkable condition of affairs in this hot-blooded Southern State, and is promulgated by one of the most interesting figures in the American pulpit."

Bishop Capers entered into the work of his episcopate with unabated zeal and devotion. The closing years of "that noble gentleman and devoted servant of God and his Church, the Rt. Rev. W. B. W. Howe," marked a stormy period of dis-

sent and strife in the Church in South Carolina. Seven churches had withdrawn from official affiliation with the diocese. Negro representation in the Diocesan Convention was the bone of contention. The rector of one of the most prominent and influential churches in the city of Charleston was preaching that the negro had no soul, and published a book to sustain his theory. In 1893 Bishop Howe was a confirmed invalid. He turned the active management of all the affairs of his diocese over to his coadjutor. Bishop Capers began his official career with a loyal band of brethren of both orders, and finding their unity in him, it was but a short time until the bolting parishes came back and the diocese was once more united. This was not accomplished by making clergymen and laymen to feel that they must surrender their opinions. But with tact and patience, courageous adherence to principle, by precept and example, their bishop led them to place duty to the Church above pride of opinion and loyalty to Christ before gratification of personal ambition. Through the judicious and self-sacrificing discharge of his office he touched the chord that vibrates in the hearts of men, and with noble spirit the whole diocese responded to his leadership.

He gave himself unsparingly to the work of the Church within his diocese and he accepted but few invitations which took him from the diocese and official duties in South Carolina.

An interesting exception was to accept the invitation to deliver the annual "Flower Sermon" in St. Louis, Mo. The directors of the beautiful "Shaw Memorial Gardens" provided for an annual sermon to be preached in that city in memory of Henry Shaw, the benefactor. Bishop Capers was one of the preachers. Another notable exception was when in May, 1898, during Bishop Potter's absence at the Lambeth Conference, London, England, Bishop Capers presided over the diocese of New York. During the brief period he exercised the episcopal office in this great diocese he confirmed five hundred persons. He tells us that he derived great inspiration not only from the courteous and brotherly reception by the New York

clergy, as well as the overflowing congregations which greeted him at every service, but more especially from his administrations to the sick and needy in the great hospitals and asylums he visited. In his official journal we get little touches here and there which reveal the heart and mind of the good Bishop in the exercise of his office in New York.

May 27—Ascension Day. In the afternoon visited St. Luke's Hospital. In the chapel I confirmed twenty-five persons, and made an address. Eight of the class were nurses and seventeen patients of this great institution. After service confirmed five patients in the separate wards. One of these was a young man waiting on my visitation to be confirmed before he submitted to a dangerous operation; and another was a sweet-faced girl who was anxious to renew her baptismal vows before she laid down her burden of pain and sickness forever. When I had confirmed her, I shall never forget her far-away look of peace, as she took my hand and, turning her brown eyes upward, she said, with an effort: "Thank you, Bishop; I am so thankful that I am in the communion of the Church. I am so thankful."

June 2—Attended the Commencement exercises of the General Theological Seminary, and at the request of the dean made the address to the graduates.

June 7—Received a communication from the Standing Committee of the diocese of New York requesting me to prepare and authorize a special Collect for use in the diocese on the 20th of June, being the day appointed by the Church of England to commemorate the sixtieth anniversary of the good reign of Victoria.

June 11—8 P. M. Evening prayer and address, this being the fifth address to-day.

June 13—Trinity Sunday. The ordinations were held in St. Chrysostom's Church, the rector, Dr. Sill, and his staff of clergy, Archdeacon Tiffany, Chaplain Baldwin and the pro-

fessors of the General Seminary being present and taking part in the impressive services.

I preached the sermon and celebrated the holy communion.

Eight men were ordained deacons and four priests.

At 4 P. M. in the chapel of the Good Shepherd, Blackwell's Island, I confirmed thirty-five persons and preached. In the wards of the hospitals I confirmed nine others who were unable to go to church. All the confirmed were inmates of the great asylum for the poor and the sick on the Island, to whom the Church is administering the consolations of the gospel, the rector, Rev. Mr. Prophett, being the zealous and devoted pastor. It is a glorious work of mercy, worthy of the interest shown in it by the presence of the city officials and men and women of the Church who have it under their fostering charge. After the long service at St. Chrysostom's, and the hurried trip to the Island, I was refreshed and inspired by the work before me, and rejoiced to welcome the weary and heavy-laden to the rest which only their Lord can give them. "It was good to be there." At 8 P. M. in Christ Church, Rye, the rector, Dr. Kirby said evening prayer. I confirmed fourteen persons and addressed them, and Mr. Baldwin preached. We got back to New York at midnight. With this day's labor I completed the work I undertook for the Bishop of New York. To the Rev. Mr. Baldwin, the efficient chaplain of the Bishop of New York, I am indebted for many courtesies, and to the clergy for their cordial and brotherly consideration.

The following telegram from the *New York World* indicates Bishop Capers' national reputation:

NEW YORK, N. Y., Feby. 11, 1897.

BISHOP CAPERS,

Columbia, S. C.

The World asks you as one of the leaders of American thought to lend the influence of your views and name through its columns to insure the ratification of the peace treaty. Only

through the expressions of citizens of eminence can the sentiment of the country be brought to bear on the Senate.

An expression from you by wire will help.

Answer is prepaid.

"THE WORLD."

EPISCOPAL RESIDENCE.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Feby. 12, '97.

TO THE "WORLD,"

New York.

The arbitration treaty as negotiated is a triumph of wisdom and an honor to our country. Failure to ratify it will be, in my judgment, a misfortune alike to both England and America.

Such a treaty between the greatest of Christian nations must be an example of power and influence in promoting honorable peace without resort to the calamities of war. God speed the treaty.

ELLISON CAPERS.

We here introduce a characteristically magnanimous letter:

BISHOP'S HOUSE.

COLUMBIA, S. C., May 1, 1897.

MRS. L. E. NORRIS, Secy., etc.,

Aiken, S. C.

My Dear Mrs. Norris—I have had the honor to receive your very kind letter, communicating the most complimentary action of the Daughters of the Confederacy, recently organized in Aiken, by which you have asked that my name be given to your Chapter. I deeply appreciate the very great honor you confer upon me by taking such action, and I beg with all my heart to express my sincerest acknowledgments to the ladies of the chapter.

But may I ask your indulgence while I submit most respectfully that, as my name has been given to the chapter of the Daughters formed at Florence, would it be just to other Con-

federate soldiers, whose names are more worthy of honor than mine, that I should have two chapters in the State named for me? I am sure you will not think me unmindful of the honor conferred upon me by your chapter if I most respectfully suggest that you give the name of one of our dead heroes to your chapter, and may I suggest the name of my gallant brother-in-law, Col. Francis Gendron Palmer, of the Holcombe Legion, who fell mortally wounded at the Second Battle of Manassas while leading his regiment in a charge against the enemies' guns. Col. Palmer was a noble man and a gallant soldier, and distinguished himself on our coast and in Virginia. He was the great grandnephew of Gen. Francis Marion and the brother of your own Mrs. Legare. I take the liberty, in case you would prefer to name your chapter for one of our dead generals, to suggest the names of Gen. Staterights Gist and Gen. Clement H. Stevens. Gen. Gist was killed at Franklin, Tennessee, leading his brigade in that memorable battle, and Gen. Stevens was mortally wounded on the 20th of July, 1864, in front of his brigade in Gen. Hood's First Battle at Atlanta.

I feel sure that you will not think me inappreciative of the honor you have done me, and will understand that I only want to co-operate with you in doing justice to the names of our gallant soldiers.

With every sentiment of loving respect, I am,

Most faithfully yours,

E. CAPERS.

A virtue which characterized Bishop Capers and endeared him to his co-laborers, whether they served with him in a subordinate capacity or otherwise, was the genuine pleasure he derived from their success and the personal pride he took in their accomplishments or achievements. Bishops Gailor and Sessums were both consecrated to the episcopate when unusually young for such an honor and dignity. We recall very distinctly Bishop Capers' pride in the brilliant attainments

of these two young bishops. When the General Convention met in Washington, D. C., 1896, Bishop and Mrs. Capers attended the convention on their "bridal trip," after having been married for forty years. The Hon. John G. Capers was living in Washington at the time, and W. B. Capers was at the Virginia Seminary, within a few miles of the city. Other members of the family made it convenient to be in Washington at that time. There was a family reunion. During the meeting of the convention bishops filled the different pulpits in the city and adjacent communities. Upon the occasion to which we refer, Bishop Capers was to preach in one of the Washington churches, and Bishop Gailor was to fill the pulpit of St. Andrew's Church. Bishop Capers sent the entire family around to hear the Bishop of Tennessee, and took as much pride in hearing of his "masterly sermon" as if he had been a son or brother.

The tenth anniversary to commemorate the bishopric of the soldier-priest, Ellison Capers, was celebrated at old Trinity with a solemnity and beauty of service aptly appropriate and profoundly impressive. It is doubtful if any ceremonial of a similar character ever held in this State was more thoroughly imbued with the spirit of love and affection for the object of its purpose.

The Rev. Cantey Johnson read the morning prayers, the Rev. John Kershaw, of old St. Michael's, Charleston, preached the sermon, and the Rev. Messrs. Churchill Satterlee, Johnson, Witsell, Sams, and Gordon assisted the Bishop in the office of the holy communion.

The Rev. Mr. Kershaw had been assigned the difficult task of preaching the sermon, or perhaps it could more properly be termed an address. His earnest words were listened to with the greatest interest by the congregation. His introductory remarks follow:

"Lying on the fragrant grass at Aiken, in the fall of the year 1892, communing together in lazy after-dinner fashion,

were two presbyters of this diocese, called there by a meeting of the convocation of which they were both members. Presently one of them said to the other, calling him by name: 'Do you know you are going to be the next bishop of this diocese?' The reply was: 'What makes you think so?' His friend answered: 'Well, I believe the majority of the clergy want you, and I am sure the laity will be for you by an overwhelming majority.' Starting to a sitting position, the other man said: 'If I thought that, it would scare me half to death'; not parsable, perhaps, but expressive. The friend imperturbably commented: 'Well, it is going to be so, and you had better begin to accustom yourself to the idea in advance of its realization.' The next May the friend's prediction was fulfilled in every particular, and his advice must have been taken, because our present diocesan has managed to survive the shock of election to his high office for ten years, thus affording us the opportunity to unite in signalizing the event.

"The stormy episcopate of that noble gentleman and devoted servant of God and His Church, the Rt. Rev. W. B. W. Howe, was drawing to its close at the time the two friends were thus conversing, and Bishop Howe had expressed his intention of asking for an assistant to be given to him, thus preparing the mind of the diocese in a measure for, and placing before it the duty of, making choice of a fit person to serve in that most exalted of sacred offices known to this Church. It was a time of deep anxiety to us, because the echoes of the protracted struggle through which the diocese had passed still lingered and its wounds had hardly healed. It was felt that it would not do to run the risk of choosing for our bishop one who might rekindle the fires of strife by reviving the question so recently adjusted, chiefly through the mediatorial efforts of our present bishop, an adjustment which had resulted in restoring fraternal relation in some degree, so rendering it possible for all to confer together first, and then to agree upon a basis of settlement, finally accepted by the diocese in convention assembled. The blessing of the peacemaker descended

thus upon him who, as no other man in the diocese, combined in himself those qualities illustrated by his actions in that critical time, those dispositions that were intuitively recognized as most important at that turning-point in our history.

"After the communion service had been concluded, the Rev. W. B. Gordon stepped forward and, beckoning to the Bishop, smilingly asked him to come forth. The Bishop stood at attention, when Mr. Gordon paid him the highest possible eulogy, and presented to him 'the handsomest robes that could be purchased in New York for love or money' and a magnificent loving cup. The sum of \$310 was dropped in the loving cup, the gift of the clergy for good measure.

"The speaker briefly reviewed the Bishop's splendid work for the Church throughout, and 'told him frankly to his face just what the clergy and the laity of the Episcopal Church thought of him, which is perhaps more than they ever thought of any other churchman in the State.'

"The faces of the clergymen ranged about the Rev. Mr. Gordon showed very plainly how thoroughly they voiced the sentiments that he so gracefully uttered. Bishop-elect Bratton of Mississippi, formerly of this State, followed in a graceful encomium, and presented a handsome private communion set for the use of the sick and other purposes, the gift of the children of the Sunday school.

"The object of all these attentions was plainly affected when the Bishop started out to reply. He said that it was one of the most sacred moments of his life, and that he felt deeply the honor that was being paid him. Then in the graceful fashion of which he is the past master, the Bishop proceeded to pay the clergy and laity of the Episcopal Church of South Carolina almost as high an honor as they had paid him. He could never have succeeded as he had had it not been for their loyalty and faithfulness to the cause and their support of the bishop of the diocese. What the Rev. Mr. Kershaw had said in the convention was entirely true, and when he was elected he

recalled the fact that after the vote had been taken first it was made *con amore*. In his heart of hearts the speaker said that he had doubted his ability to fulfill the duties of his office adequately, but the loving support of the ministers of the State, as well as the laity, had dispelled the doubts of ten years.

"The Bishop then recalled a luncheon of some ten or eleven bishops that he had attended. At these luncheons it was customary for the bishops to discuss the differences that sometimes arise with their ministers and the vestries. The Bishop said that he recalled listening to the stories that they nearly all had to tell. Finally when they had finished someone turned and asked him to tell his. But South Carolina could tell none—the Bishop explained that when the bishops were together in that manner every bishop was called by the name of his State. Some astonishment was expressed when the Bishop informed his brethren that he had absolutely no experience to tell of this description. Continuing, he explained what a source of the greatest gratification this had been to him. There had never been a time when the Bishop could not agree with his flock. He said that without this co-operation and sympathy of both the clergy and laity he did not believe that this occasion could have been celebrated. He did not owe it to himself, but to the clergy and the laity standing by him on every occasion, as a gallant soldier follows his leader, that he had been successful.

"There had been no recalcitrant spirit. Only last night there had been a meeting, and seven thousand dollars had been appropriated for the diocesan missions. Yet the wealthy State of New York subscribed only twenty-five thousand dollars for that purpose, and he referred to a letter he had from New York asking for the methods that were employed, so that New York might profit by the experience by which South Carolina has been able to accomplish so much. The Bishop told of efforts to raise a petty seven hundred dollars for the salary

of a noble fellow, but only six hundred dollars of this amount could be raised, and he expressed his confidence that he would do his work just as if he had the other pittance.

"The Bishop concluded with an eloquent peroration for God's blessing on the flock, and the great body of visiting clergymen marched out of the church to 'Jerusalem the Golden,' and a few minutes afterward the entire company attended the luncheon which had been arranged by the ladies of the parish. Several speeches were made at this luncheon, among which were some very interesting ones which lack of space prevents publishing."*

Of the last five years of Bishop Capers' episcopate four were years into which he crowded a great amount of work and during which he maintained that standard of industry and devotion which characterized his administration. This work he accomplished under ever increasing difficulties. His health began to break under the strain of the incessant labors, exposure, and fatigue incident to a bishop's life. And then Mrs. Capers' ill-health also placed a great tax upon his moral and physical nature. His constant anxiety and tender sympathy, added to the great exertion of hard trips made to administer to her comfort while fulfilling his official appointments, told upon him in every way, except in his unerring devotion to his official duties. For her convenience, as well as to relieve his own anxiety, he had an additional telephone so placed that she could talk to him from her bed, and he arranged that only the residence telephone could be rung. In this way, when he called up from various parts of the diocese, if Mrs. Capers was sleeping or not able to talk, his inquiry would not wake or disturb her.

With the tenth anniversary of his episcopate the beloved Bishop stood at the zenith of his powers. During the four years succeeding, while there was no perceptible change in his physical vigor or in the strong and loving administration of his office, yet, having reached the zenith, the decline was inevitable, and looking back upon those years, we can now realize

**The State*, Columbia, S. C."

that nature repeatedly gave warning that the machinery of mind and body was being driven at too high a tension and taxed beyond its strength.

During this last period of active work, in his preaching he maintained his usual level of vigorous thought. In fact, the biographer of his father could not have written more truly of him: "Even the commonplaces of the pulpit delivered in his eloquent voice charmed the popular ear. Sometimes he rose above that level, and then the intellectualist was struck with the freshness and affluence of his ideas, with the force which vitalized his conceptions. In his ordinary preaching a flash of unexpected light would frequently be thrown upon some important point in the discussion; the latent power or beauty of a word would be brought out." Thus he was eloquent, direct, didactic, or persuasive in making his appeal to the heart and consciences of men and inspiring them to "think on these things" that they might receive the Word of Life.

In March, 1896, while visiting the church at St. James, Santee, Bishop Capers contracted a severe cold, which settled on his lungs. Moving about so constantly (from appointment to appointment), he could not take proper care of himself, and though he finally overcame the cold and threw it off altogether, this seemed to be the beginning of a recurrence of similar colds during the severe winter months. The following January, 1897, he had another such attack. In writing to one of his children from his bed of illness he says:

"I am, in my opinion, very near having pneumonia, if indeed I haven't it now. Dr. DuBose is attending me. He says I will escape pneumonia, but my lungs seem to me this morning very much affected. I hope not."

The exposure and labors incident to the work of a bishop, and incessant demands upon his voice, tended to increase this tendency to bronchial attacks, until as they grew more and more severe he was afflicted upon more than one occasion with bronchial pneumonia. Naturally strong and vigorous,

he would baffle the disease and recuperate with remarkable rapidity, apparently none the worse because of the illness.

The General Convention which met in Boston, 1904, was the last upon which he was in attendance. There he was the guest of Bishop and Mrs. Potter. During his visit he celebrated his sixty-seventh birthday. In some way this fact was discovered by his genial host and hostess, and communicated to the other house-guests. It was agreed that they would give him a surprise and commemorate the occasion by presenting the Bishop of South Carolina with a token of their esteem and admiration and their appreciation of his contribution to the pleasure of the house-party.

The Rev. Dr. Grosvenor and Bishop Hare were appointed to make the selection, and they decided upon a beautiful silver service. This was presented from Bishop and Mrs. Potter and their guests, and is now prized by his family as a lovely souvenir of his last attendance upon a General Convention of the Church.

In 1905 a number of the clergy of his diocese began to agitate the question of giving him an assistant. This the Bishop discouraged, upon the general proposition that he could do the work and that the diocese was not prepared to support two bishops, and he therefore did not think it right to put this additional tax upon it. However, his health failing, the next year he issued to the clergy and people the following pastoral:

PASTORAL FROM THE BISHOP

BISHOP'S HOUSE,
COLUMBIA, S. C., Dec. 20, 1906.

TO THE CLERGY AND LAITY OF THE DIOCESE OF SOUTH
CAROLINA.

Dear Brethren: You will recall that in my annual address to the council at Camden in May, 1905, I referred to the subject of the election of a bishop coadjutor for the diocese.

This reference was made only because it had been suggested to me by several of my brethren, lay and clerical, and not from a desire on my part to propose such an election. On the contrary, I gave you at the time my reasons for declining my consent to the proposal, I did not feel then that I was in any way disqualified for the full discharge of my episcopal duties, "by reason of age or other permanent cause of infirmity," and I could not conscientiously ask you to give me a coadjutor.

I cannot say this now, dear brethren. My health has seriously suffered in the past year, and has become so uncertain as to interfere materially with my visitations.

Though I do not distrust the good Providence that has preserved me in the past, I have reason to believe that my health will be very uncertain in the future, if it does not become permanently so. Under these conditions the interests of the diocese must suffer. In this judgment I am supported by the opinion and advice of my physician, whose certificate I will submit to council at the proper time as part of the record of my request.

For this reason, and with the best interests of the diocese in my mind and heart, I hereby give notice to the churches that, Providence permitting, at the approaching council, to be held in Trinity Church, Columbia, in May, 1907, I will read my canonical consent to the election of a bishop coadjutor, and will expect his election by that council.

I have not taken this step without the most serious reflection, and not until I had sought the judgment and counsel of the Standing Committee. It is a matter of thankful satisfaction to me that I have the sympathy and approval of the committee in addressing this letter to you, and that, as far as I know and believe, it will meet the approval of my people.

Suffer me a few words of loving counsel before I conclude.

It has been characteristic of the diocese of South Carolina that our episcopal elections have been conducted without the excitement of nominating addresses and in humble reliance

upon the guidance of God the Holy Ghost, who gives us a right judgment in all things. Let us abide faithfully by this rule. While we use our best judgment in considering the qualifications of such presbyters as may commend themselves to us as suited to fill the office of bishop in the Church of God, let us determine upon nothing and decide upon no man without faithful prayer to God for His Divine direction. I have sincere confidence in your wisdom and discretion, and feel assured that you will elect to be your coadjutor a presbyter of the Church who will be worthy of the confidence and love of the diocese. As far as my humble prayers may aid you, they will be given you, dear brethren, night and day. To this extent, and to this extent only, will I participate in the choice of my successor—commending you to God and the word of His grace, especially as He has revealed to His Church through the First Epistle of St. Paul to Timothy the qualifications of a bishop.

I am, dear brethren,

Faithfully your Bishop,

ELLISON CAPERS.

In his fourteenth annual address to his Diocesan Council, he thus refers to the impending election of a bishop-coadjutor:

“In response to what I felt to be the general wish of my brethren, and because of the uncertain condition of my health, and after consulting the judgment of the Standing Committee, I have formally asked for the election of a bishop coadjutor by this council. In compliance with the canon law I hereby give my consent to such election. It is made my duty by the canon to state the duties which I propose to assign to the bishop coadjutor when he shall have been duly ordained and consecrated. Accordingly, I herewith state to the council that I will assign a definite portion of the diocese to the coadjutor for his special supervision and care, committing to him, with my co-operation and advice, all episcopal duties

therein, reserving to myself the direction and care of the missions and schools among colored people, the reception of postulants and candidates for holy orders, and the privilege of exchanging visitations with the coadjutor whenever it is mutually agreeable.

"I shall gladly do all in my power to further the episcopal work and influence of my coadjutor, and I feel sure he will have the loving and loyal support of the whole diocese. To promote his acquaintance with all sections of the diocese, I shall so arrange his visitations as to give him the opportunity to know our people and to identify his episcopate with all parts of South Carolina.

"You may well know, my dear brethren, with what anxiety I await this election. It means very much to me, but far more to you. It has been, and is, a source of great comfort to me to trust this whole matter to your judgment. I have not sought to influence the vote of one man, clergyman or layman, as to any one of my presbyters, save as I have prayed that God would give you a sound judgment. This much I would say, dear brethren, and beg to impress the thought upon your mind: In electing your coadjutor you are electing the future bishop of South Carolina. The coadjutor succeeds the bishop by the right of law. The coadjutor is not the temporary assistant of the bishop, but his brother bishop and his lawful successor. I lovingly bid you keep this in mind, and I believe, and am assured, that God the Holy Ghost will guide you to a wise choice.

"With this assurance, dear brethren, I submit my fourteenth annual address for your consideration, and invite you to the duties and responsibilities that are now before us."

It was about this time that a very characteristic incident occurred, which we relate here to show the broad human sympathy of the Bishop.

He was among the passengers on a train that ran over and badly mangled the body of a negro man. It was a bitter cold

night. The train was stopped, of course, and the suffering negro placed in the baggage car. With other passengers the Bishop came forward to find out what was the trouble. Seeing the poor man weltering in his blood and shivering with cold, Bishop Capers instantly took off his overcoat and spread it over the injured man, and then further interested himself to alleviate his sufferings. That impulsive act was characteristic, but not near so much so as the Bishop's unconsciousness that he had done an humble creature a great kindness, and that of all the crowd that looked upon the negro he was the only one who thought of offering his coat and soothing his pain by depriving himself.

CHAPTER XX

THE UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH

"BEHIND every great movement and behind every great event stand great men or some great personality." The modern missions movement suggests Cary and Mills. The Reformation brings to mind Bishops Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley as well as Martin Luther. When we pass from the sphere of religious reformations to that of education, the greatest of England's universities suggests the scholar king, Henry I, as its founder; William of Wykeham as its greatest teacher; William Durham the founder of scholarships and John de Baliol as the originator of its system of "colleges." In the American Church Columbia College at once suggests Bishop Hobart, and in like manner Trinity College, Bishop Brownell.

The University of the South brings to the mind its great founders, Bishops Polk and Otey, and the long succession of devoted bishops, clergy, and laymen who have at great sacrifice developed and maintained it.

On the roll of its fathers and fosterers are to be found as many remarkable men and great personalities as were ever identified with the establishment and perpetuation of any similar institution. Bishops Polk, Otey, Elliott, Cobbs, Greene, Atkinson, Davis, Lay, and Rutledge were among its organizers. In the second generation of bishops, among those who after the War came to the rescue of Sewanee, were Bishop Quintard, who revived it; and Bishops Howe, Lyman, Weed, Beckwith, Wilmer, and Gallaher, who brought to the university a rich endowment of scholarship as well as churchly and patriotic devotion.

"A thought once awakened does not again slumber, but unfolds itself into a system of thought, grows in man after man, generation after generation, until its full stature is reached." Bishop Otey's was the thought; Bishop Polk's the system, while through Bishop Quintard, his co-laborers, and successors, Sewanee's Alumni and self-sacrificing faculty, her present heroic stature has been reached.

The thought of Bishop Otey crystallized in the mind of Bishop Polk, who in 1857 outlined and perfected the organization. The plan was to locate a university as central and convenient as possible to the affiliating dioceses of North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, and Tennessee. The university was to be under the sole and perpetual direction of the Protestant Episcopal Church represented through a board of trustees. This board was to be composed of the bishops of the affiliating dioceses, and one clergyman and two laymen from each such diocese. The university was not to begin operation until the sum of five hundred thousand dollars was actually secured.

"*Ecclesia et patria*," if not the official motto of the university of the South, has been the spirit that inspired and characterized her from her inception to the present time. The purpose for which Sewanee was established was "for the cultivation of true religion, learning, and virtue, that thereby God may be glorified and the happiness of man may be advanced." The university is a declaration of the Church's effort to discharge her responsibility in uniting the intellectual and spiritual natures of man, by inculcating in him the wisdom of God and the power of God.

The corner-stone of the University of the South was laid at Sewanee, Tenn., October 10, 1860. The patriotic purpose and the noble plan for which it was to stand was declared by Bishop Elliott, when depositing the memorials in the corner-stone. Depositing the Bible, he said: "This sacred volume, being the canonical Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, is

deposited before and above all memorials in this corner-stone to testify to the present generation, and to all future generations, that the University of the South recognizes the Word of God as the fountain of all learning and as the only source of that knowledge which maketh wise unto salvation." Depositing the Prayer Book he said: "This copy of the Book of Common Prayer is deposited in this corner-stone next after the Word of God, to testify that the University of the South believes it to be in perfect harmony with that Word, and to exhibit in its ministry, doctrine, and sacraments the Church of God as that Church was founded by Christ and His Apostles." On depositing the Constitution of the United States he said: "I next deposit in this corner-stone the Constitution of the United States, the time-honored bond which binds together the States of that confederacy to testify that the University of the South, while it holds itself superior to the State in all strictly spiritual matters, acknowledges itself subordinate to it in all matters of government and law. *Esto perpetua.*"

Sewanee has been heroically loyal to the sentiment herein expressed.

More than four hundred and fifty thousand dollars had been raised, the promoters of the university had received every assurance of a splendid success, when war blasted her hopes and destroyed her immediate future.

On Thursday, the 22nd of March, 1866, the plateau of Sewanee presented a markedly different scene from that of October 10, 1860, when the first corner-stone of the university was laid in the presence of a vast concourse of people, prelates, orators, and statesmen. On this 22d of March the Rt. Rev. Charles T. Quintard, Bishop of Tennessee, accompanied by but two clergy and a member of the board of trustees, selected a site and placed a rude cross where the new university was to be built. The workmen gathered about; the Apostle Creed was said, the "Gloria in Excelsis" sung, and Sewanee had made her second start in life. From thenceforward the history of Sewanee has been one of personal sacrifice.

It would be an inspiring volume which contained the biographies of the great and good men whose devotion made Sewanee possible and whose unselfish labors, patriotic spirit—the “Sewanee spirit”—have given her a place and an influence beyond and out of proportion to her material success and the amount of this world’s goods bestowed upon her.

In addition to the bishops heretofore mentioned, Sewanee brings to mind the brilliant Bishop Dudley, the apostolic Tuttle, the chivalrous and devoted Capers, the soldierly Kirby Smith; Shoup, and Gorgas; and her historian, the devoted and able Fairbanks.

Any sketch of the University of the South would be incomplete without a becoming reference to the Rev. Dr. Telfair Hodgson, soldier and priest, teacher and philanthropist. Dr. Hodgson was a loyal and generous friend to the university. He gave liberally to it of his means; was the first dean of its theological department, and afterwards was vice-chancellor.

The school of the prophets at Sewanee, its theological department, bears the impress of the gentle and loving spirit and scholarly attainment of the Rev. Wm. P. DuBose, who as a theologian has given to the seminary an international reputation.

The “Sewanee spirit” is the logical development of self-forgetfulness and self-sacrifice. From his first connection with the university, as its chaplain, the Rev. Thomas F. Gailor exhibited this spirit in a marked degree. He possessed pulpit ability of the highest order, and a most engaging personality.

He had been chaplain but a few years when he attracted the favorable attention of the Church throughout the country. He was repeatedly called to the great centers of population and business, and princely salaries were offered him to become rector of wealthy and influential parishes. In 1892 he was elected Bishop of Georgia, but he resolutely declined to leave his post, hard work and meager salary, because it carried with it great opportunities for service among the students and also

afforded occasion to promote the interest of the institution. In 1893 the Rev. Dr. Gailor became Bishop of Tennessee, and within recent years was elected chancellor of the University of the South. Through his entire ministry and episcopate he has given Sewanee his enthusiastic support and bestowed upon her his rare gifts of heart and mind.

Rev. William A. Guerry, who succeeded Bishop Gailor as chaplain of Sewanee, and is now Bishop of South Carolina, exhibited a similar devotion through the years of his chaplaincy.

It is of interest to note that in the year 1893 Sewanee seemed in danger of being South Carolinaized—to coin a term—by the number of South Carolinians officially connected with her. In that year Dr. Ellison Capers was elected Assistant Bishop of South Carolina, and became an ex-officio member of the board of trustees. Rev. W. A. Guerry was elected chaplain; B. L. Wiggins, vice chancellor; Dr. W. P. DuBose was dean of the theological department, and Professor Hennaman dean of the academic department, all of them South Carolinians.

As vice chancellor Dr. Wiggins soon demonstrated his executive ability, diplomacy, and statesmanship. He won the love and confidence of the board of trustees, as well as the student body. He too demonstrated the "Sewanee spirit" of self-sacrifice, and was loyal to the best interest of the institution. Dr. Wiggins declined many offers to become the head of larger and more prosperous institutions, and in some instances with salaries double his own.

In 1905 the philanthropy of Mr. Andrew Carnegie unwittingly dealt Sewanee a severe blow, which a less heroic and loyal institution could not have survived. He created an endowment fund of ten million dollars, the interest of which was to pension teachers who had served in colleges and universities for a stipulated length of time and had met certain requirements. This endowment carried the provision that teachers in "denominational institutions" were not eligible to its benefits. This clearly put such colleges at a great disadvantage, and the

dampening effect of the benefaction was felt in all such institutions. It is natural for men to look to the care and comfort of their old age, and they would therefore prefer employment where they were assured of their support after having given the best years of their life to the cause of education. This pension system gave the non-denominational colleges a great advantage, practically attaching a life endowment to their professorships. The result was inevitable. "Denominational colleges" all over the country surrendered their charters and were rechartered under the terms of the endowment. They then prepared to draft the ablest teachers in the land. While the bait was enticing, it was also an effort on the part of the benefactor to "secularize education" by "freezing out" those institutions that stood for Christian education. Sewanee had reached a crisis, but no one of its faculty deserted its flag. And yet there was a movement on foot to have the university rechartered, that she too might secure the benefits of this great endowment, and so attract the ablest and most accomplished instructors.

The advocates to "recharter" quietly but adroitly endeavored to influence those in authority, with the following representations: The theological department would remain under the control of the Episcopal Church. Under the new charter the election of the board of trustees would be taken out of the diocesan councils, and the board made a self-perpetuating body. Thus standing on the same plane with other universities and colleges, it would enjoy the benefit not only of the Carnegie Endowment, but of the General Educational Board and such private philanthropy as is opposed to church schools.

In June, 1909, Sewanee was confronted by a grave financial crisis. In the midst of the Commencement exercises that year the beloved and devoted vice chancellor, Dr. Lawson B. Wiggins, died suddenly. A deep gloom settled over the university.

The Alumni Association met, and during the meeting a resolution was offered requesting the board of trustees to con-

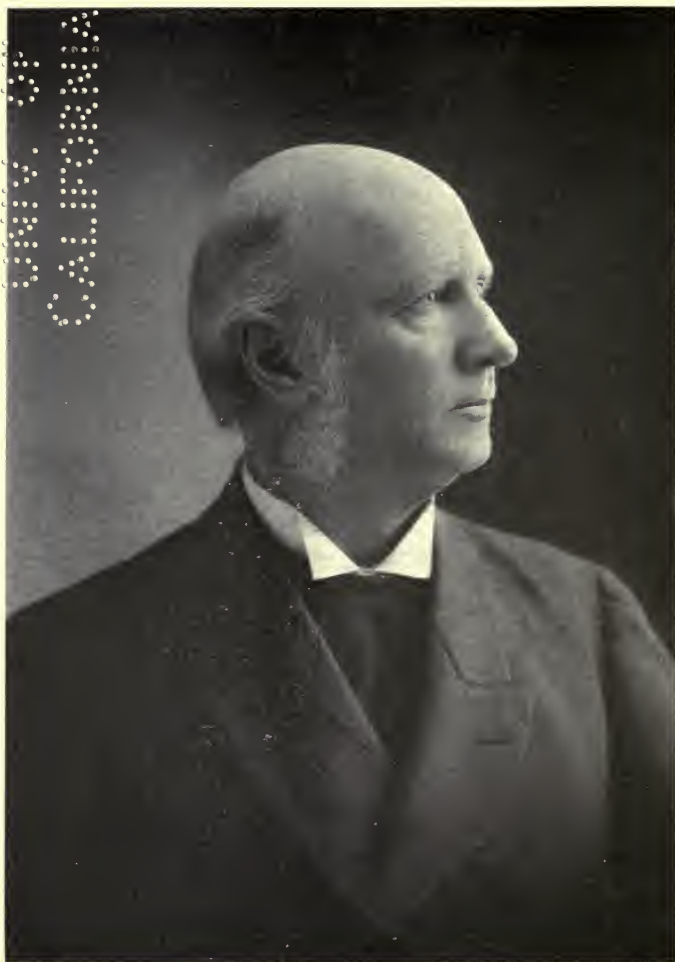
sider the matter of changing the charter. This was the first open move to *unchurch* the university. The arguments put forward to support the resolution were that the present number of trustees, being over seventy, was too large and unwieldy a body. It was further urged that if Sewanee was not a church school it would receive liberal financial support as above suggested. These resolutions were warmly opposed, and finally amended so as to leave the existing government of Sewanee in *statu quo*.

This "entering wedge" in the effort to change the charter of the university was productive of great good, in that it aroused the Church people throughout the South to a sense of their responsibility for the existence of Sewanee, and also inspired the trustees to renew and redouble their efforts in her behalf. They selected a board of regents, in whose hands rest the affairs of the university. This solved the problem of the unwieldiness of the board of trustees. Thenceforward the "Sewanee spirit" began again to demonstrate its power and prove itself in practical ways. An endowment commission was created, and through it an endowment of five hundred thousand dollars is being raised. In the meantime Bishop Gailor had been elected chancellor of the university. With characteristic enthusiasm for the best interest of Sewanee, he entered heartily into the plan for endowment. Visiting the East, he interested and organized alumni and friends, and later, accepting the appointment to visit the large cities throughout the affiliating dioceses in the South, he gave himself unsparingly to the work, and met with great and well-deserved success.

The alumni have organized all over the country, with the twofold purpose of raising an endowment and sending students to their alma mater. The effect of all this has been electrical, and Sewanee is destined to become not only a great Church university, but in all respects one of the greatest educational institutions in the land, influencing the life and molding the thought of the nation. She has vindicated herself in main-

taining the principles and purposes for which she was founded. The University of the South has demonstrated to the world the essential principle of Christianity, that the more our ideals run counter to self-interest and self-indulgence the more powerfully they appeal to men; while commercialized ideals are doomed to ultimate failure.

A collection of small, stylized drawings of various birds, including sparrows, finches, and songbirds, arranged in a grid-like pattern. The birds are depicted in various poses, some facing left, some right, and some in profile. They are drawn with simple lines and some shading to indicate feathers and beaks. The drawings are arranged in a grid-like pattern, with some birds grouped together and others standing alone. The overall style is that of a vintage bird book or a collection of illustrations for a children's book.



BISHOP CAPERS

As Chancellor of the University of the South (1904-1908)

CHAPTER XXI

BISHOP CAPERS BECOMES CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH

Bishop Capers' interest in Sewanee was contemporary with the re-establishment of the college. In his private journal under date of January, 1872, we find this record: "Christ Church Rectory—Rev. Dr. DuBose visited the parish in the interest of the University of the South, addressing the congregation at the morning service, taking up a collection of \$76.05."

Again on December 29, 1872: "Bishop Quintard and General Kershaw spoke to-day in the church in the interest of the University of the South at Sewanee. I individually obtained bonds to the amount of \$950.00."

From this time on his interest in Sewanee continued, and in June, 1904, he was elected chancellor of the University of the South. The office of chancellor is a position of educational and ecclesiastical distinction, and while honorary, yet carries with it the opportunity for great influence in directing its affairs in the broader and more churchly purposes of the institution. While Bishop Capers was chancellor, the question of a recharter was first agitated. In his quiet and tactful way he discouraged it, by refusing to take the proposition seriously, and in this way at least postponed action. When the move was finally made, its promoters found the university's present chancellor the ardent and uncompromising champion of Christian education and a devoted adherent to the original principles and purposes for which Sewanee was founded.

The day before Bishop Capers' election as chancellor, the

writer talked to his father over the long-distance telephone, and in the course of the conversation asked whom they were going to elect chancellor. His reply was: "I do not know, but it should be by all means either Gailor or Sessums. Either would be an ornament to the office, while Gailor's long association with the university makes him, to my mind, pre-eminently fitted to be our chancellor." If there was one man at Sewanee who did not expect to be elected to that office, that man was the Bishop of South Carolina.

In his tribute to Mrs. Capers, Bishop Guerry relates this characteristic anecdote of Bishop Capers: "Whenever any new honor or promotion came to him, he never tired of saying he owed it all to his devoted wife. This was so characteristic of him that I hope I may be pardoned here for recalling a beautiful tribute he paid Mrs. Capers when he was elected chancellor of the University of the South. 'Gentlemen of the Board of Trustees,' he said, in accepting his election, 'this is the greatest honor that has come to me save one,' and while we all wondered what that greatest honor could be, he added: 'And that was the day my wife agreed to accept me as her husband.' This graceful and gallant speech was far from being merely a well turned compliment—it expressed the unique and exalted place his wife always filled in his heart and in his life."

In writing of the election of Bishop Capers as chancellor of the University of the South, the Bishop of Mississippi, the Rt. Rev. Theodore Bratton, D. D., who nominated him, said:

"I do not claim any credit as a moving spirit in Bishop Capers' election as chancellor of the University of the South, for the sentiment of the board of trustees was too nearly unanimous to leave room for any serious advocacy of him for the honorable post. I seem, however, to have first instinctively turned to him as the fit successor of Bishop Dudley.

"Bishop Dudley was by nature, training, and instinct a splendid leader. A gentleman of the old South who, with Bishop Capers and others of like commanding character,

was yet a maker of the new South. A churchman true and tried and great, whose influence was always powerful, and whose leadership was always unifying, a scholar whose appreciation of sound learning was always coupled with the spirit of progressiveness, Bishop Dudley was an ideal head of our Christian university. And Bishop Capers is the fittest successor of his slightly older friend that could be found in the whole of America. He too is a gentleman of the Old South, a soldier of stainless record, a bishop of saintly character and wisdom, a leader of pre-eminent ability in Church and state, in war and peace; a cultured gentleman, schooled in the academy of the soldier and educated in the great university of humanity which he loves with all the depth of a great and big heart and mind. Surely there is no one else, in all the land, so well equipped as he to illustrate all that is best in the culture of the past, or to develop in the present and for the future the highest and truest standard of Christian and civil manhood.

"The only resistance to his speedy and practically unanimous election came from himself. After Bishop Weed and I had presented his name, Bishop Capers, who was in the chair, having been temporarily elected to that honor, arose and vigorously protested against the election of one who had been educated in a military academy and who, though not unacquainted with the classics, had yet never regarded himself as a scholar, and whose years of life had been filled with the practical duties of an exacting calling. Thus the debate was unexpectedly turned against the nominee, who persistently declined to be elected until a practically unanimous election overwhelmed him into an unwilling but grateful assent.

"The wonderful university of human experience during the period of controversy and debate and war in which the Bishop's youth was lived, provided a liberal education for every man of culture and student tastes. I will not institute comparisons of such an experience with the curricula of university life, but I do insist upon the inestimable value and great educative

power of such an era as that which developed Bishop Capers' young manhood. Nor is comparison needful or appropriate, for while the Citadel Academy was not a university, it was in the old days as much a college as a military training school, and the young student had therefore more than usual advantages for broad culture in the school of his youth.

"But certain it is, that the university of human experience, as I have called it, was especially congenial to the Bishop's nature, so singularly and intelligently responsive to the activities of the master minds who guided the destinies of our people.

"It was not unnatural or surprising that as the great conflict proceeded he took his rightful place in the ranks of the conspicuous leaders in the days of struggle and the hours of distressful danger. And after the conflict his place had already been made among the great personalities who stood as bulwarks against adversity, as beacons to guide the bewildered, as strong conservers of that self-control and self-respect which defeat only purifies and refines in the truly great, and which are so essential to best and highest usefulness to mankind.

"With such combined excellencies and endowments, it was natural that the trustees of the University of the South should turn to Bishop Capers as their rightful leader and the university's chancellor. The Bishop is in the best sense singularly youthful. Indeed, the highest and purest wisdom is always so. And no chancellor could be more heartily in sympathy than he with every phase of university life, or more thoroughly in accord with the varied avenues of university activity, or more strongly entrenched in the heart of university citizens.

"There is yet another side of life at the University of the South which constituted quite as powerful a reason for the Bishop's call to its head. Sewanee is not merely the seat of a great university, it is the mecca of an ecclesiastical sentiment and conviction and activity which is hallowed by a communion of sainted dead and living, sanctified by sacrifice alto-

gether unique, and consecrated afresh by devotion imperishable. In very truth Sewanee is a province of the Church free from provincialism in its common and unhallowed sense. As such the Church in the Southland has looked to her annual gathering of bishops for light and guidance as these, from time to time, have been sorely needed amid the perplexing problems with which she has had to deal. Segregated as the Church leaders and Church folk are in this vast, scarce half-occupied field, the opportunity for conference was, until recently, confined to this one annual gathering in the university city of Church in the South. How vastly important it is, therefore, to select as the head of our province-life one whose depth and breadth and height of soul and mind, whose noble humility of character, whose endowment of sympathy and courtesy, would crown the head with a scepter which his fellows would place with loving and grateful recognition of its worthiness. And right worthily will Bishop Capers wear it with royal humility and humble pride—the humility which pays tribute to the cause for which it stands, the pride which is joy in its service.”

An amusing anecdote is related in connection with this occasion. The German ambassador Baron Speck Von Sternsburg was to receive a degree from the university. He and other dignitaries had arrived from Washington. Bishop Capers had an appointment to marry his son, who was at the time rector of St. Peter's Church, Columbia, Tenn. Unexpectedly to himself, elected chancellor of the university, it was imperative that he should be present on the 30th inst. to confer the degrees. The marriage was appointed for the night of the 29th. The regular railroad connections made it impossible for Bishop Capers to perform the marriage and return to Sewanee in time to preside as chancellor. Dr. Wiggins, being rather adroit in the management of all affairs, began to maneuver to have some one of the Nashville clergy go to Columbia and perform the marriage ceremony. He made his proposition over the phone. To this the prospective groom strenuously

objected, and requested a telephone interview with his father. Through various maneuvers and by proposing plans to substitute the bishop, the vice chancellor managed to keep father and son separated for the better part of the day. Finally the crisis was reached, and a long telegram was sent to Bishop Capers, setting forth the dilemma in which his new dignity and imperative duties at Sewanee was about to place the wedding party. He answered immediately that he knew nothing of plans to prevent his fulfilling his engagement on the night of the 29th, and that if he could not find a way to perform the marriage and confer the degree upon the German ambassador, someone else would have to perform the latter office. He could be relied upon to be "on hand" for the wedding. Shortly thereafter the vice chancellor wired he had arranged for an automobile to be sent out from Nashville to take the bishop back to that point after the ceremony, and in time for him to catch the midnight train for Sewanee.

Reflecting upon this incident, we find an interesting illustration of the wonderful development of the automobile industry within the past eight years. In 1904 there was but one automobile in Columbia; there are to-day more than a hundred, many of them of the finest make. This trip was made in two hours and a half. Within the last few months the schedule from Columbia to Nashville by motor car has been brought down to one hour and fifteen minutes. The drive between these two cities is now most usual and of daily occurrence. The following quoted from an interesting letter graphically describes the novelty of the enterprise at that time. Writing to his mother of the wedding, Hon. John G. Capers says:

"Father and I did not get any of the wedding supper, as he had to leave at half past ten o'clock for Nashville, forty-five miles distant, by automobile, so that father could return to Sewanee in time to confer a degree upon the German ambassador. . . . I had not intended to go until next day, but

of course I had no idea of letting father take that long and unusual ride by himself except of course for the faithful little fellow who sat in front and managed the wheel that carried us safely over the pike, but who could have, by the slightest misdirected twist, sent us into eternity. For the first ten miles father took great pleasure in borrowing that expressive expression of yours, 'Oh, good lawdy!' and we were both glad indeed that you were not there, but that you could be with us on that particular ride by proxy. Up that pike road we sped, frequently at a rate of twenty-five miles an hour. Fortunately the night was clear, the moon beautiful, and after we had become accustomed to the peculiar gait of our steed we lit our cigars and adjusted ourselves to conditions more comfortable. The pike road runs right through the field of the battle of Franklin, and it was a great joy and privilege to me to have father recite how I now was actually with him on the very road he had marched up forty years before. He showed me the house into which he was taken when wounded, and within fifty feet of where he fell when he was shot at Franklin. It was of course a strenuous ride, but one of intense interest, and certainly surpassed anything that either father or I had ever experienced.

"We reached Nashville shortly after one o'clock, having made the trip in about two hours and a half."

Thus the Rt. Rev. Chancellor reached the University in time for the commencement exercises on Thursday, and conferred the honorary degree of D. C. L. upon the German ambassador, in recognition of which the Emperor of Germany sent a long and cordial cable message to the authorities of the university, which was duly deposited in the archives.

These annual visits of Bishop Capers to Sewanee, through the fifteen years of his service as bishop and chancellor, were among the happiest experiences of his life. He always spoke of them with enthusiasm, and not even in his own beloved South Carolina did he receive more hearty and spontaneous

tributes of affection and honor than those that were lavished upon him by the students and people of Sewanee.

Bishop Capers,* of South Carolina, has been unanimously elected chancellor of the University of the South. The action was foreshadowed by his choice as temporary chairman of the board of trustees, when it assembled for its annual session at Sewanee. To all who know the Bishop of South Carolina the choice will seem a natural and an admirable one. No one represents better than he the traditions and amenities of academic culture. To no one could the oversight of that institution, in which the heart of the Church in the South is so bound up, alike through its hopes and its sacrifices, be committed with greater confidence. But gratitude for the services of the late Bishop Dudley was not forgotten in rejoicing over the auspicious choice of his successor. At a special memorial service on June 25 in St. Augustine's Chapel, three notable addresses were made in commemoration of his fruitful labors. Bishop Tuttle spoke in behalf of the board of trustees, Bishop Peterkin for the whole American Church, Dr. DuBose, dean of the theological school, for the faculty of the university. The impression produced was deep and promises to be lasting.

**The Churchman, July 2, 1904.*

CHAPTER XXII

BISHOP CAPERS' CHURCHMANSHIP

SOME years ago an enterprising newspaper correspondent interviewed several of the bishops of the Episcopal Church whose families had been previously identified with other churches, and put this question to them: "What influenced you to become an Episcopalian?" One of the most eminent of our bishops replied: "Because my father's farm was five miles nearer the Episcopal church than it was to the Methodist, to which our family belonged."

With Ellison Capers, the son of a Methodist bishop, there were at work stronger and deeper influences than the convenience of places of worship to make him a Churchman. His father died when he was but eighteen years of age, and in his death a commanding influence was withdrawn. That the son would have leaned to the ministry of his father's Church is a logical presumption. But reaching manhood, he was free to weigh without prejudice or influence the claims of the Church. The Church of England, the Episcopal Church of the young American republic, was Ellison Capers' ancestral church. This in itself attracted him to her; while he tells us, "In the Book of Common Prayer I found my ideal of worship." Its deeply spiritual and reverent service appealed to him and supplied the demands of his religious nature. He was a great admirer of the English as a nation, and had an adequate appreciation of what the Church of England had contributed toward the promotion of Christian civilization, conspicuously in establishing Christianity in America.

As we have seen elsewhere in this volume, Bishop Capers

believed his ancestors to have been English, and so this Church made a strong appeal to his patriotism as well as to his spiritual nature, and inspired him to investigate her claims.

After his graduation from the Citadel, Mr. Capers married Miss Charlotte Palmer, who was a devoted member of the Episcopal Church, and whose ancestors, like his own, had belonged to the Episcopal Church of Colonial days. His marriage undoubtedly tended to quicken his interest in the Church and strengthen his desire to enter her fold.

While a professor at the Citadel, Lieutenant Capers' inclination was for the study of law, and he began reading in the office of Hayne & Miles. But his studies were interrupted by the War. During the War the question of entering the ministry constantly occupied his thoughts. He himself referred to this period as "years of feeling, impulse, and resolution, which left their indelible mark and influence in directing heart and brain. . . . To these impressions I owe the final convictions and resolutions which ultimately brought me into the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church."

The first indication we have of a developing system of doctrine and practice in the work of his ministry is given in the following memorandum made in the spring of 1866:

"The thing most essential to a minister's usefulness is a thorough and adequate acquaintance with the Scriptures, not in isolated pages, but as a connected whole, embodying the plan of salvation; the sublime and harmonious scheme of redemption through Christ. 'Systematic divinity' must build itself upon and grow out of the careful and prayerful study of God's Word. The only reliable and efficient teacher is the Holy Ghost.

"Without the enlightening grace of the Holy Spirit, sought in humble persevering prayer, we shall search the Scriptures to little account. It is He who is promised, to 'take of the things of Christ and show them unto us,' and to 'guide us into all truth.' We should realize deeply our ignorance and blindness, and

the great danger of being led into error. Let Christ be the center of our system. Where His person is clearly recognized, and His glory is poured around, we cannot be long in the dark. Remember that the work of the Gospel ministry is to testify of Christ. Nothing is of real concern to a minister or of true value in his teaching and preaching which has not direct relations to the atonement and death of the sinner's substitute. All preaching of anything save 'Jesus Christ and Him crucified' is solemn trifling. And what insight into God's word is needed to enable us to receive for our own souls, and to set forth for the souls of others, the gospel of free grace. Have a clear view of the scope and general object of each book of the Bible, weigh its line of argument, and take in a conception of the whole, before you descend to minute criticism. Do not follow human commentations blindly; with all their learning and excellence they are all weak and fallible creatures. Lean only upon the Lord and seek his wisdom. . . .

"It is a great advantage that our Church possesses in the harmonious condensation of Scripture truth in the Prayer Book; the confession of the Reformation repeating in solemn tones the utterances of the first ages of faith. The great spiritual truth of the Gospel embodied here in acts of devotion fix themselves in the believer's heart, and there the arrangement of the Christian year, bringing up in successive review the facts of Christ's life, gives us the grasp of a historic religion."

In the matter of defining one's churchmanship the point of view from which the churchman is regarded has to be taken into account. According to an eminent authority, "a churchman is a member of a national Church, or one claiming exceptional dignity and authority." Under this definition one might be a loyal churchman and yet place the emphasis of teaching and preaching upon some special phase of Church life and doctrine.

The growth and development of the Church and the changing conditions under which she has had to work have given occasion for the development of partisan spirit, which crystallized into definite schools of thought within the Church.

American churchmanship cannot be contemplated without reference to the spiritual and intellectual awakening throughout England during the latter part of the eighteenth and the early part of the nineteenth centuries.

Eighteenth century Deism left "a mechanical universe and an absentee God." Spiritual deadness followed. The Church of England was called out of its religious torpor by the Methodist societies of Wesley and Whitefield. In that these leaders stressed "the witness of the inner life" as the essential element in religious experience, their teaching was subjective. Having no bearing on the objective element in religion and without regard to the institutional character of the Church and the corporate nature of Christianity, Methodism was necessarily incomplete.

"Those of the clergy and laity in the Church of England who did not follow the Wesleys out of the Church into the new organization, but shared the general spiritual views of the Methodist, called themselves Evangelicals. By their teaching and work they gave a warmer tone to the life of the Church, and infused a more personal element into the religious experience of its members. To a limited extent they co-operated with the denominational churches in Bible, tract, and temperance societies." In this way they "lengthened the cords" of the Church, if they did not "strengthen her stakes."

The Oxford Movement also quickened the spiritual life of the Church. But its efforts were directed through different channels. In 1833 Keble, Newman, and others sought to infuse new life into the Church and arouse its members to a sense of their privileges and opportunities. Their appeal was directed primarily to the intellect and the will. Their declaration was that there was an institution "more permanent and more positive than the conflicting sects and denomina-

tions. An institution of apostolic lineage, which had in the past fostered and ruled the religious life of men, and should continue to exercise its prerogative." They therefore appealed to the authority of the historic Catholic Church. They emphasized the corporate, rather than the individual life of Christianity. The Church and her sacraments. . . . The sacraments as "the extension of the incarnation." The legitimacy of orders and the valid administration of the sacraments were exalted as of primary importance.

The teaching of the Evangelical as well as that of the Oxford Movement found a ready and sympathetic response in the Episcopal Church in America.

Adherents of the Oxford Movement were High Churchmen. The Evangelicals kept the parent name. An extreme party within the school of Evangelicals were Low Churchmen.

An eminent authority has thus summarized the distinctions between the two: "The High Churchman maintained there is a corporate as well as an individual Christian life; a union with the body of Christ as well as with Christ the head; that relation to the Church is a duty as well as a choice; the Church is a divine revelation and a positive institution: her orders alone are legitimate and her sacraments 'duly and rightly' administered."

"The Evangelical entered a protest against formal worship, endeavored to spiritualize it, and originated and advocated the 'volunteer principle' of service which to-day manifests itself in every part of the Church's work. The Evangelical laid great stress upon the individual reception of grace; the High Churchman on the institutional demonstration of grace. The watchword of the one was experience; that of the other, authority. The Evangelical none the less believed in the principle of the episcopacy. He regarded the sacrament as a means of grace therein offered and conveyed, but he emphasized the element of faith in the recipient as an essential condition of benefit to the same. The High Churchman's attitude tended to ecclesiastical isolation; he was in the com-

munity, but not of it. The Evangelical preferred the word presbyter to priest, and declared that that was the Prayer Book use of it, as it was not applied in the Scriptures as a Christian ministry. The High Churchman believed in baptismal regeneration. The Evangelical attempted to harmonize the declarations of the sacrament as set forth in the Prayer Book with a number of theories. Finally both High Churchmen and Evangelicals accepted the declaration which the House of Bishops made in 1871, wherein it was set forth, 'The act does not involve a moral change as a witness of God's gift, but not to the active reception of it by the baptized.' Thenceforth regeneration became identified with divine endowment, and not necessarily an appropriation of it. Baptism was made witness to an objective fact and not a subjective experience."

Up to this point there was little in the conduct of the services to denote to which school of thought the officiating minister belonged, and up to this point an Evangelical High Churchman was possible.

With the advance and development—within the Church—of the doctrine of the "eucharistic sacrifice" a ritual was logically evolved by which to observe the "sacrifice." Here the Ritualists appear as a party in the Church. While in the popular mind the Ritualist is regarded as a High Churchman, it by no means follows that the High Churchman is a Ritualist.

Accepting the foregoing definitions of Church parties, Bishop Capers may be regarded as an Evangelical High Churchman. He claimed for the Church "exceptional dignity and authority." He believed in the apostolic origin of the episcopacy. He preached the historic continuity of the Church's ministry back to the apostles. He accepted the declaration of the House of Bishops in 1871, and identified regeneration with divine endowment. To a certain extent he fraternized and co-operated with the work of other Churches and regarded their ministry with great respect and admiration. He held

their orders to be valid, but irregular. He opposed the "open pulpit," but welcomed the latitude given under Canon 19. During his episcopate three of his convention addresses were devoted to impressing upon his clergy the necessity of conducting their services in accordance with the rubrics and directions of the Prayer Book without presuming to add thereto or take therefrom.

He himself was at all times in the exercise of his ministry and episcopate a consistent "Prayer Book Churchman." The following from the Bishop's council address of 1901 indicates his reverent and loyal championship of the rubrical directions of the Prayer Book:

"I wish now, dear brethern, to call attention to a subject upon which I have been consulted by several of the clergy during the past year, and upon which I wish to deliver this my unqualified judgement:

"I have been several times asked if it was rubrical to omit Morning Prayer on Sunday when the Holy Communion was to be administered.

"Again: If it is rubrical to omit Morning Prayer on Ash Wednesday, and substitute the Litany and the Penitential Office.

"And again: If it is admissible to omit the Collect, Epistle, and Gospel for the day (on Sunday when they have been said at an early Communion).

"My answer, dear brethren, is that none of these practices is admissible under our rubrical law. The mind of the Church respecting the service on Sunday is expressed in the rubric, which provides for a shortened form of Morning Prayer when the Communion is immediately to follow. It is un-rubrical, in my judgement, to omit Morning Prayer on Sunday at the usual hour for Divine service when the Communion is to follow. The form of shortened prayer provided for by the rubric is the authorized service of the Church, and to omit Morning Prayer at such a time, and to have only the

Communion office and the sermons, is to deprive the congregation of the full service of edification and worship which the Church has provided.

"To substitute the Litany and the Penitential Office for the Ash Wednesday service is equally inadmissible, and does not express the worship and mind of the Church as set forth in the regular Ash Wednesday service. So, too, it is my judgment, that the omission of the Collect, Epistle, and Gospel for the day, even though they have been previously said at an early Communion, is equally inadmissible.

"I have been told that in one case the Ten Commandments are rarely heard on a Sunday morning, as they are invariably read at the early Communion, when there are only a few persons present.

"By such a practice as this the great body of the congregation does not hear from the sanctuary the ordained law of God proclaimed as it should be. As you know, the rubric provides that the Commandments must be said once on a Sunday, and my judgment is that they ought not to be said more than once a month at an early Communion; and when so said, I think it would be proper on that Sunday, if it is deemed advisable, to omit them at the morning hour and to say instead thereof the Summary of the Law.

"I feel assured, dear brethren, that these remarks from your Bishop will be duly considered by his brethren of the clergy."

The following excerpt from a council address will demonstrate the loyalty of Bishop Capers to the traditions of the Church and his views in reference to the change of the name of the Church:

I now come to what I deem the most important, and the most serious, matter which claims the attention of our Council, and is just now claiming the consideration of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States. I refer to the proposi-

tion which one of our sister dioceses has formally submitted to the General Convention, to change the name of the Church from her time-honored, historic title, "The Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America," to "The American Catholic Church in the United States."

The proposition was submitted in the House of Bishops on the second day of the session of the General Convention of 1901, in the form of a memorial from the Council of Milwaukee, praying for relief from the name of the Church, and citing sundry and numerous reasons for its prayer. The memorial was referred to the Committee on Memorials and Petitions, and that committee, through its chairman, the Bishop of Pittsburgh, reported on the seventh day the following resolutions, to wit: that the memorial from the diocese of Milwaukee be printed in the Journal of this session of this House. That a joint committee be appointed, consisting of five bishops, five presbyters, and five laymen, to take the whole subject of a change of name of this Church into consideration, to ascertain, as far as possible, the mind of Church people concerning it, and to make a report at the next General Convention, with such suggestions as may commend themselves to their judgment.

These resolutions were concurred in by the House of Deputies and the joint committee duly appointed.

This joint committee has sent me the following resolutions:

"Resolved, That the Secretary be directed to communicate to the secretary of each diocese and missionary district a copy of the resolution under which this committee is acting, coupled with the statement that in pursuance of the direction contained in said resolution, to endeavor to ascertain, as far as possible, the mind of Church people in general concerning the subject of a proposed change of name—this committee, before making any recommendation to the General Convention, asks that, at the next meeting of the convention or convocation of each diocese or missionary district,

said convention or convocation be requested to inform this committee whether it does or does not desire that the name of The Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America shall be changed at this time, and if it does so desire, what name it wishes substituted therefor.

"Resolved, That each diocese or convocation secretary be requested to communicate to the secretary of this committee, prior to October 1, 1903, any action of his convention or convocation upon the subject; together with the statement of the clerical and lay vote, separately, upon any definite resolution that may have come before said convention or convocation.

"Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent by the secretary of this committee to every bishop of this Church."

This is the present status of this matter, so far as we are concerned.

Here is a deliberate proposition to change the constitution of the Church, and to alter the Prayer Book; and, in my judgment, to affect this change and alteration in an unconstitutional way.

Articles X and XI of the Constitution provide the steps to be taken when the Prayer Book is to be altered or the Constitution changed. By an organic law, as set out in these articles, the dioceses do not pass upon such alterations and changes until they have been first enacted by the General Convention, and afterward sent down, by its authority, to the dioceses for their ratification or disapproval.

In the grave and serious case before us, we have a committee of the General Convention raised to investigate a proposition for a change in the official title of the Church, and to report to a subsequent convention, sending down to us the serious change proposed in the Constitution and in the Prayer Book, and calling upon us to vote upon the change proposed, as if the committee were acting for the secretary

of the General Convention, and sending us the action of that body for our final consideration.

To vote on this proposition, upon the request of this committee, would be, in my judgment, clearly to violate both the spirit and the letter of our organic law, which defines the mode of changing the Constitution and altering the Prayer Book.

But the proposition to change our name in an unconstitutional way is, to my mind, the least serious of the grave objections I hold in the premises. Why are we asked to change our name? If the Church was Protestant in 1785, when its official title was adopted, has it ceased to be a Protestant Church in 1903? If it stood for Catholic truth and Apostolic order when Scotland (1784) and England (1787) gave the episcopate to the Church, does it stand less for Catholic truth to-day?

So far as I have been able to learn from my research, I can find but one voice lifted in Convention in '85, or subsequently, against the adoption of the title Protestant Episcopal, and that voice was from a layman from Connecticut. But, so far from being an effectual voice, it has left no sign, in the record, of the slightest impression made. Connecticut, in her convention of 1790, confirmed the "doings" of its deputies on the final action of the General Convention of 1789; and while Bishop Seabury through his influence had affected some modification in the Constitution of 1785, there is not a trace of his attempting to expunge from the Constitution of 1789, or from the Prayer Book, the word "Protestant." Seabury was a Protestant Churchman, as were all the fathers of the Church who framed our Constitution and set forth the Prayer Book.

There is not a man of us who has not solemnly engaged before his ordination, "To conform to the doctrine, discipline, and worship of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America," and this formulary was composed, in the VIIIth Article of the Constitution, by the fathers of the

Church in the United States because they understood that their inheritance from Protestant England was an inheritance of truth—Catholic truth and Apostolic order—to declare which, and to defend which, has made their fathers Protestants and martyrs.

This proposition to change the name of the Church is a proposition to haul down the Protestant flag and to run up a new standard—a new flag, the precise character of which I really do not understand, and cannot attempt to describe. Of one thing I feel profoundly convinced—if the new flag does not represent a Protestant Church, it will not represent the Church of the English martyrs, the Church of England from the Reformation to our day, the Church of Seabury and White, of Hobart and Whittingham, of Williams of Connecticut and DeHon and Gadsden, and Davis and Howe of South Carolina, it can never become the Church of the American people.

And this I believe to be the profound conviction of our Church in the United States, and of our Mother Church, the Church of England. There is another consideration which, while it may be a matter of indifference to some, is a matter of grave apprehension to my mind, and of the highest consideration to us in South Carolina. I refer to the inevitable widening of the gap and the loosening of the bond between ourselves and our brethren in Christ who hold with us belief in the Catholic Creed and the Holy Scriptures.

If we are to present to our fellow-Christians a constant invitation to organic unity, and if our Chicago-Lambeth Quadrilateral is to have the slightest consideration from them, does any man really think that by repudiating our Protestant name we will all the more effectually inspire their confidence:

It is a principle I hold very sacred, involved in the duty I owe to our Lord, never to speak indifferently or unworthily of any of my fellow-Christians who by baptism have put on Jesus Christ, and especially of our Roman Catholic

brethren. What I say, therefore, of our differences with the Holy Roman Church is said in its historical and doctrinal character, and with no purpose of disrespect toward that branch of the Church of Christ.

Our Protestant name and character we derive from the protest which the English reformers made for the truths revealed in Holy Scriptures, and against the practices and some of the principles taught by Rome at the Reformation period. Since that period (as is known to all Christendom) Rome had added to her Creed certain erroneous articles, and the ground of our protest, as the historical branch of the Holy Catholic Church, is as strong to-day as in the sixteenth century. The ground of our protest against the divisions of the Church of Christ, and the reasons for organic unity, are as strong, and even stronger, to-day than ever.

Are we, therefore, no longer Protestants? To repudiate our name, it seems to me, is to serve notice upon all Christendom that we have no further witness to bear against the divisions of the Christian Church on the one hand or the supreme authority of the Bishop of Rome on the other, and that we are Protestant no longer.

However dissatisfied with the historic title of the Church our brethren of Milwaukee may be, and however disposed the General Convention to give their memorial the fullest and freest consideration, the grave fact remains that the change proposed in the name of the Protestant Episcopal Church is a deliberate, carefully planned proposition to pronounce upon the Protestant doctrine and worship of the Church by expunging from her constitution and Prayer Book the title by which she has been known from the first,—the title under which she has grown to greatness and power,—under which her Lord has sent her the Comforter, and poured out His blessing upon her, and under which her children have confided in her devotion to the Gospel of Jesus Christ and to the primitive order of His Church. I shall embody these sentiments in my official response to the communication sent me by the

Committee, and I now lay them before the Council for your thoughtful and prayerful consideration.

Bishop Capers' attitude toward the question of "Missionary Jurisdictions" for the colored people is stated in the following from his council address, 1907:

"At the request of a committee from the General Board of Missions, I have just prepared a full report upon the missions and schools among colored people in our diocese. These are mainly supported by the General Board, and it has a right to this report.

"We have 22 missions and 18 schools, and much valuable Church property, maintained the past year at a total cost of \$9,429.86; of this sum \$3,350 went to the clergy, \$4,085 to teachers, and \$1,994.86 to current expenses. The greater part of this amount,—practically all of it,—comes from the General Board of Missions and from friends at the North. The missions themselves have given \$1,691.69 to their support, and next to nothing has been given by the diocese.

"My report shows a small increase in the number of families, communicants, day- and Sunday-school pupils, and the amounts contributed by the missions and schools. But when you consider the amounts of money expended by the Church, and the labors of the clergy, directed so efficiently for so many years by Archdeacon Joyner, it is surprising that we have reported to-day only 275 families and 726 communicants. Of the 1408 children who attend our schools, the parents of most of them are Methodist or Baptists, and seemingly have no idea of becoming Churchmen. These facts are impressing the minds of friends in the North, whose contributions have fallen off of late, and they have given me much concern.

"It was to consider this whole subject that the Southern bishops recently met in conference at Washington and I regret that I could not be present. With many of my Episcopal brethren I have come to think that if our churches and

missions among the negroes in the South were organized into 'missionary jurisdictions,' under a bishop or bishops of their own race, that more efficient work could be done with them and for them. Such an organization would secure them representation in our General Convention, and would give them a voice in the Church of which they are members. 'This fact alone would justify the trial of missionary jurisdictions; for the denial of representation in our Church councils is, in my judgment, a practical bar to Church progress among negroes. I can see no better way to remove this bar than to give them a separate missionary organization, under leaders of their own, who would be to them what our missionary bishops are to their jurisdictions. Moreover, I have come to believe that such an organization of Church work among negroes is needed to stimulate a spirit and mind of self-help and self-respect. Such an organization would be called upon more largely to support itself; and its appeal for help, I believe, would be enforced by more earnestness of Church life and Church work. No people, in Church or State, will ever make progress who are not self-helpful and self-respectful. A people who are forever crutched and nursed, and who are never thrown upon the resources of their own wills and energies, cannot be self-respectful, and in the nature of things will never become self-helpful. I feel a deep interest in the moral, material, and spiritual welfare of our colored brethren, and I feel sure that their progress as Churchmen will not be furthered under our present system. For this reason I have come to agree with many of my episcopal brethren who, like myself, are most deeply interested in the progress of our negro missions, that the request for a separate missionary organization should have the careful consideration of our next General Convention."

The following letter gives Bishop Capers' views on "Baptismal Regeneration":

UNION, S. C., DEC. 16, 1899.

MY DEAR SON:

Your letter met me here. I am writing in Ginguard's study, which is neat and comfortable, but you could put it in one corner of your neater and more comfortable room.

I hope you spoke to Bishop Randolph on the subject which most interested me in your letter—the subject of the new life in Christ as related to the sacrament of Holy Baptism. Your reference is particularly to the Prayer Book language in the office for adult baptism. Did you not mean infant baptism? I have never known, I think, exception taken to the former, while a long controversy has been waged about the latter. It was the word regenerate, in the office for infant baptism, that made the Cheney Schism, and used to be the bane of Low Churchmen fifty years ago. But let us look at the language of adult baptism. It is language applied to one who comes to Holy Baptism in repentance and faith. Repentance, whereby we forsake sin, and faith, whereby we steadfastly believe the promises of God are the notes—the gospel notes of the regenerate life. No one can lawfully be baptized who does not come in penitence and faith, however imperfect the penitence, or weak the faith. The sacrament is the outward sign of the grace given, whereby the person has come to repent and turn to God; and it (the sacrament) is, moreover, ordained by Christ to be this outward, visible sign, and a means of grace given—a divinely appointed pledge to us of grace given. What, then, can be the objection to saying, after naming a newborn soul into Christ's Kingdom, and giving him or her the sign of his or her new birth, and the pledge that this person is newborn—"Let us give thanks," &c.?

The Catechism distinctly guards against making the error of placing the spiritual renewal of the soul in the water applied, or in the words used. These are essentials of the outward, the visible, only. The spiritual, the inward gift, is distinctly declared to be a *dying unto sin*, and a new birth

unto righteousness. We are made, says the Church (*vide* the Catechism), children of grace, regenerate, by (not water and words, but) this death unto sin and this new birth unto righteousness; and these come to us by the grace of God.

You must study your Prayer Book, my dear Walt, in its whole teaching, and let the whole teaching represent the doctrine, not a part of it. Now, I could not, and would not, use the language of adult baptism for an adult who came to me and asked for the sacrament professing and showing no repentance and no faith. That would be to use the office as if a careless sinner, unrepentant and unbelieving, could be and would be renewed and regenerated by it. But when a man or woman comes, forsaking sin and believing in God's love and grace, I rejoice to give such an one the pledge, the sign, the blessed declaration of the reality of it all—the ordained means of this greatest of moral and spiritual assurances, given to mortal man on this earth.

I write hurriedly, as I have a few moments to myself, but I want to follow up the subject with you. Tell me how this impresses you. I like your abstract on Confirmation."

To his grandsons upon the occasion of their confirmation:

COLUMBIA, S. C., Apl. 23, 1906.

TO MASTERS ELLISON HOWE AND WILLIAM THEODOTUS
CAPERS:

My Dear Grandsons—Your letters to your grandmother have given her, and given me, the sweetest happiness. She cannot write, as she would like to do, and you must take this letter as from her, as well as from me. We congratulate you, dear boys, on your confirmation. It means so much to you, and so much to those who love you most. It means that God has blessed your purpose to live, day by day, as He wants us all to live; and He wants us to live just as you have promised to live—a Christian life! such a life is the truest, and the hap-

piest life, and such a life only can glorify Him, and bring us true peace and honor.

When you answered the bishop that you renewed for yourselves your baptismal vows, you made those holy vows of your baptism your own vows, and engaged to renounce what is wrong—to believe the truth, and live by the law of God. Every true boy, and every true man, is true only as he does renounce what is wrong, honor what is true, and reverence and keep God's law.

In your confirmation God gave you His Holy Spirit to help you keep this promise, and to remind you, every day, of your duty. So when you feel like doing or saying something that you know is wrong, God will help you to see and to feel that it is wrong, and then your part will be to say—I can't do this, or that; I can't indulge in this or that feeling, or temper, because it is wrong; and I have promised God to renounce what he makes me know and feel to be wrong. He has given me His spirit of righteousness in my heart, to make me feel and know the right from the wrong, and if I do, or say the wrong, I am not true to my vow. You see, then, how God's Holy Spirit will help you to do right. But suppose the day comes when you fail! when you do the wrong! Well, confess to God in sincere repentance, and try again, and God will help you, every time you try. And so you can walk in the ways of truth and right, all the days of your life.

I read of a great British general who was so sure of victory, that he undervalued his enemy's strength and went into battle without counting the costs. Well, he was defeated, and his troops were routed, and he was mortally wounded trying to rally them. When his friends came to him, as he lay on the field, he exclaimed, "Who would have thought it!" Meaning, who of us would have thought that I and my army could have been so beaten. And seeing how disheartened and distressed his staff officers were, he said: "Never mind, gentlemen, we will do better next time!" That was true repentance, boys, "Never mind, we will do better next time."

I was in Charleston Sunday and confirmed a large class at the Holy Communion, most all of them boys and young girls. Though I was not sure, I thought maybe you boys were to come that day to Confirmation, and when I said the beautiful prayer after the Confirmation my mind reverted to Lexington, to your dear father, and my dear grandsons, presented by him for Confirmation!

May God's fatherly hand, dear boys, ever be over you, and His Holy Spirit ever be with you!

Your dear grandmother, in spite of constant pain and her unrelieved weakness, holds her own, and while she is almost helpless, she does not grow weaker. Give our devoted love to father, mother, and little Sam, and believe me, dear boys,

Your affectionate grandfather,

ELLISON CAPERS.

Commenting upon his wife's constant sufferings, he writes to one of his children:

"Your dear mother is this moment asleep in the big chair in my study, where she spends her days. It is too cold and windy to give her a drive, so she is helped up every hour or so, takes my arm, or May's or Rena's, and walks about those two rooms for a little exercise, but only for a few moments. For some reason she will not go into the hall or dining-room. I can't get her to go to the table any more in her rolling chair, and I can't understand why, especially as it would give us so much gratification to see her there. Rena serves her meals here in my study. Dear soul! she seems to have accepted her situation as hopeless, and her attitude of mind is that of a submissive prisoner, whose sentence is certain. Last night she had one of her bad nights.

"Oh, how mysterious these sufferings! They seem so undeserved, so cruel, and so needless. There never lived a more loyal soul to her God and Saviour, and a heart and a mind more true to duty. They cannot teach her submission or faith,

for these she knows by heart, and prayer has been her daily life for more than a half century. I, who know her heart, know this, and so I am asking in my sleep and in my waking, why this suffering and quivering of these dear hands and feet. There is no moral reason for it all. I can only understand it in its physical side—on the side that aches come from causes in the blood, in the nerves, in the muscles; causes for which the innocent are not responsible.

“All the good that comes to me from these hours, bitter hours,—God only knows *how* bitter,—is a cold and deeper dread of *sin* and a more awful respect for law! If it were I who was chained and crucified I could understand my own deserts, but that the righteous soul of your dear mother—with her life behind her—should be so vexed, except as the law above referred to vexes and plagues us all, I cannot comprehend.

“I write all this, my dear son, with not one atom of feeling against God, as if I was complaining of his dispensations. I do not believe He would send one pain to the body of your dear mother, but I know He would not exempt His guiltless Son from law and its penalty, and do not blame Him for not exempting me and mine. If Jesus had *His* Gethsemane, and *His* Cavalry, I know we *must* have ours, and I understand that; but there was no relentless, physical law for Him in Gethsemane, and the soul of His sufferings was His suffering soul, a suffering which glorifies and ennobles! While your dear mother’s sufferings seem only explicable to me on the side of an inexorable law, they never come between me and my Heavenly Father, or obscure my faith in His love and His grace.”

BISHOP CAPERS ADVISES HIS SONS AS TO THEIR "CALLS" TO
NEW WORK

CAMP COTTAGE,
Sept. 12, '05.

MY DEAR SON :

Both your letters, with enclosures, came yesterday, and I have given them earnest thought, and consideration.

I appreciate the attitude of your vestry, and the judgment of your bishop—that with so earnest a call before you, offering all that the interested parties represent, you must give it “careful consideration” and “prayerful thought.”

I suppose neither the vestry nor the bishop suggested that careful consideration and prayerful thought were equally due to your work, and its claims, in ——. But I feel bound to do so. You will find drawbacks and difficulties, no matter where you go, and I have no idea, my dear son, that your life and work in —— will offer you greater facilities for doing your Master's work than you now have.

You left a devoted flock in ——, from a sense of duty to God and man to take up your ministry in ——, and now, after a brief period, you propose to leave an equally devoted people, and a great work, for a call to ——! This disposition to change you should carefully examine, it seems to me. There may be reasons for it. You have not given them in either of your letters. When you have been at —— for fifteen months, and a call comes (as, no doubt, it will) to Louisville, or Richmond, with great promises of “opportunity,” and a still larger salary, will you be equal to the sacrifice of remaining? I suggest this for your consideration, for I know, my dear son, you wish to act consistently with the high, true tone on which your life and ministry have been set, and which have mainly attracted the attention of the Church to it.

I have written without any knowledge of the reasons or causes which induce you to think seriously of leaving your present work and life in——. Up to this hour, I have thought

of you as happy in it, well provided for, and have been again and again assured of the blessing of God upon your labors. Why, then, should you give it up? In my judgment, upon the answer to this question the high integrity of your decision must depend; for I put aside considerations of rank and place and money, as these have never had place in your character or ministry, and I dread their power as I see and feel their force.

If you leave — for this call, in my judgment your justification must be in the soundness, the reasonableness, and the urgency of your reasons for the change. My advice, then, is, my dear son, consider first why you should resign your parish before you consider the merits of your call, and in considering the latter I would not give undue weight to the “opportunity” or the “salary.” But, after all, the decision *must be yours*, and as I have confidence in the sincerity of your unworldliness, whatever your decision may be I will feel that you have acted in the love and fear of God, and with the courage of your conscience.

If you decide to accept this call, my prayer will be for you, my dear son, that the strength and stability of your ministerial character may not suffer by the change.

Your devoted father,

ELLISON CAPERS.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Jany. 5.

MY DEAR SON:

Just a line to say we have your letter. Splendid pen picture of John! Fine tribute to Lilla. Have been busy all day fixing up May's papers for John to settle her affairs with the Government.

I hardly know, Walt, what to say about your — call. *Mother* is very decided; tell him, she says, to hold on where he is at present—not to leave Virginia, yet. My judgment is, that the months and years of study, reading, and writing, and preparation which belong to the first years of a ministry are

never to be duplicated; never repeated, never regained, if lost. You have them *now*. I would say, hold them fast until you feel that the centrifugal power is a moral force so much greater than the centripetal that you can hold on no longer—then obey the law, and fly! May God guide you, my dear son, and give you a right judgment. I hope to live to welcome you to South Carolina.

BISHOP'S RESIDENCE,

COLUMBIA, April 22, 1898.

MY DEAR SON:

Your letter came to-night, and write briefly to say, that you have expressed my feeling exactly—it is our duty as good citizens to support the President and Congress in the war with Spain. Duty and patriotism alike demand it, and I should be ashamed of our State if I felt that this was not the sentiment of her people. But duties, like our impulses and feelings, often seem to conflict. When the conflict comes, the safe rule is to follow the higher and holier duty. In your case, duty has claimed you for the service of the Prince of Peace, and unless our country was invaded and needed her sons on the field, there is no obligation upon you to lay down your sacred calling to take up arms.

Your devoted,

FATHER.

CHAPTER XXIII

LAST DAYS

DURING the year 1906 Mrs. Capers was not only a confirmed invalid, but was also a constant sufferer.

This letter to his son, Dean Wm. T. Capers, marks the beginning of the end for Bishop Capers:

COLUMBIA, S. C., May 29, 1907.

MY DEAR ODD:

It has been arranged for our removal to "Camp Cottage" in the second week of June. May, the boys, Miss Sams, and the cook will go up, via Hendersonville, on the 10th and 11th, and the man servant and nurse will go to Greenville on the 11th. Mother will rest at Frank's a day or two, and we will drive up to "Camp Cottage" by easy stages, Frank going along with his horse and buggy to help us.

Mother prefers this to going to Brevard. She wants you to arrange your visit as early in the summer as you can, and says that I must tell you that the Lodge will be kept for you, Rebe, and the boys.

I undertake this trip with much hesitation, and even tear. But God has ordained things so differently from my expectations, that I leave the result in confidence to His overruling Providence. Mother is full of it. And yet she is so helpless, and so dependent upon her physical comfort and her special food that I dread the risk we are taking.

I am so busy at my desk that I must ask you to send this on to John for me. Mispah!

Your devoted father,
E. CAPERS.

At the time of this letter Bishop Capers was by no means well. His wife's unceasing sufferings, the confusion of a house that had now for two years been practically a hospital, his own failing health, and his eagerness to keep the work of his diocese up to the high mark of proficiency he had set, all combined to sap his strength and break down his constitution. Mrs. Capers was perfectly helpless and had to be carried everywhere she went. Naturally his solicitude for her comfort during the anticipated journey mentioned in the preceding letter was very great, inasmuch as she had to be lifted in and out of the carriage, in and out of the trains, and endure a long drive of thirty-two miles by conveyance. This drive Mrs. Capers enjoyed at first, but it proved, as the Bishop had predicted, too much for her strength. Arriving at Cedar Mountain, the Bishop set to work to get everything about place and house straight and in "applie-pie order" before he left for Sewanee, to be in attendance upon the meeting of the board of trustees of the University of the South. By virtue of his office as chancellor he presided over their meetings. His stay was limited, and he pressed his work with great vigor.

Mrs. Capers and the members of the family present importuned him not to undertake the trip, as he was manifestly unwell. But Bishop Capers felt it incumbent upon him to go; he held it his duty. A sense of duty always closed the argument for him. Upon the morning fixed for his departure he rose early, shaved himself, and completed his preparations for the journey. After breakfasting, he went upstairs to get his valises. Mrs. Capers and their daughter, Mrs. Satterlee, were in the sitting-room waiting to tell him good-bye. They were suddenly alarmed by the sound of a heavy fall. Rushing upstairs, Mrs. Satterlee found her father lying on the floor, also was unconscious. A stroke of paralysis had sounded the knell of his departing day. The gallant soldier had fallen at his post. The man of God was stricken down in the discharge of duty.

In time he regained consciousness. During the long sum-

mer which ensued, though terribly afflicted and suffering constantly, he gradually regained sufficient strength to be removed to his home in Columbia. Here from his office he was able to attend to some of the affairs of the diocese. In the meantime the Council of May, 1907, had elected the Rev. William A. Guerry, Chaplain of Sewanee, as bishop coadjutor. Upon his consecration Bishop Capers turned over to him the greater part of the burdens and responsibilities of the work.

Few sights were more pathetic, and no mystery more inscrutable, than the suffering and perfect helplessness of Bishop and Mrs Capers, who after forty years of devoted service to God and His Church, were both now crucified in the flesh. But with several nurses and the unceasing attentions of devoted friends, they were made as comfortable as human love and sympathy and medical skill could make them. And like the martyrs of the early Church, they found peace and strength in each cheering the other and giving some direction or making some request that would in no small way minister to the other's necessity.

The Christ-like spirit of the Bishop is revealed in this expression of thankfulness which he sent to his children. This he painfully and laboriously wrote and rewrote, that each of his seven children might have a copy, and know how their father felt in the midst of his overwhelming afflictions.

THANKSGIVING DAY, November 28, 1907.

I give especial thanks to-day for the following blessings of the past year:

1. That my precious wife is not suffering as she was on last Thanksgiving Day, and that her life and my own have been spared to my family.
2. For the love and devotion of my family, and for the kindness of my friends in their many attentions.
3. For the beautiful weather which has favored my drives all through the fall months.

4. That I am to eat dinner with my family to-day, for the first time since the 14th of June last.

5. For the hope I have of my ultimate recovery, after my illness and utter prostration of June 14th of the past summer.

6. For my faith in God and His over-ruling care and love.

Devotedly your father,

ELLISON CAPERS.

During the ensuing winter, through the kindness of the Standing Committee of the diocese, Bishop Capers made a visit to the eastern shore of Florida. He was accompanied by his son, Dean William T. Capers, and his daughter, Mrs. C. B. Satterlee. This trip greatly improved him, and he clung with splendid courage to the hope of ultimate recovery. However, during the latter part of April he had an attack which terminated in a pleural trouble.

On April 3, 1908, Bishop Capers issued his last order, which follows:

DIOCESE OF SOUTH CAROLINA

BISHOP'S HOUSE

COLUMBIA, S. C., April 3, 1908.

Seeing that my brother bishops are appointing clerical and lay delegates to represent their dioceses in the forthcoming Pan-Anglican Congress, to assemble at Westminster in June next, I hereby appoint the following to represent the Diocese of South Carolina in said congress, to-wit: Rev. John Ker-shaw, D. D., Rev. W. P. Witsell, D. D., Rev. James M. Magruder, A. M., Rev. H. J. Mikell, B. D., Mr. Robt. W. Shand, Trinity Church; Mr. Thos. W. Bacot, St. Phillip's Church; Dr. Wm. H. Johnson, Grace Church.

To represent the Woman's Auxiliary in South Carolina: Mrs. A. R. Hayward, Miss Mary C. Pinckney, Miss S. P. Carroll.

Faithfully your Bishop in Christ,

ELLISON CAPERS,

Diocese of South Carolina.

THE LAST LETTER THE BISHOP EVER WROTE.

REV. A. R. MITCHELL:

My Dear Bro.: A thousand thanks for your letter with its cheering and most comforting words.

Faithfully yours,

ELLISON CAPERS.

The last two weeks of his life were passed in the greatest agony. Passion Week was a reality with him.

Between his paroxysms of pain the suffering Bishop apologized to the nurses for the trouble he was giving them, and frequently reproached himself for complaining, saying that a brave soldier never complained of pain or hardship. On Good Friday he was crucified in the flesh, and during an interval when his sufferings were alleviated he reproached himself for the manner in which he had borne them, and he said to those gathered about his bed, that he ought to be ashamed of himself for complaining so; that when his Divine Master was crucified there was not one to minister to Him, only someone to offer Him in mockery a bitter draught, while with him all that love and sympathy, skill and loyalty, could contrive was being done. On April 22 his noble spirit returned to God who gave it.

The death of Ellison Capers removed the last surviving brigadier general in South Carolina. It is related by his comrades that the bishop was an intrepid soldier. His men always loved him and were absolutely confident in his ability as a commander. Time after time he was "published" in the general orders for distinguished service. He was often told by his friends that he exposed himself and ran risks. "Expose myself!" he remarked on one occasion, "that's what an officer is for. We have a cause worth fighting for, and we have to fight to win."

Intrepid, whole-hearted, well-poised, he was strong in influence that had been nobly won by great labors; "a doer of things

worthy to be written; inheriting a dignity unapproached by him who has merely written things worthy to be read"; having applied the activities of life to the loftiest uses, Bishop Capers passed into the City of God, where, in the domain of spirits forever blessed and glorified, those activities will ever move on,

"While life, and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures."

We print the following from the *Columbia State*:

CAPERS SLEEPS IN SACRED SOIL

BODY OF THE BELOVED PRELATE INTERRED YESTERDAY.

THE SOUTH'S GREAT SORROW—THE REVEREND HEAD
OF THE DIOCESE MOURNED BY MANY OF ALL
CREEDS AND STATIONS IN LIFE.

Capers sleeps. A dual warfare o'er, the warrior is at rest. The clay which holds the dust of the Hamptons, the Prestons, and Mannings now holds that of that other great South Carolinian, whose soul, in peace, as in war, was attuned to the great diapason of love of country, love of fellow-man, and love of God. In war he rode grandly at the head of his troopers; in restoration after peace he was given the opportunity for the highest civic honors; in the battle against sin his warrior soul was triumphant, and, as the prelate of a great Church, he was honored, believed in, and loved by a people representing the highest citizenship of this country.

Under the shadows of Trinity he sleeps. His regal soul has gone to the realms of truth and love eternal; his noble form enriches the dust which holds the mortal part of many of South Carolina's great men. The sorrow occasioned by his passing was Statewide, no creed, no station, but was not represented in that exhibition of love and veneration which in floral tributes most beautiful mark his resting place.

There was no sadness upon his beautiful brow, no mark of suffering as he lay there, gazed at lovingly by those whose hearts he had ennobled by words of truth. The bier which held this princely dead was surrounded by many sorrowed hearts, and yet they but felt that he lives, that he has pain no more, that he has gone Home. The royal purple of his couch typifies the regal life he has led; for some it would have been ostentatious, for Ellison Capers it was no compliment, but rather a fulfillment. God seemed to smile upon the day when the soul of this great prelate was relieved from pain, when the Church glorified in his reincarnation. Ellison Capers seems not to have died, but to have been translated.

At the head of his bier in the chancel of Trinity there was the significant floral suggestion "The Gates Ajar." Upon the purple bound casket there were tributes in flowers representing the school in which his mind was trained; the glorious army in which his courageous life was as a benison; the State which he loved and served and which he would have loved to have served continuously but for that higher call; and representing the Church which for a generation he served in meekness, with love and with power.

The funeral of Ellison Capers marked the passing of a man glorious in war, honored in statecraft, beloved by those who lived a blameless life.

The ceremonies attending the placing of his body in the grave were fitly representative of his life. There were present the representatives of many peoples and many creeds, and of the black men whom the beloved dead had tried to uplift. The great organ seemed to sob when the tender verses of Scripture were chanted, and the hearts of all men were full when they reflected upon the benediction of this well-spent life.

The funeral services over the body of Ellison Capers were held at Trinity Church yesterday at 12.30 o'clock in the presence of a large congregation, representing every creed and every station. It was an outpouring of love for the man who has stood so high in the South as a soldier, a citizen, and a

churchman, combining all these qualities and with each winning honor and esteem.

The service was conducted with the beautiful, yet simple, ritual of the Episcopal Church. Every denomination was represented, every creed paid this the last tribute of respect to the man who stood so high in the estimation of his fellow-men.

As the beautiful day broke yesterday morning, holy communion was held, being conducted by Bishop Guerry and Rev. Walter B. and William T. Capers. Afterward the doors of the church were open to those who wished to pay their last tribute of love and respect. At noon the clergy and members of the church committees assembled in Satterlee Hall to prepare for the funeral. In the rear of the church the united choirs of the churches of Trinity and Good Shepherd assembled, and at 12.30 the funeral services began with the procession to the church. On both sides of the aisles were drawn up the members of the Wade Hampton Chapter of the United Confederate Veterans. Many of these men had followed the command of the beloved churchman, had witnessed his gallantry in other fields, and in their own way wished to pay their last tribute of respect to the dead soldier. The active pall-bearers were the five sons and Dr. Wm. H. Johnson, his son-in-law, these coming before the procession of the clergy.

The chancel and church were made beautiful with floral tributes. The body of the Bishop rested upon the chancel, the casket being draped in purple, the color of the robes of his office, and in the rear the beautiful Easter lilies lent significance to the solemn services. After a hymn, the funeral services were opened by Bishop Guerry, and verses were read by Dr. W. B. Gordon, of Camden, and Rev. K. G. Finlay, of Camden. The prayer was read by Bishop Strange, and the gospel by Bishop Nelson, Georgia.

With the solemn funeral hymn the body was then borne to the grave in the churchyard, where it was gently lowered to its last resting place by the relatives of the Bishop. Here

the funeral hymn was recited by Rev. William T. Capers, and the last committal recited by Bishop Guerry, this closing the service.

Reviewing the work of Ellison Capers' episcopate, we find that the 50 clergymen canonically resident in the diocese had increased to 60; the 4000 communicants had grown to 8000 and over; the 310 teachers and 2753 scholars in the Sunday schools had increased to 532 teachers and 4000 Sunday school pupils. The 85 active congregations to be found in the diocese at his consecration had increased to 100. During the year closing with the Convention that elected Dr. Capers there was raised for all purposes by the diocese \$64,228.59; during the year closing in May, 1906, the Church in South Carolina raised \$104,218.78; for diocesan missions \$3,323.78; 1906, \$6,205.40; for general missions in 1893, \$2,204.00; in 1906, \$4,760.00. During the same length of time 19 new churches and chapels were built, and 41 men ordained by Bishop Capers to the ministry. These statistics reveal remarkable progress along all lines of church activity.

BISHOP ELLISON CAPERS' MEMORIAL HALL

From the inception of Bishop Capers' episcopate he took a most loyal and sympathetic interest in the Church Home and Orphanage. In the course of the second address he delivered to the Council as Bishop, he makes this reference:

"The Church Home and Orphanage lies very near to my heart. I feel as sure as I can feel about anything in the future, that if this diocese will do its full duty to this charity, God will pour out a blessing upon us. And I am most thankful to say to you, that there is an increasing interest shown by the diocese. The Thanksgiving Day offerings this past year have been more general, and in the aggregate have been larger. But why is it that our rectors and missionaries will not organize in their parishes and mission branches of the Church Orphanage Association? The parish at Union enjoys the dis-

tion of being the only parish outside of Charleston that maintains a 'branch.' If you would cultivate the interests of your people, organize them, and train them through such organizations to be co-workers with Christ and His Church in feeding and shepherding the lambs of the fold!"

As years advanced Bishop Capers' interest in the Orphanage increased, and under his fostering care the institution strengthened. After his death the Church Home was moved from Charleston, South Carolina, to Yorkville, South Carolina, and the institution re-established along larger and more efficient lines. Bishop Capers loved the Orphanage and the orphans. It was fitting, therefore, that the diocese should erect to his memory the Ellison Capers Memorial Hall as a part of that institution and as the diocese's witness to his work for the fatherless and aged.

The Capers Memorial Hall cost ten thousand dollars, which amount was raised by public subscription. It has a capacity for accommodating perhaps fifty orphan children. In his address at the laying of the corner-stone of this memorial the Rev. John Kershaw, D. D., the orator of the occasion, said:

"Perhaps it would be true to say that this work appealed more to his great and loving heart than any other institution in the diocese. I feel sure that if he could be consulted he would give to this undertaking his most cordial approval and sanction. I feel also sure that if in his present resting-place he is permitted to know what is going forward here to-day, he rejoices in this labor of love that testifies that he has not been forgotten. When those who knew him in the flesh have all followed him, this memorial will remain, a witness of his people's love, a shelter for the fatherless, a home of peace, wherein the love of God is shed abroad, a sanctuary redolent with the sweet savor of prayer and praise. May it abide as a visible token of our belief in the communion of saints, as a constant reminder of one of those who have been the choice vessels of God's grace and the lights of the world in their several generations."

CHAPTER XXIV

TRIBUTES FROM THE EPISCOPATE

The diocese of Missouri showed her profound respect through the pen of Bishop D. S. Tuttle, the presiding Bishop of the Church :

Sweet reasonableness is an engaging element in the make-up of a man's character, and it is of itself a force of persuasiveness in his influence among his fellowmen. In Bishop Capers it was conspicuous. The look of his eye was kindly. The lighting of his handsome face was winning, the tone of his voice was gentle. Not but that there was also strength and resoluteness in his make-up to fit him to be the warrior that he was upon the actual field of battle. But, whatever was his iron hand of power to use, it was ever unclothed upon by the soft velvet of thoughtful consideration.

Action with him was strong, because faith was strong and devotion to duty was strong. The soldierly virtues shone in him gloriously, but the gentleman held them in firm grasp and ever used them to help and not to hurt.

His influence in the House of Bishops grew out of his lovely and noble character; unstinted affection, unlimited confidence, and unfailing loyalty of comradeship and attachment were accorded him by all its members. I know that the late Bishop of New York, Henry C. Potter, statesman that he was, held him in high esteem and looked upon him as one of the most valuable men in the House of Bishops in his contributions to its wisdom of counsel and action.

I saw him last at Columbia, when confinement in the sick-room prevented his longed for presence in the church at the

consecration of his coadjutor. His patience and Christian submission and sweet cheerfulness seemed wonderful.

Recalling the tower of strength that he had been for years in the House of Bishops, and in his loved diocese of South Carolina, which was to him as the apple of his eye, I could not but thank God for his earthly life about which now the evening shadows were falling, and thank God again that I had known him and been helped by him, the brave soldier, the courteous gentleman, the loved and trusted leader of the hosts of Christ's Church Militant here on earth.

The diocese of New York spoke through Bishop Potter in these words:

It casts a somber light upon the Church, not alone in South Carolina but throughout the United States, to learn, as we have done in New York of late, of the death of our dear friend Bishop Capers.

He became endeared to some of us for the first time in connection with the General Convention of 1901, which sat, as will be remembered, in San Francisco, and the writer was privileged then to enjoy his society as his guest in the house which dear friends in San Francisco had placed at his disposal.

No one under that roof at that time will ever forget those happy days, nor the sweet and gracious influence of that rare personality which was incarnated in the late Bishop of South Carolina.

It is not given to all men to be enriched by various contacts and services. They select them with courage, and discharge them with fidelity; but are often wont to be hardened by the variety of responsibilities and of service which have come to them. But in Bishop Capers' case it was impossible to believe that he had ever touched life at any point without drawing from it something which made his own character, and in the episcopate his high ministry, of greater beauty, dignity, self-sacrifice, and gracious comprehension.

Those of us who are Northern men and women felt this perhaps most keenly in connection with his relation to that wider life which is the life of the republic as distinguished from the life of the family, or the Church, or even the State. Bishop Capers was a born statesman. He had a genius for seeing the other side of things—the political problems, the moral emergencies, and other ecclesiastical tasks than his own; and in the House of Bishops illustrated a breadth of vision, a fine serenity of temper, and a most gracious and winning spirit which endeared him to all who knew him.

The writer of these lines cannot venture to trust himself to speak of what Bishop Capers came to be to him in their personal relations. But the beautiful quality in his speech, in his every act, in relations with all sorts and conditions of men, which made one sensible at once that he was truly human in his sympathies and as divine in his standards, will always live as a gracious and benignant inspiration.

The diocese of South Carolina must needs mourn, and the whole Church mourns with it.

From Boston, Mass., came this tribute from Bishop William Lawrence:

OFFICE OF THE BISHOP,—BOSTON

Bishop Capers had a rather unique position in the esteem of the bishops, certainly of many of them. We Northern bishops, at all events, and I assume also the Southern bishops, looked upon him as a typical Southern gentleman of the best sort. He had done excellent service in the War. He had accepted defeat in fine spirit, and had thrown in his interests loyally with the national Government.

He was a man of wide experience. He had a right, therefore, to assume a position and authority superior to most men. On the contrary, he was one of the most modest, sensitive, self-effacing men that I ever knew. He did not have that form of self-effacement which enables you to forget

him or to count him for nothing. On the contrary, one always felt his presence and his force of character; and after all the others had spoken, one turned to him with the conviction that he had something to say, if he would only say it, which would add wisdom to the discussion.

I had the great pleasure of sitting beside him during the three weeks of one convention, I think it was in Washington. I said to him again and again, "Bishop, why don't you speak up? You know more about the subject than some of those who are talking." He either modestly deprecated my request, or said, "Wait, and before they get through they will probably say everything that I would have said." When, however, he did speak, and it was not frequently, all the bishops listened intently, appreciating not only the beauty and dignity of his character, but the worth of what he had to say.

It was always interesting to me to note how he would in the presence of any company seem at first to be a bit out of his element, or at all events in the background; but after a while it was felt by all that he was there, and in time, in a perfectly quiet and unassuming way, he would have found his position in the center of a group who turned to him with interest and affection, for there was a charm to his talk and manner that won affection as well as confidence.

There was always about him, too, a play of quiet humor. I remember one day when the nominations for missionary bishops were in order and one bishop after another had recounted the excellent qualities of the man whom he was nominating, Bishop Capers turned to me and said, "Bishop, what becomes of all these paragons that are always brought before us in nomination? Some of them must get into this House, but we are rather a commonplace company. What becomes of the paragons?"

He also had this grace. He was an Evangelical through and through in his theology and temperament, but there was no sharpness of theological line or party spirit in his make-up.

Bishop Potter of New York took great pleasure in his com-

pany and great satisfaction in having him move about the diocese holding confirmations. As he said to me once himself, "Capers is such a gentleman, a type of Southern chivalry, that it does the New York people good to have him about."

From Albany, New York, came the tribute of Bishop William C. Doan, D. D., LL. D., D. C. L. :

Anything connected with Bishop Capers' memory is very welcome and very attractive to me.

He was not much given to taking any part in the discussions of the House, yet he had that infinite attractiveness which made everyone feel that his presence there was in itself a benediction.

He and I were always in entire accord, and I had a very real love for him. Certainly his influence was "a harmonizing influence." My association with him is one of the dearest and most delightful recollections of my long presence in the House of Bishops.

TRIBUTE FROM BISHOP GUERRY OF SOUTH CAROLINA

Walking recently through St. Michael's churchyard, Charleston, with a very dear friend, we came to a monument which was a broken column with a wreath attached. My companion asked me what was the significance of the broken column, to which I replied that it meant that the career of the man whom it commemorated had been cut short.

No such monument would be fitting if erected over the grave of Bishop Capers. His life was complete—the most complete, the most useful in the broadest and highest sense, that I have ever known. It is difficult to conceive how his field of service could have been enlarged or what higher honors his Church and his grateful countrymen could have bestowed upon him.

An assistant professor in the South Carolina Military Academy, a brigadier general in the Confederate army, for

a short time Secretary of State, afterward priest and bishop in the Church of God, and for the last five years of his life Chancellor of the University of the South at Sewanee, Tenn., it has been given to few men to have touched so many sides of a people's life and to possess the qualities of mind and heart which made him eminently successful in them all.

It is this fullness of life, this all-roundness of character, this many-sidedness of service, that impresses one most when viewing the life and career of Bishop Capers.

His life was complete so far as this world could make it so. Our Father has added to its richness and its joy by calling His servant to still higher forms of service and blessedness in the Paradise of God.

Phillips Brooks once said that he believed that after death he would continue to preach the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ to those who in this life had had small opportunity of hearing it.

And it may be said that our great-hearted bishop is still exercising that ministry of love and reconciliation which was his joy and happiness here.

There is one other characteristic of the Bishop's life of which I desire to make special mention, and that is his power of growth and development. It so frequently happens that when a man has passed the prime of life he shows a strange inability to take on new ideas or to adapt himself to new conditions. He becomes unprogressive and stereotyped. But such was not the case with Bishop Capers. He was a growing man, spiritually and intellectually, in each new field of service to which, in the providence of God, he was called.

As rector of Trinity Church, Columbia, and afterward as bishop of the diocese, he was distinctly a stronger and abler man than when he was a parish priest in Greenville, S. C. His powers of mind and heart increased with his years and with his responsibilities. The Master made him a larger man and then gave him that larger truth of which his enlarged faith had made him capable.

Others have said that his greatest work as bishop was to have reunited a divided diocese and to have restored peace and harmony to the family of God. But his great work of love and reconciliation did not end with this, of his own Church. We venture to think that South Carolina has never had a bishop who has done more to break down prejudice against the Episcopal Church and to commend it to the favorable consideration of all men than Bishop Capers. He conceived of his ministry as including all men—white and black, rich and poor, dissenter and Churchman—in the one Body of Christ. More people in South Carolina could say of him when they met him, "This is my bishop," than of any other bishop that South Carolina has ever produced. He was not the bishop of a few Episcopalians, but of the Catholic Church, which includes among its members all who have been baptized with water in the name of the Trinity. To me the greatest legacy he has left the Church in South Carolina in his catholic-minded spirit, his freedom from narrowness, and his large-hearted charity. And yet Bishop Capers was far from being what men call a "Low Churchman." He was a loyal son of the Church. He believed in her divine mission and authority. He was tolerant not from lack of conviction, but because he was sure of his own position and of the truth of the Church's claims. He believed that the Episcopal Church had a great mission to fulfill to all people of every class and race and station. He has outlined a policy and an attitude toward our separated brethren which we would do well to follow. He has laid foundations upon which we who come after can safely build.

"May light perpetual shine upon him." May the peace of God be his, and may we with him and all others who have departed this life in the faith of Christ have our perfect consummation and bliss, both in body and soul, in God's eternal and everlasting Kingdom.

The diocese of Tennessee voiced her sentiments through this

expression of Bishop Gailor, who succeeded Bishop Capers as chancellor of the University of the South :

I first met Bishop Capers at the General Convention in Baltimore in 1892. He was then rector of Trinity Church, Columbia, and in the full vigor of his splendid manhood. I was impressed immediately by his commanding presence, his dignified but most gracious courtesy, and, above all, by the simple directness of his Christian character.

We were consecrated bishops-coadjutor the same year, 1893, and together we were introduced to the House of Bishops at the General Convention in Minneapolis, 1895. For twelve years thereafter it was my privilege to know him intimately and to be blessed with his unreserved confidence and affection. I write about him now out of a full heart, for we took sweet counsel together and walked in the house of God as friends.

I have never seen, and never expect to see, a truer Christian or a finer gentleman than Bishop Ellison Capers.

With all his playful fancy, joyous and compelling humor, he never forgot—he never let anyone forget—whose servant he was and whose grace it was that made him stand.

It was his living, quickening faith that endowed him with the charm and buoyancy of perpetual youth. It was the divine love that filled his heart and expressed itself in unstudied courtesy and exquisite refinement of thought and feeling, so that his "strength was gentle and his gentleness was strong."

Too often perhaps he depreciated his own powers in a spirit of humility most wonderful in one who had been permitted to win such high honor as a soldier on many bloody fields and afterward in the councils of the Church. But those who knew him revered his judgment and admired the clearness of his intellectual vision and the force and beauty of his eloquence, while they delighted in his conversation and rejoiced in his love.

For he was a great soul, a noble apostle, a servant of Jesus Christ.

Bishop Edwin G. Weed, bishop of the diocese of Florida, paid the following affectionate and beautiful tribute to the memory of Bishop Capers:

In the passing of Bishop Capers from a life on this earth to a life closer to the Master, the Church has lost one of her wisest and most honored leaders. Accustomed to command almost from his youth, we might have expected Bishop Capers to display more of the military disposition in his leadership, but the teaching of the Master took deep root in his soul. He seemed ever to have in mind those memorable words, "Whosoever of you will be chiefest shall be servant of all. For even the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister and give his life a ransom for many."

He did not give startling commands; rather he found a way which his followers could easily take. Possessing a rare perception of the capacities of men, he never attempted impossibilities, but developed the latent strength and powers of those around him and made the best use of individuals.

Like the Master, he possessed a strange attractive power. Wherever he went, he drew men unto him. They might disagree with him, might underrate his ability, but once in his presence they felt his power and found themselves ready to obey his wishes.

I shall never forget the time when it became necessary to select a strong man, of strong personality and of winning manner, to push forward a purpose which seemed vital to one of our committees in the General Convention which convened at Minneapolis, 1895. Bishop Capers had not been in the episcopate long, only a few months, and it was his first attendance upon the meetings of the committee. The other members of the committee scarcely knew him, but such was his impression, I found their short acquaintance had led them to a true

estimate of his character, and every member with one voice asked him to undertake the mission. It is needless to say he willingly undertook the task and accomplished the purpose we were anxious to carry out.

There was something about Bishop Capers which made everyone who came in contact with him for any length of time to think about the Master. I am sure many will bear testimony with me that he brought out by his life, manner, and words many features of our Lord's life which had been only faintly realized.

His brightness and cheerfulness made us understand the Lord's presence at the wedding feast and the feast of Levi. When we saw his intense sympathy for suffering humanity we could easily appreciate the Lord's long journey to comfort Märy and Martha. Loving souls with a true love, he was firm and unyielding when sin stood in the way, but was always ready to spend and be spent to lift up one individual. His life, like the Master's, was a constructive life. There was nothing negative or destructive about it.

The purpose of his life was to do good.

May his soul rest in peace, is the prayer of one who mourns his loss.

Speaking for North Carolina, Bishop J. B. Cheshire wrote :

We have lost one of our nearest neighbors among the bishops of the Church, the Right Reverend Ellison Capers, Bishop of South Carolina.

I was able to attend his funeral, as a very inadequate expression of the respect and affection I had learned to feel for him during an acquaintance of nearly twenty years. I have seldom known so beautiful and attractive a personality or so pure and exalted a character. For most of us it is a hard struggle to gain even a little inward grace to subdue the grosser elements of our mortal nature, and we must trust to the charity and forbearance of our brethren in judging our

best qualities and endeavors. With him, the inward grace seemed so perfectly to have accomplished its work in the heart and spirit that its life and warmth could not be confined, but must shine out upon all around. A singularly successful and happy life was his, and all who came even into casual contact with him had part in its success and happiness.

He was one of the youngest generals in the Confederate army, and soon after the war was made Secretary of State of South Carolina. Abandoning political life, he devoted himself to the work of the ministry, and as deacon, presbyter, and bishop commanded universal love and respect. There has been no public man in South Carolina since the war who has enjoyed through his whole life up to the day of his death such universal popular confidence and affection.

His personality was a distinct and valuable asset in the resources of the Church in that State. As a bishop he was faithful, diligent, full of love for his people, for his work, for his brethren. We who knew him feel that we have known very few like him; and in the knowledge that such characters can be produced out of our human nature by divine grace we thank God and take courage."

The following from the Bishop of Atlanta, the Rt. Rev. C. K. Nelson, D. D., indicates the sympathy the Church in Georgia felt for South Carolina in her loss:

My first acquaintance with Bishop Capers occurred on a visit to South Carolina in aid of Bishop Howe in the fall of 1892, in calling upon him while rector of Trinity Church, Columbia.

The delightful first impression created, increased with every meeting in private or in public. His bonhomie was a characteristic which never failed him, and this quality was more marked in him than in any man that I ever met. Brotherly kindness and charity were in him, the most perfectly developed Christian traits. In council, whether on the floor or in the chair,

one could not fail to mark his unvarying courtesy, his perfect fairness, and his subordination of himself to the business and interests which he served. Not only could not bitterness exist where he was present, but his voice, his manner, his action, his whole attitude in deliberation, combined conciliation with fearlessness.

“Love as brethren,” may be said to be the text of his life.

In the House of Bishops, of which he was a distinguished member, his influence was felt from the moment of his appearance with us. No partisanship ever sullied his argument; no selfishness could be traced in his motives, and the good of the whole Church, the benefit of humanity, and the infusion of the Christ spirit were his study and delight.

The real source of his power and influence was his manliness preserved in studious imitation of his Divine Lord and Master.

SEE HOUSE,
NEW ORLEANS, LA.

MY DEAR BROTHER:

I was glad to hear that you are to write a life of your dear father, and I wish you the fullest success. It would give me great pleasure to serve you, if I could do so; but I regret that I have no reminiscences of special facts or details that could add to your material. I deeply prized your father's friendship, and warmly reciprocated it. He was one of the most lovable men I have ever known. His personality possessed a rare charm and magnetism.

He had the sweetness of a beautiful spirit; the serenity of a deep personal religion; the strength of a most knightly and consecrated manhood. As gentle and strong, he held his own convictions with considerate fairness and noble patience toward others.

Fearless and humble alike, companionship with him was a delight; besides his gift of calm judgment, he had the wisdom of vision which is born of goodness. With an experience of human nature won on fields of service very diverse, yet

alike calling for the lofty chivalry of unselfish courage and utmost self-sacrifice, he truly fought a good fight.

He loved men, and longed to be a helper; and I thank God for the privilege of having known this gallant and tender soul. He was sincerely revered among his brethren; and in their affectionate memories of him they will think of his persuasiveness, of his fragrant and beautiful loyalty to Christ his King, and of a personality richly dowered with sweet and compelling graces.

I shall always cherish his name with reverent admiration.

Again wishing you a highly successful accomplishment of the grateful task you have undertaken, and with cordial greetings,

I am sincerely yours,

DAVID SESSUMS.

CHAPTER XXV

TRIBUTES FROM THE CLERGY

THIS chapter and the one immediately following comprise a portion of the tributes of respect and honor paid to the deceased Bishop Capers by clergy, laymen, and the press.

PREAMBLE AND RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE COUNCIL OF THE DIOCESE OF SOUTH CAROLINA

Immediately after the funeral of our late Bishop, at a meeting of the clergy and laity Bishop Guerry appointed a committee to prepare resolutions on the death of Bishop Capers and report to the Annual Council. The committee, consisting of Rev. W. B. Gordon, Rev. John Kershaw, D. D., Rev. A. R. Mitchell, Rev. W. P. Witsell, and Messrs. R. W. Shand, P. T. Hayne, R. I. Manning, and T. W. Bacot, reported the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted by the Council:

The Church in South Carolina mourns the prince and great man that has recently fallen in our Israel. For well-nigh fifteen years the Right Reverend Ellison Capers, doctor of divinity and bishop of this diocese, was to all the flock of Christ therein a loving and faithful chief shepherd and a true father in God to the under-shepherds, his clergy. Elected at the Council of 1893 and consecrated 20th July of the same year, he served the Church to the end with earnestness, ability, and wisdom, bringing to the work a mind well stored with the teachings of God's Holy Word, a heart full of generous love for all mankind, and a personality of rare charm and attractiveness. The soldierly qualities that had brought

him merited distinction in the war for Southern independence, and that had endeared him to the people of the State irrespective of ecclesiastical affiliations, and the patriotic devotions he had shown in serving South Carolina in peace as well as in war, continued to characterize him as a good soldier of Jesus Christ and as a faithful servant of his Church, while his broad sympathies, extending to and covering men of every ecclesiastical name, and even of no name, drew to him the hearts of all, making him in many respects the State's first citizen as well as the Church's chief officer. When not quite a year ago he was stricken down, there was, throughout the State, an universal expression of profound and sympathetic regret, and from the hearts and lips of great multitudes assembled in the houses of God and about the family altar ascended prayers and supplications to the one Father of all on his behalf. The progress of his illness was followed throughout by an interest and affection that was restrained and unobtrusive, but nevertheless strong and unfailing, when, on the 22d day of April, he breathed his last the hearts of all his fellow-citizens were bowed as the heart of one man, in unaffected grief.

None could have witnessed the great throngs that attended his funeral services and stood about his grave, bearing in their beautiful floral tributes and on their faces the marks of deep and sincere sorrow, without realizing that he had indeed inspired and awakened in many hearts the divine grace of love, and that they felt that in him they had lost, not alone their bishop, but their friend. But far beyond the bounds of his native State and diocese had his influence extended and his winning personality drawn men to him. His brother bishops loved, admired, and sought him. He was always listened to by them with marked attention and sympathy; they valued his counsel, they trusted his judgment, they relied on his sympathy. Hailed as the healer of dissensions within his own diocese, he has borne the character of mediator in other and

larger spheres, winning a place most enviable and uncommon as among the peace-makers, whom our Lord pronounced blessed and declared that they should be called the children of God.

When he was consecrated to his high office it was asked of him: "Will you show yourself gentle, and be merciful for Christ's sake to poor and needy people, and to all strangers destitute for help?" and he answered, "I will so show myself by God's help." So open-handed was he by nature, and so much more so by grace, that none appealed to him in vain, the worthy, and often, doubtless, the unworthy also, for he was not extreme in scrutinizing the justness or otherwise of the appeals made, but quickly let fall upon them and those making them the mantle of mercy and charity.

Thus, though not omitting to provide for those nearest and dearest to him, he employed his means as would the faithful steward and the trusted almoner of his Master, and so while in his case the question, How much did he leave? will not be asked, yet we may permit ourselves to rejoice in that he laid up treasure in heaven and left to his own family, and to that larger family that we represent, the riches that flow from the answer of a good conscience toward God and the large legacy of an example full of inspiration and inciting to noble emulation. A life so rich in its power to help and uplift, so rare in its qualities of unselfishness, courage, faith, patience, and generous sympathy, should not be permitted to pass unsignalized; rather should a memorial be erected to our beloved chief pastor, the seventh in the succession of South Carolina's bishops, that shall perpetuate his name and character in a manner worthy of him, and of the State and diocese that are so greatly his debtors; therefore,

Resolved, That in the life of Bishop Capers the Church in South Carolina has much for which to be thankful, and in his death much for which to sorrow, yet not as those who have no hope, but as those who, with confidence, look for the gen-

eral resurrection in the last day, and the life of the world to come through our Lord Jesus Christ, bowing with filial submission to the will of our Heavenly Father, who has called for his faithful soldier and servant from the labor and warfare of the Church Militant to enter that rest that remaineth for the children of God.

Resolved, That a suitable memorial of him be undertaken by the Church in this diocese, its exact form to be decided after proper deliberation, that shall in some measure be expressive of our appreciation of his life, character, and services.

Resolved, That a page of the Journal of this Council be appropriately inscribed to his memory.

Resolved, That his successor in office be requested to convey to Mrs. Capers and the other members of his family the profound sympathies of the clergy and laity of the diocese in their sorrow.

TRIBUTE FROM EAST CAROLINA

Resolved, That the Convocation of Edenton, Diocese of East Carolina, assembled in St. Peter's Church, Washington, N. C., has learned with profound sorrow of the death of the Rt. Rev. Ellison Capers, D. D., Bishop of the Diocese of South Carolina.

We record our appreciation and remembrance of his visitation to our several parishes during the disability of our beloved Bishop Watson. Truly a beloved and saintly man has been called to his reward, and we devoutly thank God for his life and example, as well as extend to his bereaved ones our sincere sympathy.

CHARLES D. MALONE,
NATHANIEL HARDING,
Committee.

EDITORIAL FROM "THE DIOCESE," MEMORIAL EDITION,
MAY, 1908.

In these very columns we have set forth the splendid results of the episcopate of this noble prince of the Church. There is no need to repeat now what has been so recently written for these columns, and more recently quoted in the daily papers of the State. But we do desire to call attention here to some of the characteristics that made Bishop Capers an intrinsically and really great man. We knew him intimately—almost as a son knows a father. We feel that we can write what we do know in this matter. And we would say, first, that Bishop Capers was an absolutely genuine man. There was no pretentiousness about him, and all double-dealing and hypocrisy were hateful to him. He "best seemed the thing he was." His noble sincerity of soul and beautiful simplicity of character and manner won all hearts, and gave him, like his Master, a strange attractive power.

Second, we would say, that the Bishop was not only transparently genuine, but also unaffectedly human. He ever felt himself a brother of all men, and was never out of tune with any of the varying strings of the harp of true human life. He was always keenly interested in all that pertained to the welfare of his fellows, in the sphere of the home, the State, or the Church. It often happens that separation from one's fellows by circumstances of office, rank, and station puts the heart out of touch with the feelings, hopes, and aspirations of the ordinary man; but never was this true of him of whom we now write.

And like all men who are essentially noble, he was humble of heart. For without

"True humility, the highest virtue, mother of them all,"

no one can be great in his personality. Certain it was that he never thought of himself more highly than he ought to have thought, but rather did he "esteem himself lowly in his

own eyes." Or, perhaps, it would be more true to say that he scarcely thought of himself at all, but only of his God, his Saviour, and his fellow-men and what he could do for them.

As illustrative of this characteristic, we quote here the last words we ever heard him say, spoken about twenty hours before his death:

"Well, Witsell, I am sorry that I could not do more for the Church. I have not done much, but I have done the best that I could." How like the holy and humble man of heart that he was! The reply was: "Ah, dear Bishop, you have done a noble work, a great work, and your brethren thank God for you and your work."

Yes, he was absolutely genuine, lovably human, beautifully humble, and also always and heartily faithful. In the splendid sermon published elsewhere in this issue the Bishop greatly exalts this virtue, and thereby gives to us one of the secrets of his glorious career. He carried a faithful and true heart into every state of life to which it pleased God to call him.

Any analysis of the personality of our late Bishop that did not reveal him as a man of love would be exceedingly defective.

If there was any pre-eminence among the virtues of his well-rounded, full-orbed character, it must be given to the spirit of love. We think that we can almost hear him say:

"But this it was that made me move
As light as carrier birds in air;
I loved the weight I had to bear,
Because it needed help of love.

"Nor could I weary, heart or limb
When mighty love would cleave in twain
The lading of a single pain,
And part it giving half to Him."

It was not then to be wondered at that he was successful as priest and bishop, nor it is to be wondered at that men—his

soldiers, his fellow-citizens, his clergy, and his brother bishops—delighted to honor him and to give him of their love, and felt that in so doing both love and honor were worthily bestowed.

Here, then, is the imperfect and poorly made verbal portrait of this noble man and splendid bishop as he was in himself. Of him as he was in his work we have written at length at other times. Of what he was to us personally we cannot permit ourself to write here. Suffice it to say that we regard it as one of the richest blessings and greatest responsibilities of our life that we should have had the confidence, friendship, and love of this great and good man. He was more than a faithful bishop to us—he was also a true and fatherly friend. And we heartily thank God that through His Son Jesus Christ we can go on loving him forever.—*W. P. Witsell, Editor.*

The following "Recollections" of the Rev. A. R. Mitchell (Rector of Christ Church, Greenville, of which parish Bishop Capers was twenty years rector), may illustrate the appreciation of those who knew Bishop Capers intimately:

In writing these imperfect recollections of Bishop Ellison Capers, a man made in a large mold and fashioned after the likeness of Christ, I must go back to the time when I first met and heard him.

It was when a boy at the old Holy Communion Church Institute, Charleston, S. C., now called the Porter Military Academy, that my recollections began.

It was the custom of the Episcopal churches in Charleston, about the seventies, for all the Sunday schools to assemble in old St. Paul's Church every Whitsun-Tuesday for a great celebration. At this service reports were read from the respective Sunday schools, and addresses were made by distinguished clergymen and prominent laymen. It was an occasion which the children looked forward to with much pride and pleasure. The Sunday schools were marched through the

streets from their respective churches, floating their banners with various devices.

On one of these occasions, in 1877, the Rev. Ellison Capers, then the eloquent and beloved rector of Christ Church, Greenville, S. C., was requested to make the principal address. His great valor and bravery in the Civil War, his stirring memorial addresses on the "Lost Cause," were known to every school-boy, and the anticipated delight of hearing General Capers, as he was then called, was clearly pictured in the faces of all, especially in the faces of the boys of the H. C. C. I., who wore the gray uniforms.

I can remember as he rose in the chancel to speak how his manly form, his handsome face, and benign countenance impressed everyone, and eagerly did the children listen to his earnest, eloquent, and telling words. Never, never, can his words be forgotten by those who were privileged to hear him.

After arousing the attention of the children by his sweet, gentle manner and his loving greetings, he spoke particularly of the Christian soldier, which he said we all were by virtue of baptism. He said in substance that the same qualifications and characteristics that were necessary to make a man a good soldier in time of war were necessary to make a good Christian soldier. That was, faith in one's cause, courage and earnest conviction of duty, obedience to those in authority, and the true spirit of self-sacrifice. He most beautifully described the Christian armor, and spoke of the success that awaited those who fought under the banner of Jesus Christ. To impress upon the young minds before him the necessity of always looking to God for strength and guidance, he cited an experience of his own during the Civil War.

"Children," said he, "I don't care how brave and courageous a man may be, in the time of battle and danger he will instinctively and inevitably call upon God for help. Just before the battle of Jackson I was spying out the ground to see where best to pitch our guns for the battle the next day. It

was nearly twilight, and as I rode down into some low ground where there was a field of high corn I heard a familiar voice offering the most earnest supplications to Almighty God, praying for courage, and that he might not disgrace himself in the eyes of his commander or his country the next day in battle. I looked to see who it was, and there I saw one of the bravest men of my regiment on his knees, pouring out his heart in prayer to God. That man fought with undaunted courage and fell mortally wounded in battle."

It is needless to say that many of the larger boys on that occasion after hearing this forcible address, promised themselves, by God's help, "to continue Christ's faithful soldier and servant unto their life's end."

Of those who heard General Capers on that occasion there are three or four in the ministry to-day, and two are bishops in the Church of God.

Up to a few years ago the diocesan conventions met nearly every year in the city of Charleston, and it was expected that the clergymen who attended the convention should remain over the Sunday following and fill the pulpits in the respective Episcopal churches. Eagerly did many look in the *News-Courier* on Saturday to see where General Capers was to preach on Sunday. Crowds flocked to hear him preach, the young and old, but principally the old Confederate soldiers, irrespective of denomination; many who fought under him, many who were associated with him at the Citadel as a cadet, and many who were his boon companions in his youth. Often in his sermons he would bring in as an illustration some of the thrilling scenes of his war experience. Little did I think, when a boy, listening to this hero of many battles, to this consecrated man of God, possessing such a sweet personality, such wonderful magnetism, and swaying by his eloquence the crowds who listened to him, that some day I would be associated with him in the sacred ministry and be an humble priest under his episcopate.

Many years elapsed after the Sunday school celebration be-

fore I met him again in person, although I always read with keen delight and with Southern patriotism his heart-stirring memorial addresses.

He was always regarded as one of the leading clergymen in the diocese, occupying for many years the important and responsible position as Secretary and Treasurer of the Board of Missions. No man was more popular or wielded more influence in the diocesan convention than Mr. Capers, putting the meeting in good humor by his pleasantries, and often acting as a peacemaker, especially in the troublesome times when the colored question in the Church nearly divided the diocese.

After his election to the episcopate he succeeded by his tactfulness and his persuasive speech in bringing back in union with the convention those parishes which had withdrawn.

My next recollection of him was when Bishop Howe had arranged for my ordination to the priesthood, to take place in Christ Church, Greenville, in September, 1886.

Mr. Capers was then rector of the parish. He graciously received his young brothers to the ministry, Rev. A. E. Cornish and myself, and gave us a warm welcome. The candidates for the priesthood were presented by Dr. W. P. DuBose of Sewanee, who also preached the sermon, and Mr. Capers presented John Finlay, one of the young men of his parish, for the diaconate. At this time there were in Greenville many refugees from Charleston, on account of the earthquake, and the rector of Christ Church spared no pains to make them feel at home, and comforted no little those who had their homes destroyed and some whose loved ones had suffered from the terrible disaster. His own hospitable home was a welcome refuge for the stranger.

On the Monday after the ordination he had the Bishop and the newly ordained to dine with his family. His winsome manners and wholesouledness made his younger brethren feel that in him they had a friend indeed; there was no formality, no reserve, but a genuine charm pervaded his happy home.

The young were always impressed with his ease of manner, his cordiality in his home, his sweet attention and devotion to his beloved wife, and how he treated his children as his own companions, bringing them always into conversation with those present.

It was my great privilege and pleasure to be frequently in his home after he moved to Columbia, and I was always treated as one of the family.

In December of 1887 he took charge of Trinity Church, Columbia, and what was Greenville's loss was Columbia's gain.

It was with much grief that he left his old parish and town, where he had spent nearly twenty years of his life, and where he was much beloved by all. So universally was he esteemed by the people of Greenville, that on the Sunday before leaving, the various churches closed and the respective congregations attended Christ Church to hear his farewell sermon. He was not only a faithful pastor of the flock over which he had charge, but he was a public-spirited citizen, taking an active part in everything for the uplift and betterment of the whole community. Once when an epidemic of measles had broken out in one of the mill villages, and the people had become impoverished and the sick needed attention, Mr. Capers not only administered to their spiritual needs, but with some friends he secured a wagon and, placing cans of hot soup therein, went from house to house and with his own hands ministered to their physical wants. Whether it was the erection of a Confederate monument, the organization of a fire department, the building of a bridge across Reedy River, or anything for the public welfare, he was among the first the people sought to take an active part.

The citizens of Columbia, many of whom were his personal and lifelong friends, gave him a warm welcome when he moved to that city, and they felt that it was a privilege and a blessing to have such a man in their community. A few

days after his arrival I called to greet him and to express my great delight at having him as a co-laborer in the Church work. It was a cold day in January. As I entered I placed my hat in the hallway and was ushered into his warm study, where we smoked and chatted most pleasantly. Just as I was leaving he got my hat and warmed it before the fire for me, so that I might be more comfortable when going out into the cold air. This seems a small thing, but it was so sweetly and thoughtfully done, and there is not one in a thousand who would have thought of such a delicate attention. He was always so humble, and it was this virtue of humility which made him so strong in the love and affection of those who knew him.

He had not been in Columbia long before the poor found that they had in him a friend, and often because of his big heart and loving sympathy he was imposed upon. At this time there were many chronic beggars in the city, many who refused to work, preferring to live on the charity of the generous. There was an able-bodied but dissipated woman who made a practice of sending her children around with a physician's prescription asking for money to buy medicine for their mother. And this imposition was kept up until the prescription was actually soiled, and then a new one would be secured. Hearing one day from one of these children that the mother was sick and had no wood, and learning of her place of residence, Mr. Capers sent a load of wood around and went himself, cutting up an armful and carrying it into the house for the supposed sick woman, when, to his surprise and indignation, he found the woman in bed in an intoxicated condition. Even with this experience, he was so credulous that again and again he gave liberally to those who asked, never doubting the worthiness of the cause.

After six years of successful parochial life in Columbia his brethren, appreciating his great worth, selected him to succeed the saintly and lamented Bishop Howe in the episcopate.

The occasion of his consecration in old Trinity Church was a red letter day in the diocese, and the ministers of the Christian denominations showed their love and admiration for him by being present at the service.

He had not been bishop long when he urged me to accept the position of Secretary and Treasurer of the Board of Missions, which he had filled so acceptably for many years. This position necessarily threw me in intimate association with him, and notwithstanding his busy life he was always ready and willing to confer with me and give wise counsel.

It would have been a privilege to any young clergyman to sit at his feet and learn. His whole life was a sermon, and sometimes his face was so radiant with divine glow you could not but feel that he had been in sweet and silent communion with the Master.

One of his sweetest characteristics was his cheerfulness, nearly always looking on the bright side of life. His great consideration of the feelings of others, and his great reticence in speaking of the faults and infirmities of his fellow-man, was natural to him. He was brim full of humor and frequently saw the funny side of life, and made others convulse with laughter when reciting some of his own ridiculous experiences.

Bishop Capers was one of the most entertaining men I have ever met in my life, and there were few subjects that he could not converse freely on.

It was a great privilege and pleasure for young men to be present and hear him talk with his old army friends on the subject of the War, telling in his graphic way the thrilling and trying experiences of the Confederate soldier. And even in the thickest of battle he noticed and loved to relate many funny incidents. It was just after the War that he took charge of Christ Church, Greenville, first as a lay reader, when he was preparing for the ministry, and in 1867 as rector, after his ordination.

He found a large debt upon the parish, and his dear people were so impoverished after the War that Bishop Davis re-

quested him to go North and solicit assistance from our Church people. He was a stranger to New York, but he went provided with letters to the bishop and some of the prominent and influential clergy of that diocese. He was graciously received by the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, rector of Trinity Church, and heartily welcomed to his parish. General Capers told him the purpose of his visit, and Dr. Dix said, "Capers, I am preaching a series of sermons now on Sunday mornings, but next Sunday afternoon we are likely to have a large congregation, and I will gladly give you the offering for your cause; now you can either preach or make the appeal." General Capers felt that he was a poor beggar for any object, so he said, "Doctor, I will preach, and I would appreciate it if you would make the appeal."

Dr. Dix spoke most feelingly of the impoverished condition of the South as the result of the War, and urged the congregation to give generously to his brother's cause. It had been published in the papers that Mr. Capers would preach, and some of his South Carolina friends who happened to be in the city went to hear him. When the offering was taken up, from appearances Mr. Capers thought a large amount would be realized, and in his mind's eye he could see the debt on his church cancelled. But when in the vestry room, Dr. Dix ran his fingers through the offering and indignantly said, "Nothing but nickels. Capers, I will add fifty dollars to this myself." The only five-dollar bill in the plate was placed there by General Capers' old Baptist friend, Dr. B—— of Greenville, who had gone to hear him preach. From some of the other churches and the many friends he made while in New York he received a good amount for the debt on his church.

As this was his first visit to the metropolis, he was surprised at the large buildings, the immense business done, and the multitudes which thronged the streets. He reached the city at night, and stopped at the old St. Nicholas Hotel, and when he threw his window open in the morning he was greatly im-

pressed with the crowd, and afterward remarked to a friend, "Markley, and that was the crowd we tried to lick!"

As I have said, he was full of humor and was a fine raconteur.

When he attended his first general convention as a delegate, which met in New York, a layman friend of his living in Brooklyn asked him to take a late dinner and gave him explicit directions as to how to find his residence, after crossing Fulton Ferry.

In taking the car in Brooklyn he secured a seat between a rather thin but sour-looking man on one side and a fat, jolly fellow on the other. He had not ridden far when a fat marketwoman with a large basket on her arm entered the car and caught hold of the strap right in front of him. Before he could get up and offer her his seat the car made a lunge around the corner and the old woman sat squarely in his lap. He at first laughed, and all in the car were convulsed. He immediately remarked, "Madam, if you will get up I will give you my seat," but she sat complacently and took no notice of what he said. The thin man on his right, without a smile, indignantly said to General Capers, "It is an imposition; I would not stand it. Shove her off, shove her off!" Mr. Capers said, "My knees are bent and my hands are under her. I have no purchase." And Mr. Capers said, "Madam, I am in earnest; if you will get up I will gladly give you my seat." Still she took no notice. Then the fat man on his left, shaking with laughter, said, "Mister, why don't you pinch her? Pinch her good." By this time the whole car roared. Mr. Capers felt he was being made a butt of, and with some feeling repeated his request for her to rise, but she placidly sat, seeming somewhat unconscious of the ridiculous position she was occupying. Suggestions came from all parts of the car: "Mister, why don't you bite her?" "Mister, why don't you butt her?" Shortly after this the car stopped and the old soul got off, perfectly unconcerned. Then someone remarked, "Why, mister, she is as

deaf as a door post and did not hear a word you said." Laughingly the General said, "Well, it seems to me she should have been conscious of where she was sitting."

The colored people were devoted to Bishop Capers, and it was only necessary for him to tell them to do anything, and it was done.

One Sunday in Columbia, after he had held several services in the city, he went out a few miles into the country that night to hold a confirmation at one of his colored missions. The archdeacon of the colored work was with him. While driving out he said, "Brother J., you must preach to-night, as I am very tired. I will confirm the class and make an address." "But," said Brother J., "you must preach, Bishop, for they are expecting you to do so, and it will be a great disappointment to them if you don't. Some of these colored people have never seen a Bishop." But the Bishop insisted on Brother J. preaching. The archdeacon, after protesting for a while, consented. He always spoke very plainly to his colored flock. The text Brother J. took that night, said the Bishop, was "Whence comest thou? . . . Gehazi, thy servant went no whither." After describing the circumstances and showing the faithlessness of Gehazi, the preacher went on to say, "Now, when some of you fellows go out at night drinking and gambling and engaged in all kinds of badness, and you go home late and your wife says, 'John, where have you been?' and you say 'Thy servant went no whither,' you know you are lying." Just then, said the Bishop, one man who felt the home thrust, cried out in the congregation, "Now you are getting under my jacket!" The Bishop, whose risibilities were easily aroused, said he could hardly keep from laughing out loud.

In one of the old colored churches in Charleston where services were held before the War for the good old respectable church people, many of whom could not read but knew most of the service by heart, and where some of our distinguished white clergymen loved to preach in simple language to the

people, there was sent a few years ago a colored clergyman of ability to take charge. He made many innovations to the plain service that the people were accustomed to, and preached considerably over their heads. A desire came for a change on the part of many of the old congregation, who wished for a return of the simple, old time preaching and congregational singing. The Bishop was asked to visit the parish and hear the complaints. After taking in the situation pretty thoroughly, he met with some of the leading men of the congregation in order to settle the difficulties. While in conference, he said to one of the pious old men who had sat under the old pastors that had taken a loving interest in them: "Now, Cato, what are your complaints? What fault do you find with Mr. M——?" "Well, Bishop," said he, "dat man do preach over our heads. We no understand him; he ain't do as we is 'customed to; he wear things in the chancel we nebber see befo', and he had a service dat we don't understand. Now I want to ax you, Bishop, who dat man Socrates he preach about—he one of de 'Postles, he servant of de Lord?" "No," said the Bishop, "he was a great philosopher." "Well den," said Cato, "I ain't want to hear about 'em. I want to hear about Peter and Paul and John and de Lord Himself. Den again, Bishop, he talk about a man name Plato, and Aristotle. Is dem 'Postles, Bishop? Was dey de servants of de Lord?" "No," said the Bishop, "they were also great philosophers." "Well, den," said Cato, "I ain't want to know about dem. I want de good old time gospel."

Finding that the parish evidently had the wrong man as minister in charge, the Bishop urged the flock to pay up the clergyman his salary in full, and in a delicate way suggested to the minister that he accept another charge that he would give him, and which, perhaps, might be more congenial to him.

Rev. Wm. E. Evans, D. D., who succeeded Bishop Capers as rector of Trinity Church, Columbia, S. C. (and is at present

the rector of Advent Church, Birmingham, Ala.), wrote thus of his departed friend and bishop:

The death of Bishop Capers is a distinct loss to the Church and to the State. His life stood for righteousness, and his public utterances and his lofty life have been a benediction through many years to the young men of his State. Almighty God must have great love for South Carolina. See how he has honored her with so many men of loftiest character, born upon her soil, living their lives within her boundary line, and achieving their high purposes in the elevation of the social order of that old Commonwealth that has given to the world courtly men and queenly women without superiors anywhere.

Among the men who have had the high places of thought and action for many years past in South Carolina, none was truer than Bishop Ellison Capers. Unselfishness, sympathy, gentleness, courage, and conscientiousness blended in beautiful harmony in his character.

"His life was gentle; and the elements so mixed in him that nature might stand up and say to all the world, this was a man."

It was a benediction to me to be associated with Bishop Capers through the years which I lived in Columbia. I was honored with his friendship and with his confidences, and, as imposing as he was in public, in his private and home life he was at his best.

During his lifetime he was both soldier and clergyman, but first of all, and beneath all, he was a man with a great heart which endeared him to other men. He knew their faults and their virtues, and he allowed for both.

Everyone realizes that South Carolina has lost one of her noblest souls, one of the type that makes a commonwealth its greatest and grandest.

CHAPTER XXVI

TRIBUTES FROM LAYMEN AND THE PRESS

IT is a rather remarkable tribute (indicating the universal esteem in which South Carolina held Bishop Capers), that not only did the great daily papers pronounce through their editorial columns the highest encomiums upon him, but without exception every county paper in the State bore testimony to his memory as soldier, citizen, and bishop. The tributes from the press and laity are too numerous for publication here. However, we venture to select a few salient eulogiums paid by editors and citizens to the memory of Bishop Capers:

Bishop Capers was probably the best known and best loved man in South Carolina. As bishop of the Episcopal Church of South Carolina, he became acquainted with the rank and file of the people and they loved him as a priest, as a soldier, and as a citizen. Georgetown mourns with all South Carolina for him.—*Georgetown Outlook*.

Bishop Capers, who died in Columbia yesterday, was without doubt the best loved man in South Carolina.

The Confederate veterans loved him for his war record, which was as gallant as that of any man who served the Confederacy.

The members of his Church loved him as their good bishop and faithful, consecrated servant.

And all the people who knew him loved him as a man and a citizen.—*Anderson Mail*.

In the death of Bishop Ellison Capers South Carolina sustains an irreparable loss, the Church is deprived of a useful

and devoted servant, and the people, irrespective of denominational affiliation, a true friend, whose greatest pleasure in life was in lending aid and assistance to his fellow-man and uplifting fallen humanity. A volume would not suffice to recount his innumerable unselfish deeds. Coming in contact with every class, dispensing charity wherever needed, aiding others by words of encouragement, this noble man so endeared himself to the people of his native State that in his death every man, woman, and child in South Carolina will feel a peculiar grief; unbounded sympathy will go out, in this sad hour, to those who are bereft of husband and father.—*Orangeburg Sun*.

The death of Bishop Capers carries the writer back to the days when the war clouds had just passed away, and the time when he was rector of the Episcopal church in Greenville, known and revered by the students of Furman (Baptist) University, as General Ellison Capers. No more knightly gentleman ever lived. The perfect gentleman in every sense of the word.

His contemporaries and fellow-laborers then were Drs. James C. Furman, John A. Broadus, James P. Boyce, William Williams, and Basil Manly. There never lived in a small village,—which Greenville was at that time,—such a coterie of great men. Great not only for their learning, but for their patriotism and their noble Christian characters. Mr. Capers was the junior of these gentlemen by several years, but he enjoyed their companionship and was held in the highest esteem by them.

No doubt as Bishop Capers went home three days ago there was a blessed reunion in that kingdom where they are sitting down with Abraham and Jacob,

“Soldier of Christ, well done!

Thy glorious warfare is past;

The battle is fought, the victory is won,

And thou art crowned at last.”

—*Greenwood Journal*.

To-day the mortal remains of Ellison Capers, citizen, soldier, statesman, scholar, man of God, lie in state and will be consigned to the grave. There is sorrow throughout South Carolina, where he was known best; but there will be deep regret throughout the South, where the influence of this unusually active and vigorous life was felt.

Greenville, where twenty of his most useful years as a minister were spent, feels a personal bereavement. The exalted services which Bishop Capers rendered his State, his Church, and his fellow-men in the varied scenes of his activity—all of which were rendered with conspicuous ability—are too well known to be recounted here. He was a man; pure, noble, great. The death of few in South Carolina could come so close home to so many.

The humanity of the man, which shone in every relation in life, his love for his fellows, and his confidence in the ultimate triumph of right, endeared him to those who came under his influence. He loved courage and honor and truth, and he hated cant and hypocrisy. He was at all times frank and cordial, and even the humblest parishioner felt uplifted in his presence.

A great man has gone to his reward, but after a life spent in good deeds. The end came like the setting of the sun, silently, calmly, inevitably.—*Greenville News*.

SORROW OF THE BANKERS—EXPRESSED ON ACCOUNT OF BISHOP
CAPERS' DEATH.

At the meeting of the Bankers' Convention in session April 22, 1908, the following resolutions were offered by Mr. Doar of Summerville, and were adopted by the Convention:

Whereas, Ellison Capers, Bishop of the Episcopal Church in South Carolina, died on the afternoon of April 22 at his home in the city of Columbia, where we are now assembled in convention; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the Bankers of South Carolina, repre-

senting every section of the State, deplore the death of Bishop Capers, who in war and in peace, in state and in Church, so well discharged his duties as to merit and attain the highest honors, and at the same time, by his genial manner, his sympathetic nature and his catholic spirit he won the affection and esteem of all people. Few men have died in South Carolina more universally beloved than was Bishop Capers, and we feel sure that the State at large mourns his loss.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread on our minutes and a copy be sent to his surviving family.

Mr. W. A. Clark (president Carolina National Bank), paid a very beautiful tribute in seconding these resolutions to the soldier-priest. He told of his connection with the beloved bishop, of his great and noble qualities, and the convention was given the benefit of knowing more about the bishop, "who was not only a South Carolinian, but a son of the whole South."

HON. ROBERT W. SHAND, CHANCELLOR OF THE DIOCESE OF
SOUTH CAROLINA.

My personal acquaintance with Bishop Capers dates from 1866 or '67. He was only about two years older than myself, but we graduated at different institutions and served far apart during the war,—he on the coast of South Carolina and in the army under the command of General Bragg and his successors, and I, in the army of Northern Virginia. After 1867 I was frequently in his company until the close of 1887, after which we lived in the same community until his death, for the first seven years of which time only a public street separated our residences, and he was the rector of Trinity Church, of which I was a member both of congregation and of vestry. In 1893 he was elected bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church for the diocese of South Carolina, and as such he appointed me his chancellor or legal advisor.

During all these years I saw him much; was often in his company, and few men had better opportunities for forming a correct estimate of him as man, citizen, and clergyman.

In support of my opinion of him as herein after expressed, I am sure of the fact, which was generally conceded at the time of his death, that no person in South Carolina was more esteemed nor more popular with all the people of his State, no bishop in the House of Bishops more beloved by his fellow-prelates.

Of his war record I have heard much. Commencing as a staff officer, he soon became an officer of the line, rising to the colonelcy of a regiment, and finally to the rank of brigadier general. His gallantry was never questioned, as the printed records show, and he was often wounded in battle, having been in many of the fiercest conflicts of the war. He took pleasure in talking of his experiences as a soldier, and upon this subject, as upon all others, he conversed most entertainingly. This subject was always of interest to me, and I listened with great pleasure to his narratives. He spoke not to exalt himself, and there were no words of self-praise. Indeed he simply told of the battles in which he had been engaged—James Island, Franklin, Jackson, Chickamauga—as any onlooker might have done. Some of the incidents which he related with animation were of his discomfiture. For instance, he merrily told of his capture of a *Fédéral* regiment on the coast of South Carolina, which, after capture, refused to move at his command, with the result that he had to withdraw his regiment on the approach of a larger force of the enemy.

I will here relate an incident which happened during the war which bears more upon his personality than upon his soldierly qualities. A Confederate officer rode up to the brigade headquarters and stopped to inquire who was the young officer he had passed on the road, describing the man and horse. He was told that it was Colonel Ellison Capers of South Carolina. He expressed his thanks and remarked: "I did not know him, never saw him before, but was anxious to have his name, as he is the first man I have ever met with whom I fell in love on sight."

His life was a sermon that bore fruit. His presence was felt as a benediction, and his love for his fellow-men, shown by words and deeds, made others love him. His charity led him to minimize the conspicuous faults of his people, and to ascribe to them the possible motive which was least reprehensible. No pastor ever had a more loving congregation; no minister ever led a more consistently Christian life. From the heart of this man who loved all his fellow-men came sermons which tended to elevate his hearers and make of them true Christian men and women.

In a passenger train, one very cold night from Columbia to Charleston, a man was badly injured and brought into the baggage car and laid upon the floor. He was insufficiently clothed for such cold weather. Many passengers visited him, but Bishop Capers took his heavy overcoat, laid it over the sufferer, and left it with him until received into a hospital in Charleston. Someone present remarked: "What a splendid sermon that was."

The cares and burdens that came to him were great, but he bore them all without a murmur, showing here, as at all times, the sweet temper and full faith of a true Christian. All in all, he was a brave soldier, a noble citizen, and a godly man. I feel that my life has been bettered by my past associations with him.

A. B. Williams, for many years editor of the *Greenville Daily News*, in South Carolina, was regarded as one of the State's ablest writers, while throughout the South he was recognized as a foremost editor. Having lived in Greenville during the twenty years Ellison Capers was rector of Christ Church, that city, we quote the following from Mr. Williams in appreciation of Bishop Capers' ministry:

In my view Ellison Capers' influence for good in the Greenville community, where I was associated with him most intimately, and in the State generally, was beyond estimate. I think

it safe to say that during many years he was the most potent personal force in Greenville. When the town was just beginning to awaken, and was taking the first forward steps in the progress that has become so notable, he always was on the side of improvement and development. By his kindly and gentle association with people of all classes and all denominations, he won affection and confidence, made all the stronger by his reputation as one of the modest heroes of the war.

His tenderness and toleration were endless, and his manhood was sturdy, and his courage was dauntless. I recall on one occasion being with him on the train between Spartanburg and Greenville when a drunken countryman had trouble with the conductor. The man finally drew a knife and the conductor made an ominous movement toward his revolver. Mr. Capers interposed and asked that the man be turned over to him, sat by him on the seat, put an arm over his shoulder, and in a few persuasive, gentle, earnest words induced him to consent to get off, the man having a drunkard's stubborn determination that he would not show his ticket. Put off at the front platform, taking a sudden change in his freak, he seized the railings of the back platform as the car passed him and swung aboard again, apparently more desperate and bloodthirsty than ever. Mr. Capers again got him in a seat, and with infinite pity and patience at last quieted him down and actually induced him to surrender the point he had made and avoid trouble.

I have no doubt that Bishop Capers' life was crowded with instances of this kind. There was a story long told in Greenville, of how a rather helpless and improvident old gentleman, well known in the State, went to General Capers' house one winter night confessing that he had not in his own home bread or fuel with which to keep his family alive. He was given a sack of flour, as I recollect the story, and directed to the woodpile. Then he made inquiry as to how he would get the contributions home, as it was beneath his dignity to be seen carrying things through the street. As I recollect the incident,

General Capers promptly shouldered as many sticks of wood as he could carry, and marched off to the house of his beneficiary, with the wood on his shoulder and the flour under his arm. The qualities illustrated by occurrences of this kind endeared him to the whole people.

In later years, when unhappy political and social dissensions distracted and divided the State, he was one of the few men of the old régime who held his power over the people generally and never lost their confidence. No human agency could have checked the outburst that came, but I am convinced that he did much toward softening animosities and preparing the way for the reunion of the people of the State, which has come partly, and which I hope the younger men will live to see completed. Of course, General Capers' war record is part of the written history of his State and country.

As I knew him at the end of the Reconstruction period, through the times of peace that followed, and later through the days of intense political strife and bitterness, and through all the time of the upward struggle, I regarded him, as I am sure all South Carolina did, as one of the State's most valuable assets.

A beautiful story related by Capt. C. K. Henderson, illustrating the piety of the dead prelate.

To the Editor of the State:

Among the beautiful tributes to the memory of our great departed general, Bishop Capers, in your issue of Thursday, was one recalling the Bishop's prayer at the unveiling of the statue of General Wade Hampton on Capitol Square, when thousands who had assembled in honor of the great Hampton stood with uncovered heads, while his lifelong friend, the good Bishop, led them to the throne of God.

I thought then, and your article in yesterday's issue revived the memory, of another prayer which I heard this man of God offer.

The circumstances are wholly different; there were no distinguished orators present; no great concourse of people, no one called upon to pray. And yet, among the cherished pictures that hang upon the walls of memory there is none to me more sublime than this one. It was in the year 1900, when General C. Irvine Walker, General J. W. Floyd, Colonel J. Harvey Wilson, Bishop Capers and myself were serving on a commission for the State, locating the lines and position of the South Carolina troops on the famous battle-field of Chickamauga. The government had placed an ambulance and two mules at our disposal to carry us over those historic fields, made sacred by the American soldiers who had struggled here with heroism and valor unsurpassed in the annals of the war.

In the party were the above named gentlemen, and General H. V. Boynton and Colonel E. E. Betts, Federal officers in charge of the park.

Our work in locating the lines was accomplished with comparative ease, except in the case of the brigade commanded by General Capers. It was late in the afternoon when this was located. Bishop Capers at once arose and stepped out of the ambulance, saying, "Gentlemen, I wish to pray where my troops stood in the long years that are gone." And out in the falling rain, under the dull gray sky, he stood uncovered and poured out his heart to God in one of the most touching and beautiful prayers I have ever heard offered. He thanked God for sparing his life and permitting him to stand there again, without the roar of artillery and the rattle of the musketry ringing in his ears; for the beautiful fields no longer dyed crimson with human blood, nor covered over with wounded and dying men; for all the heroic lives offered upon the altar of their country; for the fact that the sounds of war were now hushed and still, and in their place had come the song of love and peace, a reunited country—one aim, one banner, and one guide.

When the prayer ended, each veteran in his heart said "Amen," and they rode away from the spot with a picture

in their lives that even Time's remorseless finger shall not make dim.

We could not close this part of our volume more fittingly than by introducing here the beautiful poem of Charles S. Vedder dedicated to Bishop Capers:

ELLISON CAPERS.

The Bayard of the tented field,
Where knightly deed was done;
The Sydney of the stainless shield,
And princely heart in love revealed
When the red field was won.

His falchion sheathed, a shepherd then,
His knightly deeds are sure;
Alike to rich and poor
The good Sir Galahad of men,
Whose strength was as the strength of ten
Because his heart was pure.

He sleeps a paladin at rest,
In Heaven's eternal peace;
His life on others' lives imprest;
His name, his words, his memory blest,
By tongues that will not cease.

PART II

ADDRESSES AND SERMONS

The following addresses and sermons of Bishop Capers are probably by no means the finest instances of his pulpit ability or oratorical powers, but they have been chosen mainly by reason of the circumstances under which they were delivered.

The Bishop was invited many, many times to deliver addresses both within and without the borders of the Commonwealth of South Carolina. Of these addresses and pulpit discourses much of their glamour necessarily vanished with the conditions that gave them birth. They are, however, of more than transient interest, not merely because of their historical significance, but because they reveal how a versatile mind can focus the lambent fires of memory and imagination upon kindred topics from so many different angles.

THE COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS BEFORE THE
SOUTH CAROLINA ACADEMY, CHARLESTON,
S. C., JULY 28, 1886.

In obedience to the invitation of the superintendent and faculty of my alma mater, the grateful duty is assigned to me of making the address at the close of these interesting exercises.

While I cheerfully assume the responsibilities of the hour, I could wish, sincerely, that the choice of the officers had fallen upon some son of the academy who could bring larger abilities to her service, whose voice might be heard in her behalf with more effect throughout the length and breadth of our beloved Commonwealth.

But while I mistrust my capacity to do full justice to the worthy institution I have now the honor to represent, I bring to the duty before me a heart full of grateful respect, and shall speak in behalf of the old Citadel, and the work she has done in the past, and the work I trust she has yet to do in the future, as a loyal son would speak of a cherished mother whose patience had borne with the follies of his youth, and whose wisdom and fostering care had given spirit and purpose to his manhood.

In greeting you to-day, young gentlemen, as the first graduates from the academy, under its second charter from the State, I do so with mingled emotions. Associations, inseparable from these exercises, revive hallowed memories! They recall the forms and faces of those who greeted us here years ago, and who will meet us here no more forever!

It would be to me a most gratifying task to speak to you of the old board of visitors; of Jones and Jamison, and Means

and Hanna, and Wallace and Wilson—the fathers of our alma mater! those faithful, wise and patriotic men who watched with jealous care its steady progress, and hailed from year to year the increasing evidences of its usefulness to the State.

With equal gratitude I could tell you of the old professors, and speak of them with abundant appreciation; but my duty is to devote my time to the consideration of that for which they all devoted their abilities and accomplishments with unfaltering energy, the advancement of the character and work of the Academy itself.

Why should there be a manifestation of so much interest in the success and stability of our State institutions of learning?

Why are their friends ever ready to maintain their work?

And why should the State extend her fostering hand to shield and protect them?

I shall attempt to answer these questions, and will state, as fully as I can, first, the ground of the being of the South Carolina Academy; and then present some of the most cogent reasons which influence the friends of the Academy to wage their maintenance as important agencies of the State in promoting her highest welfare.

To bring the subject before you as distinctly as I can, I must refer to that part of our history which lies so far back of our times that we are only too prone to overlook its lessons.

And yet we should remember, my fellow-citizens, and we should teach our children to remember, that the history of those early days contains the germs of all our succeeding history. We are eating the fruit of trees planted by those who knew full well they would never enjoy them; but they were content to plant for us. We are living and acting by principles and governed by ideas which cost our forefathers the abandonment of their homes in the Old World, the perils of thousands of miles of sea, and the untold hardships and dangers of a settlement in the wilds of an untried land, inhabited only by savages and wild beasts. They counted not their lives

dear to themselves and their families if happily they might lay safe foundations for their descendants.

Turning back the pages of Carolina's history, we find the fathers and founders of our State careful to lay sure foundations on a rock.

Within twenty years from the removal of the colony to the site of this ancient city, the Assembly voted to establish a public library in Charlestown, and the law made provision that the books should be loaned out for the benefit of the inhabitants.

The first schools established by our fathers were free schools, and the act establishing them declares them to be founded "for the benefit and use of the inhabitants of South Carolina." In one of the early acts of Assembly, 1712, the building of schoolhouses and the settlement of schoolmasters is encouraged, the act authorizing twelve pounds to be paid from the treasury toward erecting each schoolhouse and ten pounds toward paying the salary of each parish schoolmaster.

Thus, you perceive, while the first generation born on the soil of Carolina was yet growing up, when the frontiers of the State were not more than fifty miles away from Charleston, when the Red Man and the Spaniard were plotting the destruction of the infant State, and while yet great forests were to be cut down and cleared away that a virgin soil might produce food for the colonists and furnish the materials for founding trade and commerce, the founders of the State laid down the principle that it is of vital importance to the well-being of the whole community that the enlightenment of the citizen should be the care of the State. They created a public library in Charlestown, and established free schools in every part of the colony for the express benefit of all the inhabitants.

The accomplished historian who writes the early literary history of our State, and tells us that the knowledge of grammar, of history, of mathematics, of Greek, and of Latin could be obtained in Carolina at any time after 1712, tells us also that no State in the American Union afterward, Virginia

excepted, obtained a greater proportion of national honors, or enjoyed larger opportunities of public service; and, further, that this fitness for discharging her high duties to a great republic of free and self-governing States was mainly due to the attention paid by the fathers to the liberal education of their sons.

This attention to education by the State, laid down as a principle of true policy in 1712, has been ever since maintained in South Carolina.

In 1801 the Legislature gave signal expression to it by the passage of a bill founding the South Carolina College at Columbia, and in the preamble to the act uses the following language: "Whereas, the proper education of youth contributes greatly to the prosperity of society, and ought always to be the subject of legislative attention; and, whereas, the establishment of a college in the central part of the State, where all its youth may be educated, will highly promote the instruction, the good order, and the harmony of the whole community: Be it enacted," etc.

This preamble embodies the principle upon which some of the greatest institutions of learning in our country have been founded.

Harvard and Yale colleges owe their existence to State aid as well as private munificence; while William and Mary College, in Virginia, next in age to Harvard, was endowed from the royal domain, and was at first chiefly supported by the income of a tax on tobacco. The University of Pennsylvania sprang from a free academy, founded by Franklin in 1749. The University of Virginia is an imperishable monument to the wisdom of the greatest of Democrats, its immortal founder, and has been for more than fifty years a peculiar fountain whence have flowed streams of blessing to the State. The universities of Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and North Carolina, like our own and the university which Jefferson's wisdom founded, are all State universities, and cherished by the State.

The greatest institution of learning in the Northwest, where

the largest number of students assemble, of all the colleges in our land, is the free University of Michigan, which was founded from the sale of public lands and is the boast of that mighty and vigorous Commonwealth. Ohio, Maryland, Delaware, West Virginia, and many of the enterprising States beyond the Mississippi, with the great States of California and Louisiana, have flourishing State universities and academies, liberally endowed, or generously supported, by their people.

We may well appreciate the language in which a Governor of South Carolina in communicating his message to the legislature estimates the value to the Commonwealth of its seat of learning: "She has done more and is now doing more for the State," said Governor Hammond in 1844, "than every other corporation put together within its limits."

To a preceding legislature Governor Richardson had put the argument for State aid and State interest in a single sentence: "The benefits of a single year, the attainments of a single class, the acquirements of one, only, of its ripe scholars, the fruit of a single one of those great minds, whose energies it has developed, would not only compensate for all the patronage which has hitherto been extended to it, but is immeasurably more valuable to the State than the results of all her other benefactors to advance interests."

Then, should it not be the honorable pride of every Carolinian, that his State, in her corporate capacity, has ever sought to elevate her citizens by extending to them the benefits of the broadest culture?

Should it not be a cause for general rejoicing wherever learning is appreciated and character honored, that Carolina may point to some of her most eminent citizens in the past, and some of her most honored and useful citizens in the present, to whom the bounty of her generous hand extended the coveted blessing of a liberal education.

Imbued with such sentiments, and from a high sense of his duty to the State, Governor Richardson took the first

steps toward lighting a new beacon of learning in Carolina in 1841.

At that time the State needed, as I believe she now needs, a military establishment for her safety and protection. She maintained two companies of enlisted men, and employed accomplished officers to command them. By this means two garrisons were established, one in Columbia and one in Charleston, at the Citadel. At these points arms and munitions were stored and kept in order, ready, in case the State should need them for the protection of the lives of her citizens. These garrisons cost South Carolina annually twenty-four thousand dollars. No one complained of this expenditure of the people's money, because everyone readily understood that it was for the general good, for the State's physical protection, in case of a possible insurrection. Not a cent of this expenditure came back to the State in the quickened intelligence of her sons; not a dollar was returned to her in the well-being of her indigent youth trained to duty in her service and taught to appreciate the opportunities of life.

The physical benefits of the State was the only end sought, and for this our people willingly spent twenty-four thousand dollars. Governor Richardson conceived the idea of making this sum yield a nobler return to the State, a more enduring benefit. He would guard her arsenals and maintain her disciplined soldiers, but he would convert each arsenal into an academy of learning, and each soldier into a loyal, cultured citizen, and return him to the Commonwealth, after his term of service, "*animis opibusque parati.*" To excite public interest in so noble a scheme his attention was directed to certain poor young men who, fired with the ambition to learn, stood bound by the cold hand of poverty at the foot of the ladder they were more than anxious to climb. Of his own authority he sent them to the arsenal in Columbia to be the first beneficiary cadets of the coming South Carolina Military Academy.

In December, '42, the lamented Jamison introduced the bill to give the noble conception of Governor Richardson a legis-

lative recognition, and the act was passed which secured to Carolina the guardianship of her arms by her young sons, who, serving her as soldiers, were to become educated and useful citizens.

Under this system the maternal hand of the State extended a liberal education to her poor sons, but more were to receive it, whose circumstances enabled them to compensate the State for their education.

A board of visitors, to whom the legislature wisely gave the appointment of the State cadets, exercised a discriminating judgment, and each county in South Carolina sent its representations to the Academy. Many of the most distinguished graduates were beneficiary cadets, and some of these in after years became her accomplished professors.

Thus it will be seen that the South Carolina Military Academy was founded in the practical thought that, while educating her sons for duty, each son must become her servant and soldier, and by a faithful service ennoble the intellectual labor that secured his education for life.

"It would be enough," says Governor Richardson, while urging his scheme upon the legislature, "it would be enough to determine the advantages of the alterations proposed to contrast the usefulness of more than fifty of our most promising young men, educated in the service of the State, with the ennobling consciousness of having paid for their education by their service; going abroad, under the first feeling of a proud and manly independence, to occupy their places in society; imbued with a State patriotism, as the nurslings of her institutions; combining the enterprise and decision of a military character with the requirements of their scholastic opportunities; dispersing knowledge and intelligence through all the vocations of life, which they are destined to fill, and perhaps usefully diffusing them as the instructors of succeeding generations.

"If the success of these institutions," continues Governor Richardson, "should form the basis of important improve-

ments which may be extended to our free schools; if they should supply better teachers from their alumni; if they should suggest higher and better systems of morals and tuition; or if they should only awaken greater ardor in the people, and a warmer interest in our hearts to advance the cause of education, they will achieve more for the weal and honor of our State than all the other labor and appliances of government could, in any other manner, confer." Such was the language of the founder of our Academy, addressed to the lawmakers in 1842.

And from that message of Richardson's to the message of the wise, practical, and farseeing one in '65, fourteen successive governors of Carolina have commended the patriotism and wisdom of the fathers and founders of the State Military Academy.

Having thus presented the ground of the being of the institution, it remains for me to state the reasons which impel the friends of the Citadel Academy to urge its maintenance as one among the great and useful agencies of our State in promoting her highest welfare.

First among these is the fact that the work the Academy has done for South Carolina demonstrates its value to the State.

The money she has invested in her military school has paid a good dividend.

One of her most worthy, accomplished graduates, in his carefully prepared sketch of the history of the military academies, presents a descriptive roll of the graduates. This roll is from the official record, and was carefully compiled and revised by Captain John B. Patrick, the secretary of the board of visitors. The period embraced by the roll covers twenty-two years, and the number of graduates is 240. I would respectfully submit to the board of visitors that the diploma of the academy might, in propriety and with eminent justice, be awarded those eighteen cadets who were within three months of graduating when the merciless exigencies of war

dismissed them to their calling in life. On the descriptive roll I have referred to, not a single idler appears! Opposite the name of each son of the Academy is the record of a manly, earnest, working life. They represent every county in the State, 123 coming from the upper counties and 117 from the middle and lower. They represent every worthy calling in life:

Forty-four teachers, 36 merchants and business men, 34 lawyers, 31 physicians, 27 planters and farmers, 27 civil engineers, 13 ministers of the gospel of Christ, and 28 graduating in '61, '62, '63, and '64, and at once entering the Confederate service, died for the honor of the State.

Looking over that roll you will find the names of men who have been themselves founders of institutions of learning, and who are to-day revered by hundreds of our youths to whom they have been guides and instructors.

You will find the names of able and learned professors, some of whom once filled the chairs from which they received the instructions of Graham and Calcock, Capers and Finley, Hume, Lealand, and Brisbane, Herbert and Matthews!

You will find the names of gentlemen representing the pulpit, the bar, the railroad, and farming interests of the State, to whom the present control and management of the academy has been instructed by the legislature as her board of visitors. These worthy gentlemen are here to-day, sitting in the honored places once occupied by the fathers of the academy.

You will find the names of graduates who have served Carolina in the exalted office of her chief magistrate or filled with marked success and public approval the chairs of secretary of State, superintendent of education, senator, and legislator.

On the roll I am reviewing you will find the names of soldiers who served their country in the greatest of modern wars, and not one of whom failed to do his duty to South Carolina. Among these soldiers are the names of forty-one graduates who died martyrs to the cause they maintained.

Among them are soldiers of Carolina, whom Davis, Lee,

Stonewall Jackson, Beauregard, Johnston, and Hampden honored and respected for their services, and upon whose unsullied uniforms the Southern Confederacy fixed the stars and the bars and the wreath of her approval.

What more could our fellow-citizens reasonably demand of their academy?

If to do your duty in life be, indeed, the highest achievement of man, and if the mother who trains her sons for duty is worthy the consideration mankind has shown her in all ages, and under every form of civilization from pious Hannah of Israel and the devoted Cornelia of Rome to the mother of our Washington, then may our alma mater well receive, as she well deserves to receive, the consideration of the people of South Carolina!

When an eloquent son of Charleston, William Crafts, was pleading for common schools in the legislature in 1813, he referred to the work the schools had done in their two years of existence, and estimated their value to the State in these words: "We raised," said he, "an infant corps of future patriots, and those years were fruitful in children for the State. Learning never produced ingratitude, and from those children, thus adopted, patriotism may look for ornaments and sacrifices. In the course of two years six thousand poor children have been partially instructed, and the State expends thirty thousand dollars. Now, sirs, if only *one* of those six thousand should, in the day of peril, defend this nation, and like Perry, cover this country with the mantle of his own glory; if only *one* of them in the holy offices of religion should illumine the path of virtue and purity; if only *one* of them should ably advocate in the senate the liberties of the country and the rights of the people—for *one* such individual thirty thousand dollars would be a cheap equivalent, to say nothing of that more numerous, but not less important class, who would be thereby fitted for the unambitious, but useful offices of private life."

Another cogent reason why the State should maintain her

military academy is found in the system of training and the practical character of the instruction it offers our youth.

The prime object of the academy is not to make soldiers. That is strikingly evident from the fact that not one of her graduates has chosen the profession of arms as a calling in life. Her military discipline and instruction are incidental features of her training. She has employed these means to enforce the great and essential lesson of order, obedience to rightful authority, respect for our betters, and that self-control which youth ever needs, and never more than now.

For some natures such a training is the *sine qua non* of their success. However irksome it may have seemed to the cadet, exacting, and at times, perhaps, irritating to the graduate in life, his military discipline follows him into business, regulates his habits of order, enters and organizes and disciplines his home; constantly reminds him of his own obligations to law; and is a silent, all-pervading force in his character, subordinating him and his rightful place in society.

The positive effect of a military training to develop character and form habits of attention to duty finds an evident illustration in those high and noble characters who were trained for the places they filled in our country's history at our national military academy.

No man since Washington has been so much admired as General Lee, and no character in American history is so thoroughly the product of a military training.

I do not advocate such a course of education for every youth, but I believe for a large proportion of our young men and boys in this precocious age of universal manhood and universal freedom, parents would but serve the highest interests of their sons by subjecting them to a military training.

I fear that the reins of family government are held more loosely now than they used to be.

Self-indulgence and self-will are cursing our youth.

Parents in South Carolina in 1844 hailed the establishment of her military academies, and so rapidly had they grown in

public favor that the buildings were doubled in capacity within seven years after their founding.

In 1857, the thirteenth year of their history, the number of pay applicants for cadetships so far exceeded the ability of the institution to accommodate them, that for want of the necessary quarters twenty-eight pay applications were rejected, and the board recommended a third enlargement of the buildings at the arsenal, to gratify the desire of a large body of the people of the State to have their sons taught at these schools.

In their report to the governor, shortly after the experiment had been well tested, the board of visitors gives the secret of the popularity of the military academy in these words:

"The military training of the cadets facilitates their instruction in other branches of study by the habits of order and discipline which it promotes, and in the opinion of the board appears to solve the difficult problem of the management of a number of young men gathered in one institution of learning and science. By requiring them to account for every moment of their time, it prevents them from acquiring vicious habits, by withdrawing them from the allurements of dissipation."

A practical and scientific course, embracing history, the French language, every department of mathematics, book-keeping, rhetoric, moral, mental, and natural philosophy, architectural and topographical drawing, chemistry, geology, mineralogy, botany, civil and military engineering, the constitutional law of the United States and the law of nations, gave to each cadet the opportunity to fit himself for the business of life or for the higher pursuits of learning in any of the great professions. Hundreds of Carolina's youth embraced this opportunity. From first to last more than two thousand of our young men have been trained and taught at the academy, to a greater or less extent.

If our alma mater could to-day collect the names of the cadets who left her walls, after receiving one, two, or three

years of her government and teaching, and if she could do for them what Colonel Thomas and Captain Patrick have done for her graduates—write opposite to their names a history of their work in life—what ample justification it would afford my argument!

Who could estimate by a money standard the value of the academy's stamp upon those two thousand youths?

Who could say how far they had extended her benefits to society? Into what nooks and corners the light had shone which they had kindled at her altars?

When the accomplished president of the great University of Michigan was recently presenting the claims of that institution upon the State, he urged the thought I am now presenting in glowing language. "True education," said President Augell, "is luminous, outgoing, diffusive, reproductive. It is by this diffusion of educated men, and by the diffusion through them of the direct and indirect advantages of education among the inhabitants of every town and hamlet, that a great school of learning does its highest work and justifies its claim to support by the whole people. It is not true that a State institution blesses only the man who receives its diploma. In a large sense it is true that the advantages of the higher education cannot be selfishly monopolized. An education cannot be truly enjoyed, it can hardly be used in an honorable way, without conferring benefits on others. You might as reasonably talk of the sun monopolizing and enjoying alone the light that is generated in it, as to speak of a scholar monopolizing the advantage of his education. The moment the sun shines the wide universe around is bathed in his life-giving beams."

The graduates and cadets who have gone, and who go forth to-day, from this State academy go forth bearing a lighted torch. They go forth bearing precious seed, with the purpose and commission to sow by all waters, in all fields, and their fellow-citizens must share with them the harvests.

Learning and character cannot be converted into secret

treasures which men may hide away in their homes or their communities, as the sordid miser hides his bag of precious gold. They go with the man wherever he goes, they do the work he undertakes, they plead the cause he advocates, they fulfill the trusts he assumes, they serve the State he serves, they multiply a hundredfold all his efforts to do good in the world, and consecrate his example!

Let the day be forever remote when South Carolina shall withhold a great agency in forming the characters and training the minds of her sons.

Another consideration which to my mind offers a mighty reason for cherishing our military academy is, that with the University at Columbia it is a unifying agency, uniting our people. These State institutions are centers of unity, as no other institutions of learning can be. The very principle upon which they are fostered by the State is, that they belong to her entire people, without distinction of section, class, or religious belief. Hence, parents of all sections, all classes, and of every religious denomination are free to commit their sons to the care of the State institutions. Being there, what is the effect of their association as fellow-students? Friendly contact with those who differ from us, conscientiously, teaches respect for their sincerity; and, in the degree that men are faithful to their convictions, consideration for their convictions.

When a youth for the first time emerges from the narrow limits of the township in which he was born, and finds himself in daily association with representatives from every quarter of his State, some of whom will hold religious beliefs, and practice, it may be, religious customs he may have been taught to hate, while others will belong to a political creed he had never considered—that youth has entered a new world, and must make happy discoveries.

He will learn toleration, consideration for the rights of others, and that independence in holding one's opinion which is noble only when it is dignified by a becoming respect for

the opinions of others. Watched by the maternal eye of the State, and nurtured by her care, he will early feel the bond of citizenship.

A sentiment for the whole State will grow in close association with friendships so strong, so dear, that distance, nor difference of opinion, nor opposing State policies, nor the clash of rival interests, nor the ambition of aspiring men, nor mountain, nor seaboard, nor any other creature shall be able to separate him from the catholic spirit of his academic life.

This is a great gain to the State, and a noble end to be achieved by her State institutions of learning. The thoughtful student of our history, from the Revolution to the present time, must see the deadly tendency to sectionalism which that history records.

Though sectionalism *may* be a natural feeling, yet it is ruinous to the harmony of the State, mars its character, and must effect injuriously its legislation.

A mere partisan for his section or his sect may be the embodiment of intellectual ability, earnestness, and honesty of purpose, but he cannot be a just lawmaker.

No cataract which afflicts the human vision, distorting the lovely objects of nature into hideous shapes, and misleading the steps of man, is a greater blinder than traditional prejudice.

Let the kindly offices of friendly association, like the healing out of the skillful oculist, gently remove the confusing obstruction, and men and measures stand in their proper relation, and the light of justice and truth pours into the mind, as into a temple swept and garnished.

"Would you make a Commonwealth an unit?" "Educate its sons together." This was the counsel of the great and good Thornwell. Having devoted a large portion of his life to the business of instruction, says Dr. Labarde, in his sketch of Dr. Thornwell, he had occasion to examine for himself the great question of education, and his matured conclusions are to be found partially stated in his letter to Governor Man-

ning in 1853. In concluding that letter he thus speaks of the unifying powers of a common education, and the need of a common center of instruction: "There ought to be some common ground on which the members of a State may meet together and feel that they are brothers; some common ground on which their children may mingle without confusion or discord, and bury every selfish and narrow interest in the sublime sentiment that they belong to the same family! Nothing is so powerful as a common education, and the thousand sweet associations which spring from it, and cluster around it, to cherish the holy brotherhood of men. Those who have walked together in the same path of science, and taken sweet counsel in the same halls of learning; who went arm in arm in that hallowed season of life when the foundations of all excellence are laid; who have wept with the same sorrows, or laughed with the same joys; who have been fired with the same ambition; lured by the same hopes, and grieved at the same disappointments—these are not the men in after years to stir up animosities or foment intestine feuds."

I would present one other consideration. Our State should preserve her military academy as the complement of her public school system. To-day you graduate fifty-three cadets. Of this number thirty-five are to be teachers in our common schools and in their respective counties for the next two years. This service they owe to the State as the recipients of her generous bounty. The academic education of these thirty-five teachers has cost the State the sum of forty-two thousand dollars, which is twenty-nine cents tax to each taxpayer on a thousand dollars, in four years.

A large body of our fellow-citizens representing the farming interests of the State, recently convened in Columbia, have resolved that the State military academy is a useless expense to the taxpayer, and gravely recommended its destruction.

Well, my friends, if the record I have attempted to present to-day goes for nothing in the minds of our assembly; if the

policy of our State, from its colonial history to the present, was erroneous or unwise; if our fathers have blundered in their patriotic efforts to elevate the citizens of the State, and if the legislatures of Carolina, from 1712 to 1886, have been perpetuating in the sacred name of learning and enlightenment a great wrong, then indeed let the Palmetto flag be hauled down from yonder flagstaff, and the Citadel and college go!

We have witnessed the torch and the rude hand of war burn and destroy what most we loved and prized! It may be before us, fellow-graduates, and friends of the old Citadel, to witness the hands of our own brothers tear the crown from the honored brow of our alma mater; and, invoking the same authority that gave her being, deprive her of the State's commission to do good in her day and generation—but until I witness the catastrophe I will not believe its consummation possible in a legislature of South Carolina composed of representative South Carolinians.

AN ADDRESS BY REV. ELLISON CAPERS, D. D.,
MEMORIAL DAY, MAY 20, 1890, GREENVILLE,
S. C.

LADIES OF THE MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION:

The return of the springtime commemorates the twenty-fifth anniversary of the surrender of the Southern armies and the downfall of the Southern Confederacy.

A generation has grown into manhood since the memorable spring of 1865. Mr. Davis and the majority of his cabinet have passed away in an honored old age, and, with most of the distinguished soldiers who led our armies, are "resting under the shade of the trees" beyond the great river that separates them from us! The government against which they led our people triumphed over their counsels, and their armies crushed to atoms their power, trampled their hopes into the dust, and its proud banner waves over their graves and is the flag of our common country to-day!

To that flag they swore allegiance before they died, and those of us who survive them stand pledged to defend its honor with our heart's blood.

The cause they fought for is often denounced as the "rebellion"; or the unholy war for slavery; or it is pitied as "the lost cause" of an ambitious and arrogant aristocracy. Its history is written, for the most part, by its enemies, and its most sacred archives have been burned to ashes, or lost in the wreck and ruin of homes, or surrendered to the custody of the conqueror!

And yet we keep memorial days!

Our people strew the graves of Confederates with fresh flowers, and though twenty-five years have elapsed since the soldier returned to his home from the field of his defeat and

surrender, yet his countrymen trust and honor his courage! The noblest monuments of art in all our Southland have been erected to commemorate his valor and perpetuate his heroism, chiseling his uniformed statue in Parian marble, and inscribing for all time, as on our own State monument, the solemn legend of his sacrifices:

"Let the stranger who may in future times read this inscription recognize that these were men whom power could not corrupt, whom death could not terrify, whom defeat could not dishonor; and let their virtues plead for just judgment of the cause in which they perished;—let the South Carolinian of another generation remember that the State taught them how to live and how to die; and that from her broken fortunes she has preserved for her children the priceless treasure of their memories, teaching all who may claim the same birth-right, that Truth, Courage and Patriotism endure forever."

These monuments are dear to our Southern people; they speak to us, they teach us, they comfort us, they guide us, they inspire us! They are to us what the trophy of Marathon was to the Athenians,—they perpetuate the memory of our fathers, and brothers, and sons, "who died in the performance of their duty," and "glorified a fallen cause by the simple manhood of their lives, the patient endurance of suffering, and the heroism of death."

On the brilliant pages of Macaulay is a graphic description of the manner in which the Irish of Londonderry turned the town wall, the cathedral, the whole city into a memorial of the devotion of its defenders in 1689. The historian concludes in these words: "It is impossible not to respect the sentiment which indicates itself by these tokens. It is a sentiment which belongs to the higher and purer part of human nature, and which adds not a little to the strength of States. A people which takes no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered with pride by remote descendants."

All peoples, all worthy nations, have respected this pure

sentiment of our humanity; and in that sacred history, which holy men of God wrote, as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, we read of the monuments they built to commemorate the faith and courage and patience and devotion of the Lord's hosts, and to perpetuate the memory of His mercies.

Aye, they built monuments to teach posterity!

Speaking of that which Joshua built on the western bank of the Jordan, to commemorate its miraculous passage by his army, he said to his people: "This shall be a sign among you, that when your children ask their fathers, in time to come, saying, what mean ye by these stones? then ye shall answer them, that the waters of Jordan were cut off before the Ark of the Covenant of the Lord, when it passed over Jordan; and these stones shall be a memorial unto the children of Israel forever!"

And this is precisely the meaning of our memorials and monuments—they are for us, and for our children, forever!

History may impartially record the failures, or the mistakes, or the unwisdom of a people, and its perusal may disappoint and discourage us, but so long as that history inscribes the record of patience under trials, courage in danger, fortitude in adversity, faith in misfortune, and cheerful energy in defeat,—such a history can never be a dishonor to any people. He dishonors himself who fails to respect it, and he alone is unblessed by its examples who is unmindful of its memory.

These memorial days, the monuments we build to the Confederate dead, proclaim to the civilized world the self-respect of a people who would not command, as they would not deserve, the respect of civilized nations and patriotic States, if they failed to hold in reverence and honor the sacrifices of men who gave the highest, the best, the last proof which mortal man can give of the sincerity, purity and patriotism of their conduct; "greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his brethren!"

If the Southern armies had won no glory in the war,—if every campaign had been a military blunder, and every battle

crushing defeat,—if the South had produced no great generals, or able seamen; but if, on the contrary, we had met our ultimate overthrow in half the time consumed by the millions who effected it—still, our dead soldiers would be worthy of the lasting love and gratitude of our people, and their sacrifices and struggles entitled to sacred commemoration; for they all died in the performance of their duty to the political, social, and religious principles held sacred by us all! The war they engaged in was not waged for the conquest of territory not already their own; for dominion over their Northern brethren; or for the enforcement of their opinions and convictions upon the North; it was a war for their rights under the charter bequeathed to them in the Constitution; it was a war in maintenance of the great right of a free people, of Anglo-Saxon blood and history, to choose for themselves the government which would best promote their prosperity and happiness.

The brilliant Senator from Alabama has well said: "The American people were neither seduced, surprised, nor betrayed into the war. The conquerors searched in vain and failed to find a vicarious sufferer who could personate the alleged treason of the people." "There was no treason in the war. There was no traitor of any note to either flag during the war. Its causes had such deep hold on the convictions of the people that every man fought as he would have fought for his family or his religion."

"For more than forty years the people had warned and admonished each other in every solemn form, that warring opinions and angry debates were surely and steadily approaching a crisis that would compel war. Every test of the ballot had developed only the evident determination of the people on both sides to yield nothing to each other. Many compromises were devised by generous patriots, who set high examples of personal sacrifice—but their counsels were rejected." The voice of warning and advice was lost in the tumult of heated passion, and the burning sense of wrong

and injury. The war was inevitable. Aye—in the mystery of that good Providence that rules in the affairs of nations, as of individuals, the war was necessary to our distracted country. It was necessary to end the long, bitter, relentless debate between the sections—necessary to decide issues which touched the interests and consciences of men so deeply, so thoroughly, so absolutely, that the sword could be the only arbitrator—it was necessary to bring peace and prosperity to our country, and to ennoble our people through the fiery trial of suffering and loss through which they passed—and necessary it was, because it was the last resort of millions of American freemen to maintain what they cherished of American freedom and independence.

Mr. Davis, in his Inaugural Address at Montgomery, in February, 1861, declared for himself, and for the people of the Southern Confederacy, the motives and principles which impelled the secession of the Southern States, and the formation of the Confederate government, in language as unmistakable as it was sincere: The declared purposes, said the first and only President of the Confederacy, the declared purposes of the compact of Union from which we have withdrawn were to establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, to provide for the common defense, to promote the general welfare, and to secure the blessings of liberty for ourselves and our posterity; and when, in the judgment of the sovereign States, now comprising this Confederacy, it had been perverted from the purposes for which it was ordained, and ceased to answer the ends for which it was established, an appeal to the ballot box declared, that so far as they were concerned the government created by that compact should cease to exist. In this, continued Mr. Davis, they merely asserted a right which the Declaration of Independence of 1776 defined to be inalienable. As a necessity, not a choice, we have resorted to separation. . . . If a just perception of mutual interests shall permit us peaceably to pursue our separate political career, my most earnest desire will have been ful-

filled. But if this be denied us, and the integrity and jurisdiction of our territory be assailed, it will but remain for us with a firm resolve to appeal to arms, and invoke the blessings of Providence upon a just cause.

This was the language of President Davis at his inauguration, spoken in behalf of the newborn government which he represented. In full accord with its declarations of peace and good will, South Carolina sent a commission of her distinguished sons to Washington to adjust all questions of dispute between herself and the United State government; and one of the first acts of the Confederacy was, to accredit agents to visit Washington, and use all honorable means to obtain a **satisfactory adjustment of the relations** of independence and peace which the South sought to maintain for herself and towards the United States. "Both efforts failed, and the war," to use the language of the Confederate Congress, in a most solemn appeal to the fair judgment of mankind, "the war was forced upon us, against all our protests, and the most earnest efforts to the contrary." If a sense of duty to the Union; or to the Constitution, as the North construed it; or a conscientious purpose to abolish slavery, fired the Northern heart and inspired the Northern government to invade our territory and lay waste our homes, the highest instinct of our common humanity, the deepest, strongest, holiest motives of the human heart, the sentiments of manhood and patriotism, summoned the South, as one man, to the Potomac and the Ohio, to the seacoast, and to the Mississippi to hurl the invader back, or dispute every inch of his advance. In this determination our whole people concurred. There is scarcely a parallel in history to the unanimity, the enthusiasm, the ardor with which our whole people responded to the sound of the trumpet. This unanimity cannot be appreciated except by those who were eye-witnesses and participants.

Whatever differences existed among us, they were all laid aside and forgotten in the one common Southern impulse and determination to dispute, by force of arms, the right of

the United States government to coerce us into compliance with sentiments and principles we had solemnly rejected, and a government we regarded unfriendly, inimical, and injurious to our interests.

Your own Governor Perry, true man as he was to his convictions, and brave as a lion to maintain his principles, sacrificed the political teaching of his whole life on the altar of his manhood, and took his place to defend the Southern Confederacy.

In his beautiful and classic tribute to the character and memory of the gallant Pettigrew, Mr. William Henry Trescot describes this unanimous rush of the South to arms, in language accurate, as it is just and eloquent: "Never in the history of the world has there been a nobler response to a more thoroughly recognized duty! Nowhere anything more truly glorious than this outburst of the youth and manhood of the South. And now that the end has come, and we have seen it, it seems to me that to a man of humanity, I care not in what section his sympathies may have been nurtured, there never has been a sadder or sublimer spectacle than these earnest and devoted men, their young and vigorous columns marching to battle, like the combatants of ancient Rome, beneath the imperial throne in the amphitheater, and exclaiming with uplifted arms. *moraturi te salutant*! . . . And if in ordinary times it is one of the saddest of human experiences to see the sudden destruction of great gifts, the extinction of fair promises, the uncompleted and fragmentary achievement of useful and honorable lives, with what bitter regret must we not review that long list of the dead, whose virtues, whose genius and whose youth, we sacrificed in vain. To the memory of these men we owe a peculiarly tender care. They went to death at our bidding, and the simple and heroic language of one not the least among them, spoke the spirit of them all. 'Tell the Governor,' said Maxcy Gregg, as he was dying, 'that if I am to die now, I give my life cheerfully for the independence of South Carolina.'"

THE SOLDIER-BISHOP

"Their leaf has perished in the green,
And while we breathe beneath the sun,
The world, which credits what is done,
Is cold to all that might have been."

But now that a quarter of a century has cooled the passions and tempered the prejudices excited by years of war, and a calmer and fairer discernment is brought to the consideration of the great struggle and its causes, the earnestness, the valor, the self-sacrifice, the heroic devotion of the Southern soldier is more and more felt, and more frankly conceded.

In an article in the *Century* for this month, a distinguished soldier of the United States Army, who held high command in the war, writing of the "valor and skill of the Civil War," thus truthfully and gracefully speaks of the Confederate soldier: "The Southerner felt that he was fighting for his home and fireside. This greatest of all inspirations we [of the North] lacked. He fought with an intimate knowledge of the territory, with the aid of every farmer, indeed of every woman. He was more in earnest, as a rule, as will be every soldier whose fields and homesteads are being wasted and burned. . . . It is not difficult to state the task of the South. It was simply to conquer its independence. No student of the war, no old soldier, no American, but harbors the warmest admiration for what the Southerner did. He began the war with a vow to win or die in the last ditch. He did not win, but he did actually do the other thing. He gave up the struggle because he had practically used up his last man and fired his last cartridge. Nor he, nor any other, could do more."

Instituting a comparison between the defensive campaigns of the South and the defense of Prussia by the great Frederick, this writer further says:

"Frederick rarely had in the field more than one-fourth of the force of his enemies, but on the battle-fields, by superior strategy, central position, interior lines, and nimble legs, he usually managed to oppose to them one-half as many at the

point of the actual contact. Owing to its extraordinary exertions, the South had under arms until the last third of the war an average of about three-fourths of the force of the North." He further asserts, in explanation of the time which the United States Government took with its vast resources, to "put down the rebellion," that up to 1864 the forces of the North and South "at the point of actual contact" in battle "were not far from equal."

In this article of General Dodge the population of the South, including slaves, is put down at five and a half millions, and that of the North at three and a half times greater, or under twenty millions. According to General Dodge's table the South, from a population of five and a half millions, one-third of whom were slaves, with the usual proportion of aged men, women, children, and non-combatants, had in the field under arms, on the 1st of January, 1863, 690,000 men! If this is true, then every white man and boy in the South who could shoulder a musket and endure the fatigues of war was a soldier in the field! Much nearer the truth are the carefully compiled tables of the Southern Historical Society, submitted to the inspection and criticism of that accomplished soldier and gentleman, General S. Cooper, the A. & I. G. of the C. S. A. and published in the Southern Historical Society papers. In using the word truth, I do not mean to cast the slightest reflection upon the truthfulness of the brave soldier from whom I quote the figures. He was too gallant a man, and too true a soldier to his country, to write anything but that which he believed to be truth. By these tables, which General Cooper pronounced "as nearly critically correct," the Confederate forces, actively engaged during the whole war, amounted in round numbers to 600,000. Of these 600,000 five-sixths, 500,000, were lost in the great and unequal struggle; 200,000 from death in battle, wounds, and disease; 200,000 shut up in Northern prisons and refused exchange, in order to crush the rebellion; 100,000 discharged by reason of age, sickness, and disability, or lost to the South by deser-

tion! And when the memorable spring of 1865 came 100,000 Confederate soldiers, half-clad, half-shod, poorly fed, stood by their colors, scattered from Petersburg to the Mississippi, and beyond, confronting 1,000,000 Federal troops, superbly armed, perfectly equipped, well fed and clothed, with the resources of all the world at their command.

Well may the gallant General Dodge write that the South had practically used up her last man and fired her last cartridge.

We of the South have accepted this result as the will of God concerning us; and since ours are the armies that were surrendered, and ours the flag that was furled, and ours the cause that was lost, on us, and on us alone, is laid the high duty of maintaining the character and the spirit and the courage and the patriotism of the men who carried us through the contest with honor, and sustained it to the bitter end. It is the glory of our people; alike the sure token of their untarnished fame, and the certain prophecy of their future happiness and prosperity, as a people, that they have never ceased to honor the cause they lost, or to hold in most sacred esteem "the virtue, and the intellect, and the courage which were piled high in exulting sacrifice" on the sacred altar of their faith.

I could wish, my friends in Greenville, that I could read to you to-day the full roll of your Confederate dead. When I had the honor to address you on memorial day in 1879, I expressed the hope that such a roll would be prepared and preserved in the archives of the country. Who has preserved the roll of those true men, my comrades in camp and on the field, who fell with the gallant, modest, faithful Major O'Neill in the night attack at Kennesaw Mountain, and were buried by the enemy? Survivors of the Sixteenth South Carolina Volunteers, do not allow another memorial day to come with its garlands and its memories and find this duty to our comrades unfulfilled. Let Boling from the Mountains, and McCullough from Dunklin, and Furman from the city, and Crittenden and Blythe and Cagle and Hawthorne and Perry and

Maudlin, and all the old soldiers, rally the living men and write in lasting characters the names of our dead comrades who sleep in unknown graves.

The Butler Guards with becoming pride have recorded the spot and the circumstances where fell at Gettysburg Pulliam and Pool, and Jennings, and Markley, and Smith, and Gilreath—how first Manassas received the offering of John Payne, and Scruggs at Lewenville; the brave and generous Watson on Malvern Hill, the gallant James Dyer at Chickamauga, Smyer and Turpin at the Wilderness, Williams at Spotsylvania Court House, Shumate and Gerard Dyer and Goodlett at Cold Harbor, Garmany at Cedar Creek, Randolph Bacon at Charlestown, Norman Henning at Bentonville, and Tracy at Appomattox Court House.

These men fell in battle, or died of wounds; and others fell by the wayside, worn down by the burdens of their service or wasted by disease. So fell Turner and Pool, and Goodlette and Carson, and Mauldin and Dr. Gibson, and Joseph Gibson and Holland and Snyder, and Baldwin and Huff. Men of Greenville laid down their lives in Mississippi, at Dalton, at Atlanta, on the bloodiest of all fields, Franklin, and at Nashville.

And there are the honored dead of the Brooks Troop; of Earle's and Holtzclaw's batteries, of Bozeman's, and Austin's and Goodlett's companies. It is with a feeling of honest pride that I can read to-night an extract from a letter written me in 1879, by the last colonel of the Sixteenth and Twenty-fourth South Carolina Volunteers, consolidated, bearing the testimony of a gallant commander to the faithfulness of his men to the end of the great contest. In response to the invitation of the survivors of the Sixteenth South Carolina Volunteers to attend a reunion meeting here in Greenville in August, 1879, Colonel B. Burgh Smith writes to me: "I will yield to none in warm friendship for my old comrades and in admiration for the fortitude and gallantry of the veterans of the Sixteenth and Twenty-fourth, whom I had the honor to com-

mand at the close of the struggle. The four hundred and seventy (I think) men of those regiments that surrendered with me, representing the winnowed grain of the three thousand that had been from time to time borne upon their rolls, were unsurpassed by any body of men in the Confederate army. Soldiers they were true and tried, and I assert that no body of men marched to their homes in better or more soldierly 'form' than did these two regiments, that represented one-half of South Carolina's contribution to the army of the West." Brave and true men all! Honored be their memories forever.

And to you, young men of this generation, sons and brothers of these heroes, I would speak in the earnest words of a gallant Georgian: "As they died in duty, live in duty; as they died for country, live for country; as they died for liberty, live for liberty!"

And as the future in its march brings on the new; an inspiration at its best of the old; as it comes to you with its duties, may you, in this grand land of ours, rebuild each waste,—restore each barren spot,—improve her! forward her! until she blossoms like a rose,—and then lay it, the red rose amongst nations, at the feet of our heroes, and tell them, "this we learned from you—this we do for you."

This is the true purpose—this the hallowed lesson of memorial day! To the women of the South a debt of deepest gratitude is due from every patriotic heart—from every man who respects himself and honors our dead,—for the faithful and true observance of our memorial day.

After the Mexican War Kentucky brought back to her own soil the bodies of her fallen soldiers, and laid their ashes to rest at her capital. Over their graves, inspired by woman's devotion and love, she erected a tall and graceful column of purest marble, bearing the names of the battles they fought for the honor of their country. In recognition of the devotion of the women of Kentucky, the State crowned the lofty memorial shaft with the statue of a woman, with hands bear-

ing chaplets of flowers, uplifted in blessing over "the silent bivouac of the dead."

Fitting emblem of the constant faith, that ever blessed with hopeful love the Confederate soldier!

Silent, but eloquent monument of the patience and fortitude and unshaken constancy of our mothers, and wives, and sisters, and daughters!

SPEECH OF GEN. ELLISON CAPERS AT THE UN-
VEILING OF THE CONFEDERATE MONUMENT
AT CHICKAMAUGA BATTLEFIELD, MAY 27,
1901.

FELLOW-CITIZENS AND CONFEDERATE COMRADES:

All hail to the monument!

Public monuments are the recognized symbols of worthy history. They are enduring exponents of character. The lessons which high example and honorable history teach are written not alone in the perishable pages of books, or in the fading memories of a generation. True patriotism has ever engraven them in stone, and builded high their immortality in granite and Parian marble.

The monument at Thermopylae, with its simple inscription, "Go, stranger, and tell at Lacedaemon that we died here in obedience to her laws," is held sacred to valor, to honor, and to patriotic devotion to country, and has ever taught to all the ages those holy sentiments and noble attributes of the human soul, though the band of Spartans were all slain, and their splendid leader's body hung by Xerxes on a gallows, and their country overrun.

If our monuments had no ethical value, if they were not the symbols of an honest and earnest people in an honest and earnest struggle, they might justly be regarded as signs of disloyalty to the government which overpowered their efforts, crushed their armies, destroyed their resources, forced the surrender of their cherished hopes, and compelled their return to the Union. But our great country knows full well that the men and women who build them consecrate them to the memory of virtue and valor; and that their virtue and valor stand pledged to abide by the union of our country as alike the will

and wisdom of an overruling Providence, and the dictate of a consequent duty. If this monument did not commemorate virtue, the virtuous could not participate in these ceremonies.

If this great occasion could not be recognized by the Government under which we live, no ex-Confederate soldier who gave his parole of honor when he laid down his arms in a hopeless struggle would be willing to violate a soldier's honor by his participation here to-day. If this monument fostered the spirit of discontent, and was designed to keep alive the ashes of burnt-out passions, the faithful followers of our Divine Master could not here assemble, as to a patriotic convocation, and invoke the smile and blessing of Almighty God upon this noble tribute to virtue and to truth.

We feel it good to be here!

There is an odor of sanctity about this battle-field which humbles and yet exalts our spirits, and sends us back to our duties and responsibilities with a deeper sense of the truth that the real value of every sacrifice is its moral value, and not the value of the prize for which the sacrifice was made. The prize may be lost, or torn from an enfeebled hand by a hand more powerful, yet the noble spirit and the real heroism of the sacrifice remain forever!

They live in memory; they live in history; they are with us in our monuments, to refine our selfishness, to purify our ambitions, to chasten our hopes, and to exalt our courage.

I count it, my fellow-citizens, amongst the dearest experiences of my life that I knew my comrades and had the honor of being a fellow-soldier with them; that I witnessed their cheerfulness in camp and their splendid courage in the field; that I learned from them some of the best lessons of my life, as I saw them, poorly clad, and poorly fed, and poorly paid, march willingly to their hard tasks and fight their unequal battles. It is an inspiration and strength to the greatest and best to see men die in this high spirit, and his must be a sordid heart that can feel no exaltation of his nature here to-day when the great Government under which we live, and against

which we strove with all our might and main, hails ex-Confederate soldiers on a battle-field of common glory, and salutes with its triumphant flag the monument South Carolina has erected to Confederate valor.

And now, my countrymen, I have the honor, which I most dearly prize, of directing the unveiling of this sacred monument on this hallowed spot. I shall call the names of four girls from South Carolina who represent the four commands of South Carolina troops who had the honor to share in the sacrifice of this great battlefield. These fair daughters of our mother, the State, with their own faithful hands, will present to your view South Carolina's tribute of honor and devotion to her faithful sons.

SERMON DELIVERED ON THE DAY APPOINTED
FOR PRAYER AND HUMILIATION ON THE
OCCASION OF THE BURIAL OF PRESIDENT
GARFIELD, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1881.

Text: "Surely the wrath of man shall praise thee; the remainder of
wrath shalt thou restrain."—PSALM LXXVI. 10.

We have assembled to-day, my dear brethren, to commemorate one of the most impressive events in the history of our country.

With remarkable agreement the minds of all Christians have been turned to God, the Almighty Sovereign Ruler of the Universe, and men have agreed everywhere in our land that He is speaking to us in the sad event of our late President's wounding and suffering and death.

Human hopes have been disappointed, human aspirations quenched, human love most sorely grieved, human plans utterly prostrated, and human skill and boasted science baffled, blinded, made powerless! With one voice, and one wish, and one heart, our people have carried their prayer for the life of the late President to the Throne of Grace; but the answer has been a disappointment! Day by day, as the zealous reporters for the press have sent us their comments upon the bulletins of the ever kind and watchful physicians, we have formed opinions, only to see them contradicted by the onward progress of events, until men ceased to form opinions, and knew not what to expect. The only certain things, of which all have felt assured, were the patience and faith and courage of the sufferer and the anxious love that watched over his sufferings. And when the end came and the good President ceased to suffer, and, we trust, through the merits of the Redeemer, entered into the rest that remaineth for the people of

God, death came from secondary causes, unknown, unlooked-for, unrecognized by man! Surely, brethren, in all this we must see the hand of an overruling Providence.

We must recognize the great lesson of the text. God is speaking to the American people through this signal event in their history. And I cannot better illustrate the text, I cannot more clearly point out its pregnant meaning, than to summon your attention to a few particulars in our very recent history, which have an impressive connection with the sentiments and feelings that move us all to-day!

We have only to go back a few months to recall the harsh and bitter words, the pointed sarcasm, the languages of reproach, the charges of fraud and infamy, with which a partisan spirit made us speak of the Republican candidate for the Presidency. How changed is all this! How altered are our feelings! How different our judgments! How much modified our opinions! How sincere is the reverence with which we have prayed for the officer whom but yesterday we pronounced unworthy of the office. God has rebuked our wrath, my brethren, and taught us its injustice and folly by calling up the nobler feelings of generosity and sympathy and kindness and brotherly love, and all honor to our people that they have had the manliness to express without stint the sympathy they have truly felt for the man whose political leadership they had bitterly rejected!

All honor to our people that they assemble to-day to respect his memory and to receive the lesson of his death! Let it sink down into our hearts, beloved, and rebuke forever the unthinking carelessness with which we assail the characters of our fellow-men, whether they are opposed to us or whether they differ with us; the guilty freedom with which we are forever judging of one another's motives; the sinful folly with which we are using our tongues in condemnation of our opponents, or those whom we dislike, or who may dislike us!

Fresh from the passion, the strife, the turmoil, the divisions, the bitterness, and the terrible sin of a mighty political con-

test, God in his wonderful providence drew the American people around the person of a great sufferer, and that sufferer was the victor in this contest. In these sufferings God has led us, brethren, into the home and into the heart of the man. By his gentleness, by his love, by his un murmuring submission, by his courage and faith, by his freedom from resentment, and by the self-command which uttered through those eighty days of pain no word of impatient, uncharitable reproach, God has taught his opponents that they had misjudged him in their hot zeal—that he was worthy to be President of the United States. Surely, my brethren, in the tribute of respect we bring our dead President we praise the overruling Providence which has made the passions of man rebound to His glory, and to our good.

If ever an event in history illustrated this great truth, it finds that illustration in the event that has assembled us in the Lord's house to-day. The sentiments which with wonderful unanimity have been felt and expressed by our people for the past weeks, are the sentiments and feelings which do honor to God, in which he delights, which are revealed to us as traits of His grace.

When a whole people do honor to the steadfast love which a mother gives her son, and the reverence and respect which the son gives his mother; when the sweet love of home is revealed in its purest and noblest forms; when the holy obligations of the family are manifested in the most devoted faithfulness, and by their own gentle, yet potent sway, move and guide the heart of millions! hush the passions of a mighty nation! stop the voice of strife and rebuke the rage of malice! surely, brethren, God is praised in this hour of our disappointment, and in this sad event of the President's long illness, his patiently borne sufferings, his untimely death!

From the White House, from the cottage at Long Branch, through days and weeks and months of bitter trial and anxious hope we have seen the greatest office of our country sanctified in the eyes of our people. We have seen the quiet duties of

home, and the virtues of home life, confer a dignity on the Chief Magistrate of our land, and illumine his character with a light of love and truth which has won the admiration of both continents and inspired the sympathies and taught the hearts of the most enlightened rulers of the world. God is impressing His broken, neglected and often despised law: "Honor thy father," etc. "Let every one of you in particular so love his wife; and the wife see that she reverence her husband as being heirs together of the grace of life." "I say unto you, whosoever shall put away his wife, except it be for fornication, and shall marry another, committeth adultery, and whosoever marrieth her that is put away doth commit adultery."

Let the lesson of the sanctity, the permanency, the essential dignity, the sweet beneficence of the home, God's oldest institution for man's blessing, sink down into the hearts of His people. Let our country learn the truth that her citizens are fashioned in their homes, and not in the selfish wrangle and the corrupting strife of politics and elections. Let our youth remember that the greatest earthly glory that can come to man, the noblest, best, and brightest honors he can win, the grandest office he can fill—none of these things, nor all of them together, so enrich the character, and ennoble the man, giving pledge of earthly happiness and eternal peace, as faithfulness to the law and the spirit of a Christian home!

In the mad conquest for pleasure, for mere momentary gratification, how sadly is this law and spirit of home despised! In the madder quest for riches, how is it violated and abused! In the blind devotion to a wordly dictation, how is it ignored! The social gatherings at home, the social pastimes of home, the social amusements of home, innocent, pure, free from the snares of vice and the pitfalls of ruin, are exchanged for public dances and heterogeneous assemblies. The obligations of paternal oversight are substituted by the irresponsibilities of the chaperon, and the will and wish of father and mother give way to the rule which "everybody observes." Business and pleasure rule our land.

Our husbands and fathers must grow rich, must make their profits and sales, though they meet their families only at the breakfast table! The young must have their enjoyment and meet their so-called friends, though they live on the streets, and form their tastes and manners, and their religion too, from standards of their own choosing. It has been well and truly said that there are influences peculiar to us as Americans, with our free political institutions, which are fast developing a type of precocious youth not pleasant to look upon. We are too fast losing the habits of home authority, filial reverence. It has been said of us that we have as much family government as ever, but the children govern the parents. We have few children nowadays. Our infants leap from the nursery into the drawing-room; and while in stable England the girl or boy has hardly left the retreat of home, here in America they are already veterans in the ways of fashion, and society is quite surrendered to them. We may grow in wealth and the wonderful developments of our vast natural resources, but let these fast habits of the time, this mad following of pleasure, this greed for gain, eat into the heart of our home life and piety, and the whole body must die, poisoned in its very blood. ("Washburn's Social Law," p. 102.)

God has consecrated the home as the basis of all true life, and he who despises its restraints, or violates its law of dutiful love, despises his own best life and wrongs his own soul. But I must ask you, dear brethren, to receive one more lesson from the hour. What are all the dignities and honors of this life, its grandest pomp and its mightiest achievements, its fairest promises and its surest hopes, compared with the realities of sorrow and the terrible certainties of death and eternity!

Compare the grand but mournful procession which at this very moment is marching to the grave of the late President, with the surging excited masses that surrounded the Capitol on the fourth of last March! Think of the sorrowing mother and the bereaved wife, and fatherless children of to-day, and compare them with the happy family of last March.

Do the glories of that past day, does the great office it conferred, do the excitements and hopes, the power, the grandeur of rank, the ample provision for every want, the splendid occasion to use the grandest of this world's opportunities,—do these things minister to bleeding hearts? Do they support the sinking soul? Do they bestow the courage of faith or the patience of hope? Can they fill the void in the human soul which God has made with his own hand? Let the greatest, the best, the truest of this world's mighty potentates answer for us all in the Christian language of the good queen of England: "May God comfort you, as He alone can."

What a lesson, brethren, to our public men, who are worshipping their offices, and making a shrine of their ambition! What a lesson to the sensualist who is living for the hour, and worshipping this life! What a rebuke to the infidel, who makes his plan of life with no reference to Providence, and finds his God and his heaven in his earthly prospects and his worldly hopes!

And what an enforcement of the Christian's faith do we find in this great national affliction!

The Supreme Ruler of this universe is the God and Father of us all. His will is supreme. He disposes of all man's propositions, and His dispositions are wise. "He doeth all things well."

If, my dear brethren, we acknowledge God in this hour, if the lesson of the past few weeks teach us that He and not man is the Sovereign, the Governor, the Law-Giver and Lord of us all—if we, as a people, shall fear him more and worship him more and keep his commandments more truly, then with the Psalmist may we say: "It is good for our country that the Lord has afflicted her."

"Before I was in trouble I went wrong, but now I will keep the law of God."

"Surely the wrath of God shall praise thee, the remainder of wrath shalt thou restrain."

CONSECRATION OF THE CHURCH IN SELMA, ALABAMA, OCTOBER 19, 1881.

"Behold, I will build an house to the name of the Lord, my God, to dedicate it to Him, and to burn Him sweet incense, and for the continual shewbread and for the burnt offerings morning and evening, on the Sabbaths and on the new moons, and on the solemn feasts of the Lord our God. This is an ordinance forever to Israel."—2 CHRON. II, 4.

The text which I have just read interprets the meaning of our service to-day. It is the language of obedient faith! It is the expression of reverent love! It is the earnest declaration of the devout purpose to give no sleep to the eyes, nor slumber to the eyelids, until a place of holy worship be found for the Lord, a habitation for the Mighty God of Jacob! It is the voice of the heart that was made glad, because the feet of brethren were to stand within the gates of Jerusalem, and the tribes of the Lord were to go up unto the testimony of Israel, and give thanks unto the name of the Lord. The loyal, true, and gratified soul, which seeks communion with the Father in His holy house, esteems those most blessed and most happy who are found praising God in His temple, who go from strength to strength while they pass through the valleys of Baca, for the Lord God is their sun and shield, and withholds no good thing from them that walk uprightly, and that esteem a day in His courts better than a thousand spent in the tents of wickedness.

Three thousand years have passed away since the great consecration service which my text commemorates, but it is as appropriate to apply the language of that service to this fair temple that you, dear brethren of St. Paul's, Selma, have built "to the name of the Lord," as to the splendid temple which crowned the sacred mount.

Our service to-day is the service of dedication of three

thousand years ago, for we, too, have built an house to the name of the Lord, for the solemn feasts of the Lord our God. The prayer of faith has come to take the place of sweet incense; the sacrifice of Calvary has fulfilled all the sin-offerings; holiness to the Lord, the offering of the body, soul and mind in worship and in a Christian life, is now the burnt-offering which our Lord requires: and as oft as we celebrate the sacrament of His grace and love, we show forth His death till he come,—yet we dedicate this house to Him in the use of His servant, King Solomon's language, for that language is the expression of the one obedient purpose to pay our vows unto the Lord our God, and worship him in the beauty of holiness! The splendid temple in which, from generation to generation, the knowledge and the worship of the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob were perpetuated crowned Mount Zion but for four hundred years; and its successor, the house built under so many difficulties and after so much sorrow, remained in its stead but six hundred years longer, yet the words of the believing king are fulfilled, and God's ordinance stands fast forever, that Israel shall worship in temples and the tribe of the Lord enter His earthly courts with praise.

Israel has had her temple and her worship from the altar of Abel to the Christian churches of our time; for holy worship is an ordinance forever to Israel.

Rich, grand, and magnificent as the temple of Solomon was, it is not too much to say that Christian temples, temples built in His honor and consecrated to the worship of God, through His all-prevailing intercession in behalf of sinners, redeemed by His cross, have as far surpassed it in size, beauty and costliness as they have enjoyed fuller measures of the Divine gifts of truth and grace. Temples there are now standing, and resounding with hymns of the faith and the voice of worshipers, which have numbered more years than both the temples of the holy mount, and seem to the eye of faith destined to be God's ordinance to Israel for ages yet to come.

And so, dear brethren, we see that the words of this old dedication service find a confirmation in the fulfillment of the prophecy of one greater than Solomon: "The hour cometh," said our Lord, "when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father. The hour cometh when the true worshipers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth." Not only at Jerusalem, or at Gerizim, but everywhere shall the Father be worshiped. What was once a local ordinance, under a subordinate worship, shall in the fulness of times, in the days of the dispensation of the Holy Ghost, and the Truth as it is in Jesus, become to Israel a great Catholic Christian privilege.

This privilege we realize to-day, in the solemn dedication to the worship of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, of this beautiful temple, which you have built to the glory and honor of God.

These reflections on my text suggest some thoughts on the permanence of the Lord's house. It is a glorious reflection, dear brethren, that if our earthly tabernacles are dissolved we have a building of God which cannot be moved, a sacred home for faith, which "the God of Heaven has set up," and which shall never be destroyed.

As life deepens, and men see and feel how all is change and decay, the soul longs for the presence in this world, the testimony of the immovable, the enduring! The witness of the undying! The prophecy of the everlasting! We have it, my brethren, in the sacred temples of the Lord. They rear their spires aloft and point to foundations in the heavens! They speak with the voices of saints and sages long passed to their rest, and they keep the words of eternal life! They have the only balm for weary hearts, and the only truth for earnest souls! Their doors alone stand wide open to all the world, and at their holy altars may we unite with the loved and lost in the blest communion of the family of God. This is an ordinance for Israel forever!

The permanence, the durability, of Christian worship was

the theme of prophecy, and the subject of some of its grandest images. Look for a moment at the image of the sacred psalm, in which a great King from the throne of Zion decrees the spiritual conquest of the nations of this world; calmly contemplates their raging opposition; claims the remotest heathen for His inheritance, and the uttermost part of the earth for His possession; challenges the great kings and the wise judges of the earth to serve Him with fear, and to rejoice in His presence with trembling; declares the awfulness of His wrath, and pronounces those only blessed who put their trust in Him!

What can give us a nobler conception of the Psalmist's faith in the permanence of Zion's throne and the universality of the empire of Jesus!

In the image of the prophet Daniel, the kingdoms of history are giving place, one to another, but the kingdom which the Lord of Heaven set up is represented as gathering strength continually, until at last its empire covers the world!

No human hand set that stone in motion which broke to pieces and scattered, like chaff of the threshing floor, the great worldly idol of iron and clay and brass and silver and gold! And a greater than Daniel the Prophet set before His Church the image of a tree, springing up into life and beauty and glory, whose branches should fill the lands, and shelter the weary nations of the earth. History has set its seal upon prophecy, and lo! to-day we gather together under the boughs of the mustard tree, whose branches have come to us over the seas, and whose gracious arms are extending to every people of the earth!

What greater sign can be given than the Church itself? All history is prophecy verified, and the man who does not find in the history of the past eighteen centuries a sign from Heaven, attesting the truth, the stability, the conquering power of the Lord's house, is blind to the testimony of facts and incapable of appreciating the logic of the sacred argument. We turn to our Greek Testaments to find the meaning of our Lord's parables of the mustard tree, and the leaven, and the

draw-net, and the growing seed, but their best interpretation is written in the past Christian centuries! Their most convincing verification is found in the being of the Church of God! A brilliant French critic has well observed that "the Church is a great thought which every man should study." "We Christians," says the great theologian of St. Paul's, London, "are probably too familiar with the blessed presence of the Church to do justice to her as a world-entrancing institution and as the nurse and guardian of our moral life. Like the air we breathe, she bathes our whole being with influences we do not analyze." [Liddon, iii, 118.] But it is our duty to analyze them. Here is the great fact of Christianity and the Church, and we can no more ignore the witness of this fact as binding upon us in its testimony to the truth which the Church declares, than we can ignore the existence, the light, the heat, and the power, of the sun in the heavens.

The politics and policies of this world have been tried and have failed time and again; and they have been as often set aside for other and still other systems of government, of philosophy, or religion, but the Church of Jesus confronts age after age and asserts her one faith, one Lord, and one baptism. A hundred years hence may witness every existing government revolutionized in its spirit as well as in its principles. Neither the wisest statesman nor the most hopeful patriot would be willing to guarantee his doctrines for a hundred years, however devoutly he might believe them! Look at France, where there is so much of this world's wisdom, and courage, and strength! What changes of principles, and changes of rulers, and changes of dynasties have we witnessed there in our generation! And what have the past hundred years witnessed?

Ah, brethren, these stones, cut out of the mountain by human hands and made into foundations, crumble to dust beneath the weight which men build upon them; but the house of God, the home of faith, whose foundations are laid on apostles and prophets of God, Jesus Christ being the chief

cornerstone, can never be removed! Can never fall! Individuals may fail, separate churches may depart from the faith, the Lord may remove the candlestick out of the place which proves unappreciative by its light, but His ordinance to Israel is forever! Zion shall not be moved! More firmly planted in the earth than ever, stronger in her hold upon the faith and the affections of the millions who have been born unto God within her; though meeting with more than usual scorn and opposition from her enemies, the Church to-day, my brethren, has peculiar claims upon her members—her loyal, devoted offspring. Bear with me a few moments longer while I state what I think and feel to be some of the most important of these:

And first, brethren, the Church claims from each one of us our own personal witness to the verities of our faith. The apostolic injunction is laid upon us: "Contend earnestly for the faith." Men will not, for they cannot, contend for what they do not know and experience in the depths of conviction; for what they do not prize as a tried and proven blessing! The age in which we live is quick to detect shams of all sorts, and I believe as quick to recognize what is real and what is true. Let us be real and let us be true, beloved, in the witness we bear before our fellow-men. This after all is the argument which tells—the appeal, the convincing testimony of a manly, Christian life! To this our Lord appeals in these memorable words so oft repeated in His Church: "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven." It is a truth that the Christian must be something special with reference to the age, the time, the thought in which he lives and moves. If this, our time, is the age of mental unrest, of change and revolution in the empire of thought, then for us churchmen it is the time for devout, earnest, painstaking loyalty to our sacred convictions. The man whose religion is superficial, whose attachment to the Church of Christ is questionable, cannot be a witness for the faith delivered to the saints, in

this or in any age. The man with the microscope or the man of science receives the faith of this generation because he presents the verities, the facts of nature!

Let us, beloved, bear our testimony in our lives to the realities of divine grace and truth, and we shall have the ear and faith of our fellow-men. The spirit of intelligent investigation which is all abroad and quick to separate between what is said only because other men have held and said the same, and what is said out of the abundance of the heart which cannot but speak its experiences—will have no power, moral or intellectual, to reject the manifested facts of godliness. We may show our zeal against materialism and infidelity by producing arguments to prove their weakness, but we will never convert the materialist unless he sees that we are spiritually strong; that we do not rely upon the weakness of his position, but on the strength of our own. This requires of us Christians a depth of sincerity in our loyalty to Christ and His Church which the Church demands of all her sons and daughters. It may be our duty to know what the writers and thinkers of our day are teaching for truth, but the supremest duty laid upon us as churchmen is to know the ground on which we stand, and to stand loyally on it. Books are multiplied in the boldest advocacy of the unbelief of this epicurean age, and men with new Gospels and new interpretations of the old Gospel, and new views of inspiration and new comments on the Bible, and new churches and creeds are, alas! too numerous on every hand! How does all this affect the man who believes supremely in one Book, one faith, one Lord, one baptism?

Such is the energy, the zest, the almost idolatrous devotion with which men are living for this world, that they are losing faith in the realities of the world to come.

The beatitude of the Master rests upon the pure in heart; the self-denying for righteousness sake; the meek; the believing; the good and the true!

The beatitude of this world is given by the prosperous; the thrifty; the great in office and rank; the beautiful and the

gifted! Our religion teaches us that this life is not an end, but a probation! That it is God's great school, in which he is training his children through His Church for immortal life! The testimony of the world is, that this life is all, that temporal happiness, enjoyment, ease, gratification—these are worth living for, and only these.

We Christians, my brethren, must bear our testimony for both worlds. The man who prays on Sunday to be delivered from the eternal consequences of his sins, and lives during the week in the indulgence of sin, only strengthens the infidel in his unbelief, and makes his profession of the Church's faith worse than a nullity.

It is the scoff of an English critic that the churchman who professes to say the general confession with sincerity once, or twice, or more, every week, is either a fool or a hypocrite; that the man who leaves undone every week what he knows to be his duty cannot be sincere; that it is no excuse for him that he can plead the devices and the desires of the human heart; that he dishonors a God of righteousness to ask his forgiveness more than one hundred times a year for thousands of offenses against laws, obedience to which his faith declares to be the pledge of life eternal! Of course, my dear brethren, we can have no sympathy with the unbelief which prompts such a sarcasm on the purity of the law of Christ and the weakness of the human heart, but is there not a just rebuke underneath this mocking criticism?

My brethren, if the world saw us to be more in earnest in the service of God, more careful to live sober, righteous, and godly lives; more active in the sweet charities of Christ; kinder to the poor; more charitable in our judgments one of another; more trustful of God in our troubles; and more hopeful in our work: if, in short, our week-day life was more in harmony with our Sunday worship, would there be any force whatever in the sneer of the critics?

Verily, brethren, we are not called upon to go to the stake

for the testimony of Jesus; but I believe the Church of our day is called to bear witness to the truth with all the power and earnestness of the life that gives itself up sweetly, cheerfully, and truly to walk in the ways of duty and pleasure, as under the eye of the Father, whose smile we daily covet, and whose frown we dare not deserve. In spite of every hindrance, the Church is successful and is gaining her victories over the world and extending her empire over the fairest portions of the earth; but has not history taught us that victory may prove more disastrous than defeat?

The Christian is compared to a soldier, but not a soldier shut up in an impregnable fortress! No; verily, a soldier on the battle-field, fighting for truth and holding his position by true courage and increasing activity. The Apostolic conception of the Churchman is the Roman warrior, clad in armor, with sword in hand, doing battle against his foe. My brethren, the foe in our day is gross materialism; intense love for this world; distrust of the world to come. Men are not indifferent because they are wilfully bad.

The Church claims from us such a life as will leave no doubt on the minds of men who know us about the reality of our religion, however they may question the deductions of our faith.

When I consider the times in which we live; the unbelief, the worldliness which enters the home of faith itself; the lack of godly zeal for the promotion of the best and noblest interests of men; the comparatively slow progress the great domestic and foreign mission work of the Church is making; the slow growth of our parishes, and the want of heartiness and spiritual fire in our religious lives; it appears to me, my brethren, that the supreme want among us is a truer, juster, more conscientious sense of our obligations to strive together for the faith of the Gospel.

In the cares and anxieties we feel for our families, in the rush of business, in the absorbing, consuming struggle of life,

let us not forget that we belong to a great Catholic body which seeks the good and the happiness of all mankind; whose ministry among men is a ministry for men.

How grand, how effective, would be the Church's triumph if every loyal son and daughter would cultivate a sense of responsibility like this! Then every Christian would be the missionary of the Church in his life, and his life would be all the more effective because of its broad humanness.

To you, dear brethren of St. Paul's, Selma, I offer my heartiest congratulations and greet you in brotherly love. This day consecrates you afresh to the glorious work of serving God in His Church. This beautiful temple you have built, which to-day has been consecrated to the Master's service by your beloved Bishop, stands before this community as well for your witness as for the testimony of the Catholic faith. Here, my brethren, I call on you to consecrate your hearts to the blessed life of faith, hope, and charity! Speaking from my knowledge of this parish, and from my sense of its spirit toward this sanctuary, I predict for the Church in Selma a career of usefulness which will strengthen and gladden every loyal heart, and be the best memorial of your devotion to Christ and your interest in the welfare of your fellow-citizens. Be united, brethren, in every good work and let your watchword be Love! Believe me, dear brethren, the Church needs the love of Jesus shed abroad in the hearts of her members by the Holy Ghost, the Comforter.

Freely, richly, abundantly as the gift is ministered unto us in the word and the sacraments, such is the worldliness of these poor hearts of ours, such is our want of faith in spiritual things, that we come to the sacred fountains of life and go away thirsty; we live too much, alas! on the meat that perishes; and so we fail of the strength and glory of the life which grows only in the soil of faith, and flourishes by the works of righteousness!

Every man who is honest with himself must know and feel that he cannot assume the spirit of Jesus! He cannot affect it.

The verities of history, the verities of grace, the testimony of the Church, the witness which the conscience bears, the sacred evidence of the loved and the lost—all, all declare how real, how true, how strong is the power of the heart in which Jesus Christ is enthroned as that heart's Prophet, Priest, and King!

This is the heart we must have, my brethren, or we will not, because we cannot, do the Church's work. And glorious thought! inspiring emotion! blessed truth! That heart we each may have! It is ours by covenant and promise in baptism; by our self-surrender and God's grace in confirmation; by our faithful participation in the life of Jesus in his holy feast of grace; by the consecrated atmosphere we breathe in our worship of the God and Father of us all in His Holy Catholic Church! Only be true to Jesus and it is yours. Faithful in prayer; in communion; in the knowledge of the Word of Christ; in the works of love which he has prepared for us to walk in, we will have the heart, the spirit, and in our measure the power of Jesus as certainly as we have His body, the Church, among us!

In all love for you, my brethren, in all affection for your rector, in sincerest respect and reverence for your bishop, and in heartiest interest for the work and life and spirit of the Church in Alabama, I bid you, beloved, Godspeed in Selma.

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